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ITALY

AND ITS INHABITANTS;

AN ACCOUNT OF

A TOUR IN THAT COUNTRY

IN 1816 AND 1817:

CONTAINING

A VIEW OF CHARACTERS, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, GOVERNMENTS, ANTIQUITIES, LITERATURE, DIALECTS, THEATRES, AND THE FINE ARTS; WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE ORIGIN OF ROME AND OF THE LATIN LANGUAGE.

83562

BY JAMES AUG. GALIFFE,

OF GENEVA

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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TO THE READER.

MY aim in the following pages is, to describe Italy exactly as it is:—making men and manners the principal objects of my attention, without neglecting any thing that is worthy of notice in the face of the country: never exaggerating the beautiful or the disagreeable; not wholly discarding enthusiasm, but never, I hope, suffering it to lead me essentially astray; speaking freely of abuses, but not wilfully calumniating. To eloquence of description or the graces of style,—those excellencies which peculiarly mark the compositions of the present age, I have no pretensions: but I hope to compensate in some degree for

my deficiency in these respects, by simplicity and fidelity,—by some originality upon objects of literary and historical interest,—and by always thinking for myself.

When the Reader is informed that I only began to speak the English language in my twenty-second year, and that whatever proficiency I may once have attained in it, has been impaired by a subsequent residence of sixteen years in Germany, Holland, Russia, Italy, and Switzerland, and by the habit of using the language and the idiom of each of these countries,—he will, I am sure, be lenient in his strictures on my style. I throw myself entirely on his indulgence.

In politicks I am aware that I shall displease all party-men:—by siding absolutely with none, and by condemning whatever I see wrong on any side. Ardently wishing to see all my fellow-creatures

happy, I am equally an enemy to oppression in the Rulers, and to a restless and revolutionary fondness for change in the People. My desire is to inculcate real liberality,—to see independence established wherever it can maintain itself, and liberty planted wherever it will grow. These few words contain my political creed. My religious spirit is that of toleration,—but, (I trust) not of indifference: and I abhor the despotism of priests, almost as cordially as that of military tyrants.

I must request the reader not to lose sight of the date of my journey. I visited Italy at a sad time: and I hope to God that much of the misery which I then witnessed no longer exists. But its source is not dried up: the atrocities and sufferings which I lament, have a perennial spring in the state of things established by short-sighted politicians.

My next work (if this shall happily be

received with favour) shall be devoted to Russia, where I have spent nine of the best years of my life : no country has been so foolishly misrepresented.

JAMES AUG. GALIFFE.

GENEVA,
April 1820.

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		Short Title, *for* inhabitanst, *read* inhabitants.
68,	3,	*for* Zuccaris, *read* Zuccheri.
76,	2,	*for* inspire, *read* inculcate.
84,		*for* Guarda, *read* Garda.
114,	10,	*for* to reply, *read* of reply.
121,	16,	*for* suburbs, *read* suburb.
432,		at the end of the last line *insert* carriages.

ITALY,

AND ITS INHABITANTS,

In 1816—1817.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Geneva.—Hints with respect to Carriages and Luggage.—Scenery between Evian and St. Gingoux.—The Valais; Misery of its Inhabitants.—Waterfall of Pissevache.—The Trient.—Sion.—Brig.—Excursion to Maters and the Cascade of the Yelchbach.—The Simplon.—Buonaparte.—Usurpation and Legitimacy.—The Popes abettors of Usurpation.—"Baron Fleming, Junr."—Remarks on the Road over the Simplon.

WE set out from Geneva on Wednesday the 2d of October, 1816, intending to cross the Alps at the passage of the Simplon. We had been fortunate enough to provide ourselves with a remarkably light travelling carriage, a circumstance of no small im-

portance on the journey upon which we were entering. The very appearance of such a carriage engages the good-will of the post-masters and the post-boys, and affords the traveller the best chance of being driven cheerfully and rapidly along: whilst a heavy clumsy-looking vehicle is criticised and complained of at every station; and is made the pretext for every delay, whether occasioned by the laziness of the postillion, or the feebleness of the horses.

There is another inconvenience which travellers often inflict upon themselves, against which we had been careful to guard; I mean, a superfluity of luggage. A number of loose parcels and packages is a positive and serious evil on a long journey. The space which they occupy, and the care which they require, are an annoyance as long as they happen to be preserved; and the gradual and successive loss of them, which inevitably takes place at every inn on the road, is a source of continual vexation and regret. Experienced travellers well know how important it

is to their comfort to carry nothing with them but what is quite indispensable; and to pack what they do carry in the smallest compass possible, only keeping at hand the maps and books for which they may have constant occasion.

We slept at *Evian*. The next morning being rainy, we were for some time deprived of the magnificent prospect from the publick walk called the *Terrasse;* but the weather soon cleared up, and we were pleased beyond measure with the scenery on the road to *St. Gingoux*. A beautiful lake on the left; on the right, high mountains, under the shelter of which arose a range of diversified hills, crowned with old castles, towers, churches, villages, and peasants' cottages; nearer at hand, fields and meadows, adorned with the most picturesque of European trees—the chestnut; all combined to render this part of our journey in the highest degree delightful, and to make us wish that the scenery of Italy might not charm us less than that of the country between *Evian* and *St. Gingoux*.

The *Valais* presents a very different aspect. There nature seems to have done her utmost to deter man from fixing his habitation. Frequent falls of enormous rocks from the summits of the impending mountains; immense accumulations of ice and snow which threaten the hopes of every year, and often overwhelm and destroy in an instant the collected produce of painful labour, and of persevering industry*; an ungrateful soil; an unwholesome climate; all these warnings have been given in vain. Man has perversely braved them all; and the seal of his punishment seems to have been stamped on the disgusting countenances of a great part of the population of this ill-omened country. No sight can be imagined more repulsive than the moving masses of flesh and blood which continually meet the eye; unless it be

* A huge rock had lately rolled down across the highway, and so completely obstructed the passage, that it had been necessary to cut a new road around it. All the crops had failed at once; the harvest, the vintage, the chestnuts, in short, every thing. The dreadful disasters which have since been occasioned by the last inundation, are fresh in every body's recollection.

the hideous grin which distinguishes them from the brute creation, and by which the stranger is shocked to be reminded that they are one of the varieties of his own species.

The waterfall of *Pissevache* is a fine object, and well deserves to be examined, though it is not comparable to any of the three falls of the Reichenbach, in the valley of Meyringen*. It has, however, this great advantage,—that it may be closely approached, and seen in profile; in which point of view, a cascade appears in its greatest beauty.

A little further the river *Trient* gushes through a narrow pass between two mountains, which appear to have been originally a single mass, split asunder by some convulsion of nature. I narrowly escaped paying dearly for the gratification of examining this extraordinary fissure; having contrived with some difficulty to clamber up to the summit of a steep rock, from whence I made several hazardous and

* In the Canton of Berne.

fruitless attempts to descend, the tufts of grass and moss to which I clung for support giving way within my grasp. At length I was fortunate enough to attract the notice of a peasant, whom I called to my assistance, and by whose guidance and aid I was extricated from this awkward situation.

It was completely dark when we arrived at *Sion*, where we rested for the night. On retiring to bed, I observed a man walking to and fro in the passage, whose sinister countenance excited in me the suspicion of his being a robber: this suspicion I communicated to N—— (my fellow-traveller), who, though he rallied me on my pretensions to physiognomical science, was not the less careful to secure the door of our sleeping-room in the best manner that he could. His care, however, was rendered superfluous. We incurred no risk of being surprised in our *sleep*; for we were kept awake till day-light, by a German and his wife, who lay in an adjoining room, and who were loudly disputing at intervals, during the whole of the night, which of them

should get up to let into their room a wretched little cur, which had been shut out when they went to bed; and which filled up the occasional pauses in the contention between its master and mistress, by its own hideous howlings for admittance.

The next morning before breakfast, we walked up a pretty high hill near the town, to examine the noble ruins of two castles in the midst of most picturesque scenery. The ascent to them is extremely steep; and we returned from our excursion exhausted with hunger and fatigue. There was an inconvenience in this, of which we had not anticipated the full extent: for not only was the inn so crowded that we had great difficulty in procuring any breakfast at all; but we found it prudent to leave half-finished even the very bad meal which had been set before us, in order that we might get the start of Lord and Lady Cowper and their family, who were travelling the same road, and by whose pre-occupation of the post-horses, if we had suffered them to precede us, our progress must have been considerably delayed.

Our postillion frequently dismounted on this part of the road, to climb into the vineyards to gather some very sour grapes. At the distance of a mile or two from *Sierre*, he fell in with a friend of his, who ran on foot by the side of the horses, for the sake of conversation. We heard them talking with great earnestness of the reported arrest of a person at Sion, whom I soon recognized from their description to be the same individual whom I had observed at the inn on the preceding evening.

Having reached *Brig* in good time, we resolved to walk to the other side of the Rhone before dinner; and the fineness of the evening tempted us to prolong our excursion. We passed through the village of *Maters*, and ascended a hill of a remarkably picturesque appearance, where we found a most beautiful waterfall, formed by the *Yelchbach*. The number of streams into which the river divides, and the almost impenetrable thickets through which they flow, made it impossible to approach the foot of the cascade; so that we could only admire it at a distance. This,

however, did not satisfy me. I was determined to obtain a nearer view of it from the rocks above; in attempting which, I found myself embarrassed among the precipices, much in the same manner as I had been at the Trient, and in a situation where a false step would have been my destruction. N—— had not been able to follow me in my ascent,—his imperfect recovery from a lameness having obliged him to restrain his ardour for pedestrian enterprises; and he began to be seriously alarmed at my stay, the noise of the waterfall having prevented him from hearing my answers to his repeated shouts. The sun had already set ere I succeeded (by dint of rolling and tumbling down the precipice) in rejoining him in safety; and I resolved that this should be the last adventure of the kind. But the cascade of the Yelchbach is a delightful spot, and well deserves a traveller's notice.

On our way back to *Brig*, we had the snowy summits of *Ganters* in our view, still tinged with the last rays of the sun, which imparted to them that exquisite rosy tint so

much admired on *Montblanc*, as seen after sun-set from Geneva. We were, on the whole, perfectly delighted with our walk; but it was an enjoyment not without its cost. The inn, which was empty on our arrival, had by this time filled to such a degree, that poor Madame *Calvet*, our landlady, hardly knew what she was about. Our dinner had been given, in our absence, to other travellers; and that which she had prepared to replace it, we requested her to give to Lord Cowper's children, who were still less able than we were to suffer the pains of hunger.

We received a visit in the evening from Mr. L——, a Welsh gentleman, whom I had known in Switzerland, and who came to propose that we should form a caravan for the next day, as there was great probability that we should be attacked by robbers, if we crossed the Simplon in single carriages. He informed us that Mr. O——, an elderly gentleman who was travelling with his wife, had been on the point of engaging an Italian courier at Geneva, whom he after-

wards rejected, in consequence of information from the police that he was a dangerous person; that the man had ever since pursued Mr. O—— from inn to inn, always taking his night's lodging at the same place, and in the same house; that in this manner he had overtaken Mr. O—— on the preceding night, at Sion; where the latter, in the hope of disembarrassing himself of his pursuer, had offered to leave some money for him with the landlord, deliverable twenty-four hours after Mr. O——'s departure; that this offer had been refused, and that the man had just arrived at *Brig*. From Mr. L——'s description of the man, I immediately discovered that it was the same ill-looking individual who had excited my suspicions at Sion: and shortly afterwards I found him, to my dismay, in close conference with our postillion, when I went down to fix with the latter the hour of our departure in the morning. We immediately examined our magazine of arms, which N—— had undertaken to provide and superintend; and we found, to my great mortification, that

though we had, indeed, a brace of good-looking pistols, we had neither balls, nor gunpowder. Happily our means of defence were not put to the trial; the fellow, indeed, met us, three or four times on the road across the mountain, where the short cuts of the foot-path gave him a considerable advantage; but he neither attacked us, nor Mr. O——, whose man-servant sat on the coach-box, armed at all points, and prepared for action. Whether it was that he only chose to frighten the old gentleman, or that he failed in meeting with the associates whom he expected, (as the late attack upon Mr. Thomas Hope's carriage in open day had awakened the police, and obliged the banditti to greater prudence,) I cannot tell; but I learnt from our post-boy, that the landlord at Brig having, on the preceding night, sent word to his postillions, who were drinking with an Italian friend of theirs, that they should be sent to prison if they did not immediately separate; two of the postillions had thereupon deserted to *Glise*. This, I thought, sounded ill: I affected, however, not to pay much attention to it; but

half an hour afterwards, I contrived to lead the conversation again to the subject of highwaymen, and said, that those who attacked us, would be sadly disappointed, for that we had barely enough to take us to *Milan*: the lad upon this assured me, with a serious countenance, that we had acted very imprudently in taking so little money, as we might be most cruelly treated by the robbers, if they were disappointed of their expected booty.

It is time that I should say something of the famous road over the *Simplon*; though, indeed, so much has already been said respecting it, that I might perhaps be excused for passing it over in silence; the rather as I unfortunately do not participate in the extraordinary enthusiasm, which the very mention of it generally excites. I have met with numbers of sensible men who could not speak of this work of Buonaparte but in terms of the most extravagant admiration. And I have even found persons who had not seen the work, ready to quarrel with any one who could suppose that there was any undertaking in the world to be compared

with it. It is, I am sorry to say, almost exclusively amongst the English that I have met with these enthusiastick admirers of every thing which is in any way connected with the name of that tyrant, to whose overthrow they have so mainly contributed. I really believe that many of them imagine that they are thus exhibiting only a generous liberality; but to me it appears the most unaccountable of all foibles. To raise an humbled but generous foe, is, indeed, a noble act; but to profess extravagant admiration for a cruel despot, the avowed enemy of freedom and of every liberal sentiment, is unworthy of the inhabitants of a free country.

If the road over the Simplon were the first work of the kind ever thought of, one might, though detesting the character, admire the genius, of the man who had designed and accomplished it. But there existed previously many other roads of the same description, some of them much more admirable, when considered with reference to the great disparity of the means with which they were accomplished,—a circum-

stance which ought never to be lost sight of. Buonaparte ordered some hundreds of his slaves to cut a road over the Simplon, similar to those which existed in several other parts of the Alps and Apennines. It cost him, perhaps, sixty or eighty of his men, who were crushed by the falling of some of the galleries, or blown into the air by the blasting of the rocks. What was that to him—who, according to his own account, had a disposable annual income of 120 or 150,000 lives? It cost him besides, a few millions of francs; but who believes that either he, or any of his creatures, deprived their tables of a single morsel of bread towards its completion? Besides, what was pecuniary expense to one who disposed, at his pleasure, of almost all the public and private treasures of Europe? Never can I profane my admiration, by bestowing it on the works of mere *despotic will*, acting upon the persons and fortunes of so many millions of men! Never can I bring myself to admire what I hate; and most cordially do I hate unlimited power. He who possesses it by the chance of birth,

may often set little value upon it—may sometimes even take pleasure in fixing limits to its exercise; and in that case, (as Madame de Stael very justly observed, in speaking of the present Emperor of Russia,) his personal character becomes a Constitution for his subjects. But he who seizes it in opposition to every right, and without any other title than that of brutal force, will inevitably be a tyrant.

I should be sorry to be considered as hating this man merely as an usurper, and from an ardent love for what is called legitimacy. What I hated in him was, not so much his usurpation, as the use he made of it. As to the thing itself, whoever has read history, must be strangely blinded by prejudice or by passion, to make much noise about modern usurpations. What has there been else in the world, since the world began; and what sort of a figure would many of the present Sovereigns of Europe now make, if their ancestors had been particularly nice and scrupulous on this subject? By what right did the Carlovingians hold the Crown of France? By

what right did the present dynasty supplant them? What was William the Conqueror's title to the English throne?—But that which most surprises me, (or, to speak more accurately, that which *would* surprise me, if any contradiction in the human mind *could* do so,) is to hear so many staunch papists raise an outcry against what so many Popes have sanctioned by their authority and their example. Who but a Pope crowned Pepin? Who but a Pope crowned his worthy son, the assassin and usurper, Charlemagne? Who but a Pope ordered the coronation of that most execrable of usurpers, Charles of Anjou? Surely Louis IX., of whom they have made a Saint, and one of the holiest of the whole legion, must have known what was proper for a good Catholick to do and to approve. If he had considered usurpation as so black a crime, would he have furnished his brother with the means of exercising at Naples and in Sicily, those rare talents for oppression and judicial murder, which in Provence had enrolled his name amongst those of the bloodiest tyrants? Against which of the Emperors did the

Popes display the most inveterate malice, and direct the most furious persecutions? Against those, of course, who claimed the Imperial Crown by legitimate hereditary right.—I might fill volumes with examples of their exciting, fomenting, nay preaching, rebellion against legitimate Sovereigns; and of their befriending, caressing, and crowning usurpers. But how could it be otherwise? How else could they themselves have presumed to usurp to their own private benefit so large a portion of Italy, and to arrogate to themselves the right of disposing of all the Crowns in the world? Far be it from me, therefore, to reproach any Roman Catholick Sovereign, for acting upon such respectable authorities, and following such high precedents! My intention is merely to shew the necessity of mutual indulgence, and to recommend some degree of equity in political judgments; if, indeed, politics and equity are not more irreconcileable, than usurpation and hereditary right.

To return to the *Simplon*,—from which I was not much more distant in thought

than in reality, when these reflections occurred to me;—it is the work of an usurper, and *could not* be that of a legitimate sovereign. *Monsieur de Chateauvieux*, in his *Letters on Italy*, hints at one of Buonaparte's chief objects in multiplying the means of communication between the different parts of Europe, namely, that of annihilating the boundaries which nature (or, to speak more religiously, which God) had interposed between them. This puts me in mind of a strange German novel, called "*Baron Fleming, Junior*;" the hero of which wisely resolves to restore the human race to what he considered its primitive beauty, by preventing from marrying, every man or woman on his estates who had not flaxen hair and an aquiline nose; a whim which causes in the end the most dreadful disorders. The attempt to force all the nations of the earth under one yoke, and to blend them into one uniform race of slaves, is not much more absurd than the scheme for extirpating brown eyes and black hair from the future generations of a German barony. But what would be merely ridiculous in a

country gentleman, is atrocious and intolerable in a sovereign despot.

The road from *Brig* to the top of the mountain is very like the ascent of Mount Jura, on the side of France. The principal difference between them, lies in the greater depth of the precipices of the Simplon, and in the greater elevation of the road, which leads the traveller close to the borders of some of the glaciers. But I have seen nothing in any country with which I can compare the descent on the Italian side. There, it constantly runs along the foot of precipices, and is overhung by tremendous rocks, huge fragments of which (some of them of forty cubic feet and more), lay scattered on each side of the way, affrighting the traveller with evidences of the danger to which he is exposed. There are many points of view highly picturesque, and several really sublime; but in its general effect it is like travelling between two walls of 6 or 7,000 feet in height; and the head aches, at length, from the fatigue of having to look up so high for a view of the sky. Besides, the road, which we had found

very smooth on the Swiss side of the mountain, was here so horribly rugged, that we were really astonished how the carriage could sustain the violent shocks which it received. Perhaps the road may have been since improved by the repairs which were then in progress. But the number of workmen employed seemed barely sufficient to remove the principal obstructions, in places where enormous masses of rock, falling from the tops of the mountains, had broken and blocked up the passage; and it may be doubted, whether the king of Sardinia will be able to keep the road in repair with the produce of the toll, which is only six franks for each horse. I cannot imagine why he does not take advantage of the *rage* of the day, to impose a four or five fold duty; which would undoubtedly be paid by the same number of travellers, though there might perhaps be some diminution of the receipts from the carriers of merchandise.

CHAPTER II.

Entrance into Italy.—Valleys of Valso and Tosa.—Domo d'Ossola.—Excursion on the Lago Maggiore.—The Borromean Islands.—Arona.—Como.—Beggars.—Beautiful Scenery of the Lake of Como.—Villas and Towns upon its Banks.—The Pliniana.—The Capuana, &c.—Cadenabbio.—Road from Como to Milan.

ALTHOUGH, like every Swiss, I am a great admirer of wild scenery, I must confess I was satiated with it in the descent of the Simplon; and I was truly glad to leave those dark abysses, for the beautiful smiling valley of *Valso;* which afforded a delightful relief both to my mind and my eyes, by its charming verdure diversified with white houses, by the pleasing undulations of its surface, and by the graceful festoons of vine which adorn its trees.

From thence we entered the valley of *Tosa*, which is no less agreeable, and which leads to a vast plain extending all the way to *Domo d'Ossola.* Being a market-day,

the road was covered with people; and never did I see so many ugly faces in so short a space of time. Now and then, however, there were some few exceptions; and the children in general were handsome and graceful, and had a certain classical air which, to our tastes, rendered them not unworthy to figure in an Italian landscape. We were peculiarly struck with the elegant shape, the glossy skin, and (if I may so call it) the intelligent and animated appearance of the horned cattle. The goats, too, are remarkable for their graceful sleekness and their resemblance to deer.

The inn at *Domo d'Ossola* gave us no favourable foretaste of those we were to find in Italy: it is worse than the worst in the Valais. The rooms are paved with flat stones; the beds were without curtains, and of a dismal appearance; and though we had a great variety of dishes at supper, not one of them was tolerably dressed.

Mr. O——'s persecutor arrived at this inn close at his heels; but from this time we ceased to hear any thing further respecting him.

We left *Domo d'Ossola*, on the morning of Sunday, the 6th of October; took rather an expensive than a good breakfast at *Ornovasco*, and proceeded as far as *Bavino*, where we exchanged our carriage for a boat, and embarked on the *Lago Maggiore*.

Our first visit on the lake was to the celebrated *Isola Bella*. This island is altogether artificial, and contains a large but very ill-looking palace in the worst taste of architecture, with a pyramid of terraces and flower-gardens, raised one above another. There is no shade, except in one small place near the margin of the lake, where some very fine laurel-trees grow, on one of which Buonaparte's name was carved,—it is said, by himself, on his way to (or from) Marengo. The next island in importance is the *Isola Madre*, which being unaided by art, and left to the embellishments of nature alone, must deserve the preference on that account; but, as it lay at a considerable distance, and as our curiosity had been much abated by our disappointment at the Isola Bella, we did not visit it. The *Isola dei Pescadori*, or Fishers'

Island, contains nothing but a heap of dirty houses; and the *Isola di San Giovanni* is only a very small rock on which there is hardly room for a few willows which have been planted there. But if we saw little to admire in those famous *Borromean Islands*, which, in their bloom of youth, enchanted travellers and inspired poets, we were at least quite charmed with the *Lago Maggiore*, and its beautiful prospects: it is exactly of the size and of the form one would choose, if it were to be created anew; large enough not to be encumbered by its islands, nor so large as to preclude a distinct view of the towns, villages, and private houses, on its opposite shores.

The road by the water-side is extremely beautiful, and runs on a sort of terrace, as far as *Arona*, at the lower end of the lake. About a mile from this town is the statue of *St. Charles Borromeo*, conspicuously placed on a high hill, with its back turned to the traveller. When we came near enough to see the statue in profile, we could neither of us restrain our laughter at the ridiculous size of the Saint's enormous

nose; and afterwards going to look at it in front, we were no less amused with the prodigious length of his ears. This statue, which is of brass, and twenty-two feet high, does great honour in many respects to the talent of the artist; but he surely carried his honest scruples a little too far, in thinking himself obliged to make the personal defects of his holy model as prominent as possible.

Arona has little to boast of except the exquisite beauty of its situation. The prospects of the lake, which it affords, are quite enchanting; and as the inn seemed a tolerably good one, we determined to stay there for the night. We dined on most delicious fish called *agoni* (which, I believe, is *perch*, but in that case the perch of the Lago Maggiore is infinitely superior to that of any other) and we found the enormous beds of the inn extremely comfortable.

The next morning, Monday, the 7th of October, we crossed the *Ticino*, at *Sesto Calende*, where we breakfasted*. The cross-road from thence to *Varese* was hardly pass-

* The passage costs one frank per horse.

able; but at Varese, which is a very pretty little town, we again came into the imperial road which is truly admirable; and arrived at *Como* early enough to visit the Cathedral before dinner. It contains several good pictures, most of them by *Luino*. One of the prebendaries* very politely came up to us, showed us what he thought most deserving of our attention, and then invited us to accompany him to his own house situated on a hill at a short distance from the town, to see his collection of paintings, which proved to be so numerous, that we could not have examined the whole in less than a week. There appeared to be, as is usual in similar cases, a great majority of inferior works with a few pieces of very high merit; and we were less pleased with the prebendary's paintings than with the prospect from his house, and his extreme politeness. He offered us refreshments, which we declined; and returning to our inn, we got a very good dinner, but very indifferent beds.

The town of *Como* itself is not remarkable for its beauty; but, had it been as mag-

* Il Signor Cappi.

nificent as Petersburgh, we could not have enjoyed it, besieged as we were at every step by crowds of beggars, whose numbers every donation seemed to double, and who hardly left us room either to move or to breathe.

The next morning, Tuesday, the 8th of October, we disembarrassed ourselves of this plague by embarking on the lake in a boat with four pair of oars. One of our boat-men took great pains to entertain us during the voyage with anecdotes and standing jests against Germans, country parsons, and the Princess of Wales. But we paid little attention to him, being rapt in admiration of the scenery round us. Nothing can be more enchanting at first sight, than the panoramic view from the lake at a little distance from the shore. It is surrounded with hills covered with woods, villages, and palaces; the green of nature being here, as in other landscapes on this side the Alps, beautifully spangled with the silvery whiteness of the dwellings of man.

The palace of the Princess of Wales lies on the shore opposite to Como, and has a

grand appearance at a distance; but it is far from being a desirable habitation. The heat in summer, the frost in winter, and the mountain torrents in spring and autumn, make it, by turns, as disagreeable a residence as a palace can be. Her Royal Highness seldom spends there more than two or three days at a time, though she has laid out immense sums in roads, as well as in repairs and alterations of the palace. As we were told that no Englishmen were admitted, and as N——'s curiosity was not powerful enough to induce him to disguise, even for a few minutes, a circumstance on which he particularly prided himself, we did not attempt to land in the face of Her Royal Highness's Hungarian guards; but kept near the eastern shore of the lake which offers the greatest number of interesting places to visit.

The first villa on the eastern side is that of the *Marchese di Cornaggio;* who has erected a small pyramid in his garden, as a monument to the memory of a faithful dog, by whose courage his life was saved in an encounter with robbers.

At a short distance from thence, we landed to see the *Pliniana*, so called from the younger Pliny's description of its spring. It is certainly a charming place; but the remembrance of that amiable author, and the idea that he perhaps composed, in this very spot, some of the sweetly-flowing prose which no admirer of elegant writing and sound morality can read without loving him, contributes materially, no doubt, to render it attractive. At all events, the Pliniana would have one very serious inconvenience as a residence; that of dampness, by which all the family portraits of the *Canavisi*, to whom it belongs, are completely spoilt.

Farther on we saw *Lazzino della Mala Fortuna*, where it is said that no sun is seen during three months in winter, and no moon during three months in summer; it is the only village near the lake, whose houses are not white-washed.

We next landed at the foot of the village of *Nesso*, where we saw one of the most beautiful waterfalls in Europe. The basin which it forms filled up the whole space

before it, so that we could not get a near view of it, without going into the water. I accepted the proposition of one of our boatmen to take me on his shoulders: but as soon as he entered the water, he began to tremble so violently, either from the cold, or from the fear of letting me fall, that he could not advance. I then went up to the village, every house of which is a mill, and offers a different and most delightful prospect. I entered into several of them and found the people extremely friendly, and much pleased with my admiration of their native place. Beyond the village is a fine meadow, across which I saw another waterfall; but I had not time to go up to it, as N—— was waiting for me in the boat.

We went from thence to *Bellaggio*, a castle belonging to the Dukes of *Sorbellone-Sfondrate*. The ruins of the castle are situated on the top of a high hill between the lakes of *Como* and *Lecco*, just where they meet; and, from that spot, we enjoyed a truly magnificent prospect. The modern fabrick is built much lower down, and is

not remarkable for any architectural beauties. We did not go into it, but only stopt on a bench under the gateway, to eat some half ripe Malvoisi grapes and hard peaches. Our guide was an elderly woman of an enormous size, whose agility was strangely at variance with her figure, and gave us a high opinion of the healthiness of the place. Our next visit was to *Fiume Lato*, a considerable torrent which, issuing from a rock, rushes impetuously down to the lake.

After this we landed at the *Capuana*, a villa which some say belonged to Pliny, but it did not appear to us to possess any peculiar charms. But I must, in fairness, confess, that we began to be fastidious criticks; being tired with the labours of the day, and having almost exhausted our admiration upon other objects.

It would have been impossible, however, not to admire the beautiful *Villa Melzi*, which we afterwards visited, belonging to the *Duke of Lodi*. The house is uncommonly elegant, well-built, comfortable, and in good taste; and the grounds are well laid out. The garden contains a fine bust of

Alfieri, and a beautiful group of Dante with his Beatrice, the drapery of which is particularly fine. Both these works are by *Comolli.*

It was now growing dark, and we crossed the lake to reach *Cadenabbio,* a small village with an excellent inn, situated on the western shore. While our supper was preparing, we walked up to the villa *Sommariva,* near the border of the lake. At this time

> The silver moon held her unclouded way
> Through skies where we could count each little star.

The lake which reflected it was as smooth as a mirror, and only now and then slightly ruffled by a gentle breeze. No noise was heard but the dash of oars on the water. Musick alone was wanting to complete the enchantment of the scene; and I had just observed to N—— how strange it was that we had not yet heard any since we left Switzerland,—when the most delightful harmony broke through the general silence with a solemn plaintive air. The effect was like that of magic; and for some time we could only look at each other without

daring to express our delight, for fear of losing a single note; until a change of measure restored us to a clearer sense of what we experienced,—without however destroying the charm. At length the sounds gradually died away, as the boat which carried the musicians moved to a greater distance on the lake; and nothing remained to us but the sweet impression of exquisite delight.

A pleasure of a different, of a less refined, but still of a very agreeable, nature, awaited us at the inn,—where we found an excellent supper. The lake, the mountain, and the sky, had contributed to furnish the three principal dishes, each perfect in its kind, *Agoni*, *Francolini*, and veal-cutlets. (I call the fish and birds by their Italian names, to enable those of my readers who may hereafter visit Cadenabbio to ask for them.) I should be ungrateful if I omitted to mention the best trout I ever ate. Our beds too were extremely comfortable; and we were really sorry to leave this charming place, at the dawn of the next day.

Our first visit in the morning was to the

palace of the Duke of *Sommariva*, of which we had seen the exterior only by moonlight, on the eve. The building is of a noble size; but every thing about it is either void of taste, or, what is worse, is contrary to every sound principle of taste. The railings of the garden are incumbered, rather than embellished, with ugly marble statues with gilt ornaments upon them. The garden itself is full of hideous little marble dwarfs (*groteschi*), with enormous heads and the most ridiculous dresses and grimaces. From the garden you ascend to the palace by some flights of steps, interrupted by terraces with strait rows and formal groves of orange and lemon-trees. In the palace are two or three good rooms, and a multitude of mere closets: the only real ornaments are some fine paintings, and *bassi relievi*; the latter by *Acquisti*, a Milanese, an artist apparently of great talent. After viewing the palace we returned to our boat, which was here waiting for us; and we did not leave it again until we arrived at Como. In truth, we began to lose our relish for the monotonous beauties of the lake;

and though both of us had, at first, declared that we preferred its scenery to that of the Lake of Geneva, we now retracted that opinion, and confessed, that even beauty, without variety, cannot long continue to please. We kept near the western shore, and passed by several places inhabited almost exclusively by women. The men are periodically absent, and are seen in all parts of Europe as pedlars, selling looking-glasses, pictures of a low description, and other trifling articles.

We arrived at Como by twelve o'clock at noon, and remained there only long enough to pay our bill and take leave of our landlady, a personage of considerable beauty, though a little too large. Our carriage, on starting, was completely surrounded by crowds of importunate beggars.

The road from Como to *Milan* is extremely fine, and we had excellent horses as far as *Barlassina*; but one of those which we got at this place, was so worn out with age and labour, that he fell twice under the postillion who rode him: we helped him up again, and notwithstanding

these interruptions, we were driven remarkably fast. The appearance of the country is monotonous and tedious to those who are used to Swiss scenery. The immensity of the plain before them has no resting point in its back ground; the level horizon being its only visible boundary. It is, however, very far from being so tiresome as the French provinces, which you cross in coming from England; for it is extremely well wooded, divided into thousands of fields and meadows by fine hedges, and is so rich in its aspect, that this single circumstance would have been sufficient to make it highly interesting and agreeable to me; but after crossing the desolate sands of Prussia and Westphalia, and the endless plains of Russia, I could not be so difficult to please, as N——, a Derbyshire man, who considered a landscape without a hill, as imperfect as a face without a nose.

CHAPTER III.

Milan.—Theatre of La Scala; Performances and Performers.—The Composer Soliva.—Caution against the Laquais de Place.—Agreeable Qualities of the Milanese.—Wishes for their Independence.—Remarks on the Political Condition of Lombardy, under its late and its present Rulers; and on the Errors of the Austrian Government.—Natural Blessings enjoyed by the Lombards.

WE arrived at Milan at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, and alighted at the *Albergo d'Italia*, which we soon found to be a very bad inn. We determined, however, to put up with it for a few days, rather than waste our time in running about the city in quest of a better. Our impatience was naturally great to see the theatre of La Scala, the finest in the world; and to hear an Italian opera in Italy. Upon learning our intention to visit it the same evening, our *laquais de place* assured us, that we could not possibly find a seat in the pit, and that we ought to hire a box, which,

he said, would cost us twelve or fifteen franks; and he offered, of course, to run to the theatre to engage one. But I have an habitual distrust of these gentry; so we stopped him, and, going quietly ourselves, at eight o'clock, we succeeded in hiring a box for seven franks. The tickets are a separate charge, and cost each a frank and a half: this is astonishingly cheap, in comparison with English prices; but the subscriptions are still cheaper, and do not amount to more than five *soldi*, or French *sous*, for an evening. It is true, that what are called the house-expenses of this theatre are comparatively trifling. There are, for instance, no other lights than those on the stage. Those are, however, quite sufficient; and the effect of the decorations is even improved by this mode of illumination.

Upon our entrance into this truly noble theatre we were struck with admiration and astonishment. In size it appeared to me to be twice as large as the largest theatre in London. There are five tiers of boxes, and above them a gallery, called *Loggione*: each tier is composed of thirty-

nine boxes,—except the second and third, which have only thirty-six, the middle of both these being occupied by that of the imperial family; and each box may contain eight or ten persons. In the pit, there are seats for about 600 persons, and standing-room for 400 more; the proportion of space for the latter is larger than in French or English theatres, because the pit, in those of Italy, like the Exchange in a commercial town, is a place of general resort, where you can hardly fail to find at some hour of the evening whomsoever of your acquaintance you may wish to speak to. Hence there is a great deal of intercourse and circulation amongst this part of the audience; which would not be easily practicable, if the whole space were occupied by benches. This constant moving and talking, is very unpleasant to a stranger, who comes to the theatre for the purpose of listening to the performance; but it may be observed, on the other hand, that as the same opera is usually performed every evening for a whole month, the plot of the piece ceases, after the second or third

representation to excite any interest; and further, that those parts of the musick, which really deserve attention, always command a general silence.

The theatre is not decorated in an ostentatious manner; but it is more truly elegant and grand, than all the gilt ornaments in the world could render it. Every box has a drapery of green silk, with curtains of the same; which, being drawn in front, convert it into a neat little closet, where you may sit as comfortably as if you were at home. The performance consists of an opera in two acts, (this is, at present, the new and universal fashion,) and two ballets, a serious one between the two acts of the opera, and a comic dance to close the evening's entertainment. Sometimes, the second act is performed before the first; sometimes you have the first act of one opera, and the second of another, or *vice versâ*; or two first, or two second acts;—all which seems very strange to an English spectator, who forgets that he is come to hear a concert, not to see a play. The performance, as I said before, is usually changed only once a month.

But when we arrived at Milan, it had not been changed for six weeks, the piece being the first attempt of a young composer whom the Milanese warmly patronized because he had studied amongst them. His name is *Soliva*, that of the opera, *La Testa di Bronzo*, (the Brazen Head), a wretched French melo-drama. The composition is in my opinion far from a good one; nor can I even entertain the hopes of some, whose indulgence persuaded them that it gave promise of better musick hereafter. Soliva appears to have talent, but no genius: he understands the rules, the theory, and the practice of musick; but he has no ideas of his own. His work is a compilation of a multitude of half-passages, taken at random from all the operas that he has seen or heard. In other compilations one meets with entire passages borrowed and put together, which form a sort of mosaick, and sometimes produce a good effect. But Soliva breaks them off in the middle; and this expedient far from answering the purpose of disguise, only tantalizes the hearer with constant appeals to his memory, with-

out giving him time to enjoy the perfect recollection of an old acquaintance. Two pieces, however, pleased me very well; the bass air, which was beautifully sung by *Remorini*, and a duett in the second act, which, on the whole, is much better than the first. Soliva has adopted the German style of musick; which if superior to the Italian in instrumental, is certainly far inferior in vocal effect. The *prima Donna*, Signora *Fabrè*, is handsome, and sings very well; but the theatre is too large for the compass of any voice; and it would be unfair to judge of the merits of singers, from their mode of execution in a place where the full extent of their powers must be employed to make themselves heard. The serious ballet was very well performed, both as to dancing and pantomine. The other was a farce of the lowest sort: but on the whole we were extremely well pleased with our evening's entertainment.

My fellow-citizen and old friend, G—— O——, having joined us in our box, became from that time extremely useful to us, having undertaken to be our *Cicerone* at Milan,

where he had resided long enough to know every thing that was at all worth knowing. Thanks to him, we were relieved from the disagreeable necessity of retaining a *laquais de place*, a sort of being that I cannot endure; and whose regular practice it is to show a traveller, not that which he ought to see, but only that from which he (the laquais) can derive profit. For though you pay him ever so liberally, be assured that he has his secret bargains with those of his town's people with whom you have any dealings, and who are obliged to overcharge you in order to make up for this extortion. Respectable tradesmen sometimes resist the tyranny; in which case they are sure never to see the face of a stranger in their shop; at least, of a stranger who has put himself under the guidance of a *laquais de place*. The fellow will take you to the very worst shops in the town, which are the most likely to pay *him* well. The same thing occurs with respect to the private houses where collections of paintings are to be seen. You are sure to be taken by the *laquais de place* to all those which contain nothing but rubbish,—if it

happens that the servants of those houses divide their profits with him; and he will try to persuade you that the best collections have either been sold, or no longer exist, or cannot be seen,—if he is to get nothing for taking you to see them. I say nothing of their being notoriously spies: to me this circumstance was a matter of indifference, as I never say a word against any Government under which I may at the time be enjoying, though but *en passant*, the protection of law. But if a traveller happens to be intimate with any of the natives, it requires no small degree of prudence, to guard the latter against the perfidious curiosity of such creatures. In short, I detest them; and whenever I stay above a couple of days in a strange city, where I happen to have no introduction to any of the principal inhabitants, I contrive to get some poor honest lad to accompany me wherever "*The Traveller's Guide*," (which is to be bought in every town of note,) informs me there is any thing worthy of observation.

We walked about the town the next day, to make ourselves acquainted with its ex-

terior appearance, and with that of its inhabitants, ere we began to visit the publick buildings and collections. In the evening we went again to the Scala, not for the sake of the opera, which continued to be the same, but of the theatre itself; and for the pleasure of meeting some Milanese gentlemen, to whom O—— introduced us: three of them, Messrs. L——, B——, and dei C——, were particularly kind to us, and contributed not a little to our amusement, during our stay with them; for we saw them every day, and often the whole day together.

I have travelled a great deal, and have not merely visited, but have resided in, many countries; but no where have I met with more amiable people than the Milanese. They have all that vivacity of imagination, all that liveliness in their exterior appearance, which one expects to find in Italians; without the least mixture of that low cunning with which the Italian nation is so universally reproached. The character of the Milanese is frank and open: they are more cordial than complaisant: utter

strangers to that cringing politeness which smoothes every word and every motion of a Frenchman, their civility is blunt and hearty, yet graceful: and though not universally handsome, they are remarkable for a gentlemanlike, noble, and honest appearance, which forbids the most ill-natured person to suspect them of any thing disloyal or mean.

When I speak of the Milanese, or of any other nation on this side the Alps, I wish to be understood as speaking of the general mass of inhabitants forming the medium between the highest and the lowest classes. I exclude from my judgment both these extremes, because they are very nearly alike throughout Italy; the former sensible, well-informed, acute and quick in thought; but selfish and distrustful; and for that reason slow in action, and incapable of either rash or noble deeds. The people of the lowest classes are individually good, collectively bad; they are both better and worse than in any other country; and they are more easily either led astray, or reclaimed, because they are open to a much

greater variety of impressions than persons of their station in any other part of Europe. They may be driven momentarily to any excess, because their extreme poverty, and the love of pleasure, expose them to the most violent temptations: but they are incapable of persevering in mischief, because the same love of sensual pleasure softens and restrains the ruder and more violent impulses of their natural disposition. By the highest class I do not mean the whole body of Nobility, but only those amongst them whose great riches, rank, and connexions, give them a powerful and extensive influence over large portions of the community. This class did not behave as it ought to have done, in the last revolutions. It *ought* to have stepped forth, and asserted its country's right to independence; and it would probably have succeeded; for the Lombards are susceptible of the highest degree of enthusiasm for great and noble objects. It may, however, be said on the other hand, that such efforts, if unsuccessful, do more harm than that cautious forbearance which temporizes

with evil. And, after all, there is no law of *prescription* for nations. The people, who have borne a foreign yoke for centuries, still retain the same right to independence and to liberty, as those who have been only recently deprived of these blessings. The gifts of God are not to be alienated; and those who hold that any set of men are competent to sell the liberties of their posterity, are, in my opinion, as little deserving of the name of Christians, as of rational beings. A time I hope will come, when neither French nor German invaders will dare to consider as lawful prey, a nation so far superior to either of them, in every thing but military strength. But if this *is not to be*,—if the Lombards *must* have a foreign master, then undoubtedly a German Prince is better suited to them than a French one; though for the moment, he be less agreeable to them. The French were abhorred, and would at last, I have reason to believe, have been massacred; but the Austrians are now even more disliked than the French were. The former by their military successes, inspired a certain degree of respect in a peo-

ple but too susceptible of admiration for vain splendour: the latter by their heavy, ungraceful appearance, their coarse language, and unpolished manners, disgust the most elegant nation on earth;—a nation which, naturally enough, however indefensibly, is too lightly attracted by those exterior charms which itself so eminently possesses, and is inclined to despise the people in whom those attractions are wanting. But these are the very circumstances which ought to make the Lombards prefer the Germans to the French. The French are too vain to conceive it possible that they could be improved by adopting the customs of a conquered nation; while the dearest ambition of a large class of the Germans is to divest themselves of every distinguishing national mark, and to assume the outward appearance of any foreign people amongst whom they may happen to reside. I speak here rather of the German nation in general, than of the Austrian Empire; and I speak of them as they existed before the last war. They have lately, it is true, been rushing into the opposite extreme; and

the same metamorphosis has partially taken place in Germany as a nation, which every day occurs in individuals who have been remarkable for an excess of timidity and diffidence:—if any unexpected success awakens the flattering persuasion that they have not hitherto sufficiently esteemed themselves, they grow at once insufferably conceited and presumptuous. In individuals this vice is incurable, but I do not think it can be so in a whole nation; and I trust it will be succeeded in the Germans, by such a sober sense both of their virtues and their failings, as will ensure to them a higher rank in the scale of nations, than they are likely to attain by the paltry mummery of that ridiculous dress with the wearing of which so many of them at present connect in their imagination all the virtues of their Gothick ancestors. When they shall have divested themselves of these foolish fancies, they will feel how much they may learn from the Italians, and how much they may gain by a close association with them: they will consider them, not as subjects but as fellow-citizens towards whom they must be proud to stand in that relation.

The minds of the Milanese youth have indeed been tainted, like those of all the other subjects of Buonaparte, with the atrocious principles which he strove to inculcate. Every conceivable form of deception and fascination,—the dazzling visions of imaginary glory, the tempting promises of military or pecuniary rewards, the grossest historical lies, and above all, the sweet illusion of national independence,—were employed to mislead and corrupt them. But that noble candour which laid them open to error, is, in the end, its surest antidote. The Austrian government seems aware of this, and displays a moderation and mildness which are very creditable to its liberality. The most imprudent speeches are daily uttered and reported, without occasioning the least persecution; and young men who loudly profess unalterable attachment to their late Chief, are as kindly encouraged to take service under the present dynasty, as if the fullest reliance could be placed on their loyalty. This conduct is judicious; and it would probably produce the wished-for effect, if it were associated with

some few circumstances, of little importance in appearance, but of great weight in reality. The civil and military officers sent to Milan from Austria, ought to have been selected from amongst the most elegant and polished Germans. They ought to have been sent with a young, and generous, and gallant prince (if there be such an one in the house of Austria); and a brilliant Court ought to have been established here, to occupy, enrich, and amuse the different classes of the inhabitants. Had this been done, the success would hardly have been doubtful.

Still better would it be if the Emperor of Austria were to become sensible of the necessity of separating his Italian from his German possessions, and of making the former the exclusive inheritance of one branch of his family: in which case, although, the young Sovereign and his companions might at first displease, as Germans,—their children would be Italians; and no appearance of a foreign yoke would gall the succeeding generation.

But there is little hope of the adoption of

either of these alternatives: and it seems as if Providence had other views for this beautiful country than to let it vegetate under a master who so little appreciates its worth.

Mean time, may the noble and honest Lombards learn to enjoy all the real advantages which they possess, without uselessly regretting those of which imperious circumstances have deprived them; they may thus yet enjoy more real happiness than other nations whose independence now excites their envy. Whatever social combinations weak and inconstant man may force upon them, must be like their author, frail and fleeting; and may be destroyed in an instant by the breath of fortune. But the deliciousness of their climate, the fertility of their soil, the warmth of their feelings, their aptness for every species of glory, are the gifts of Heaven, and partake of immortality. And what is the metaphysical satisfaction drawn from political blessings, compared to that torrent of mental and sensual delight which overwhelms the soul, at the magnificent spectacle of nature, when the lord of day throws his setting beams in all their splen-

dour over the fruitful plains of Lombardy!—those plains, whose unvarying beauty never tires the eye of reason! Curses on the tyrants who would fill this happy land with mourning, and deface it with blood! who would change the peaceful husbandman into a ferocious soldier! and, far from the quiet home where he reposed in the lap of abundance, would drag him to distant and inhospitable regions, there to become the destroyer of freedom, or to perish in the unrighteous cause,—a victim to the bitter pangs of hunger and frost, or to the angry spirit of just revenge!

CHAPTER IV.

Milan.—The Brera Museum.—Teatro Rè.—The Italians excellent Comedians —Arlechino.—Puppet-show.—Cathedral of Milan.—Excursion by Water to Pavia, the old Capital of Lombardy.—The Milanese jealous of the Pavians.—The Borromean College.—University.—Cathedral.—The Certosa.—Return to Milan. — Excellent Pavement. — Splendour of the Equipages and Beauty of the Horses on the Promenade of the Corso.—Milanese Females.—The lower Classes passionately fond of Dancing.—Monza.—The Iron Crown.—Falsifications of History.—Milanese Dialect, and Money.

FRIDAY, October 11th.—Our first care this day was to remove from the *Albergo d'Italia*, with which we were much dissatisfied, to the *Locanda di San Paolo, strada dei Servi ;* where we had better rooms, in a better situation, and at a cheaper rate. The table, it is true, was equally bad, but we determined to dine at the *Restaurateur's ;* which after all is the best plan, wherever

there is not a very good *table d'hôte* (or as it is called here, *tavola rotonda).* After this we went to the publick museum called *Brera,* where we spent our forenoon most agreeably in the examination of a fine collection of paintings, some of which are real master-pieces. The principal of these are one of the best works of *Paul Veronese; the Virgin betrothed,* by *Raphael; Abraham and Hagar,* by *Guercino; St. John,* by the same; *St. Peter and St. Paul,* by *Guido Reni; our Saviour bearing the Cross,* by *Crespi.* But there are many very poor performances, which ought not to have been admitted into such distinguished company.

The celebrated fresco painting of *the Lord's Supper,* by *Leonardo da Vinci,* which is justly considered as his master-piece, and which has been so often engraved, was in the convent of the Dominican friars:—I say it *was,* though it has not been removed; for, alas! it is almost entirely defaced.

We went in the evening to the *Teatro Rè,* at which plays are performed. The entertainment for the evening was a farce, translated, as I believe, from the German. The

actors were admirable; and I found this manner of improving my knowledge of the Italian language so agreeable, that I determined to visit the theatre every night during our stay at Milan. There was an excellent actor for the serious drama, one indeed whom I should not hesitate to place in a higher rank than Talma, because he had greater natural powers than the Frenchman without the least appearance of affectation or trick. His copy of nature was perfectly correct; and the moments of grand effect, though few, were quite irresistible. I was extremely desirous to learn this actor's name, but every person of whom I made the inquiry, simply answered "*E' il tiranno*"—"it is the actor who plays tyrants." One day he performed the part of a swindler in an entertaining farce called "*Gli Empirici e Babbeo Giudice*:" and he performed it with as much truth and effect as the character of a Russian Czar, in which I had previously seen him. This appeared a favourable opportunity for renewing my question about his name; but I received exactly the same answer, "*E' il tiranno*,"—

and I could learn nothing more. I have since been told that this custom of designating an actor by the highest style of character which he usually represents, prevails universally here. Indeed the changes of performers are so frequent, that it would be too tedious to learn, and recollect all their names; for the same company never remains longer than a few months in any place; they do not perform any play more than once; and as soon as their *stock* is gone through, they depart for some other town; so that there are, in fact, none but strolling companies of comedians in this part of Italy. This excessive eagerness for novelty has numberless disadvantages; and it is a sufficient apology for the very indifferent productions of the dramatic authors, of whose talents it would be unfair and impossible to judge, from the hasty scrawls which they are called upon to furnish in such rapid succession.

The part of *Babbeo* was filled by one of the best comic actors I ever saw. I really think he was superior even to Munden himself, of whom he immediately put me

in mind. The Italians in general are most accomplished comedians; and are more at home on the stage, than either the French or the English. I do not compare them with the Germans, because the German stage is still in its infancy, and will probably, (for causes which it is unnecessary here to explain,) have a very protracted childhood. The Dutch have excellent tragic actors; and I have seen Moliére's *Misanthrope* performed at the national theatre of Amsterdam, in a style of perfection which astonished several Parisian spectators; but it is not likely that they will ever shine except in serious performances. I wish the Italians would leave this species of dramatic composition to others, and apply themselves to that style in which they excel. But they seem to have been bitten by the insane monster, who invented the German drama; for I saw, once or twice, at Milan, such stuff as would have delighted even the admirers of Kotzebue.

I was completely disappointed in the *Arlecchino*, of whom I had formed a very agreeable preconception from the manner in

which he is represented on the English and French stages. I expected to see a lively, half-aërial being, whose every motion would be graceful, and whose speeches would be full of the most entertaining *naïveté*. But I found, on the contrary, a clumsy, stupid, old clown, who made me yawn from the first scene to the last. However, I will not venture to assert, that the representation of harlequin on the Italian stage is in all cases so totally different from what I have seen it elsewhere; for as this particular play was vigorously hissed, and as every thing in it was found fault with, it may be that Harlequin, as well as other characters, was misrepresented in it. I can only say that he had no greater share than the rest in the universal disapprobation.

I cannot close this sketch of the Milan stage, without saying something of the pleasure which the spectators afforded me. I had no idea of the degree of interest which it was possible to take in a drama, however well performed. Pleasure, grief, indignation, enthusiasm, were expressed with such warmth of feeling, nay, with such

vehemence of passion, by the younger part of the audience, that this alone would have been sufficient to make me esteem and love a nation, on which the pictures of virtue and vice produced such powerful impressions.

I heard so much of the particular cleverness of the puppet-show, that I was anxious to visit it; but I found it wretched stuff. I confess that I love to see Punch beating his wife, or fighting with the devil, and that I have often stood for hours in the street before an itinerant exhibition of that sort. But the Milanese Punch and his crew are heroes and heroines, with Grecian noses and straight backs, who talk bombast with as much dignity and composure, as the tragic actors of Bartholomew-fair. Nothing can be more tiresome; nor did the ballet please me better than the play, though several foreigners thought it extremely beautiful.

We should have been glad to see some of the gymnastic games performed in open day, in the theatre called the *Arena;* but the weather prevented the performance which had been announced.

On Monday, October 14th, we examined the wonderful Cathedral, in all its principal details; and ascended to the top of its high steeple, which is much too flimsy for its elevation and for the general appearance of the church. It looks like a needle on a pin-cushion; and there is so little room for the winding stair-case in it, that the ascent made me completely giddy. This building, when finished, will certainly be one of the most magnificent Gothic structures in the world; but the length of time that has already been required to bring it to its present state, has this very serious disadvantage in respect of general outward appearance,—that the marble of different half-centuries is marked by different tints of age: so that uniformity of colour, which is, in my opinion, indispensable to the beauty of this style of architecture, is here altogether lost. The oldest parts of the fabrick are brown, whilst the newest are of a snowy whiteness. It does not, however, strike one quite so disagreeably as the variously-coloured stone of the University at Edinburgh, because there is here no variety of colour in

the new materials; for the whole being of white marble, exhibits only different gradations of shade, according to its age. A great deal remains to be done; and no one can say when the last hand will be put to the work.

There are several handsome churches at Milan. The entrance to that of *San Lorenzo*, is formed by eight grand Corinthian pillars, which are the only remains of Roman antiquity.

On Tuesday, October 15th, we dined at our banker's, Mr. M—'s. He is a townsman of mine, and one of the most amiable men I ever met with; his wife is a charming woman, and their daughter a beautiful child. We spent a few delightful hours with them; for he is by no means one of those mere men of business, who give you a dinner because they think themselves obliged to do so; cautiously avoiding to amuse you, for fear you should show a desire to return; and taking great care that the guest shall perceive how much they put themselves but of their usual course for his sake. Mr. M—, on the contrary, received us as cordially as if we had been

old friends, and contrived to make us so perfectly comfortable—so completely at home, that we really felt as if we had known him from his birth. He is no less conscientious than agreeable,—which is another quality not universally met with amongst men of his class; and I found him uncommonly liberal in the pecuniary arrangements which I had to make with him. The exchange was highly in my favour; for I received from him more franks in ready money, than I gave in bills at eighty days' date, on Paris.

On Friday, October 18th, we went to Pavia with G— O—, and our Milanese friends, Messrs. L—, B—, and Dei C—. They were all unwilling to go in the barge on the canal; as this mode of travelling is accounted ungenteel, and is left almost exclusively to the common people. But I was desirous to gain some notion of it from my own experience, and at length prevailed with them. The boat is exactly like the Dutch *trekschuyt*;—covered, and divided into a large room for the common passengers, and a smaller apartment for those

who wish to be alone. We, of course, took the latter; but I remained on the roof for the greater part of the time, for I could not bear to lose the view of that beautiful Italian sky, or the breath of that ambrosial air—the inspirers of health and cheerfulness. I was quite delighted with this little voyage. To my mind, nothing is more agreeable than this mode of moving from one town to another, without fatigue, without dust, without noise; reading, writing, and even walking to and fro, just as in one's own room. Nor can I conceive how people can prefer being crammed into a small square box, over four rattling wheels, stunned with the tiresome noise of horses' feet, and post-boys' oaths; cramped in all their limbs, and stifled with dust. Besides, this barge being drawn by two horses, moves rapidly enough; and we reached *Pavia* in rather less than five hours and a half. The fare is only half a frank in the common room. and one frank in the genteeler apartment,—called in Holland, the *roef*.

We lodged at the *Albergo di Lombardia*, which we found a good inn, though we

had been told the contrary. But, indeed, the Milanese have such strong and rooted prejudices against Pavia, that they cannot bear to own that any thing there is good or even tolerable. This jealousy might be excused in a certain degree, while Pavia was able to dispute the pre-eminence; but now, that Milan has, for such a length of time, been so very superior in point of population, of beauty, of political importance, and of favour, I confess it grieved me not a little to see her inhabitants persevere in this unjust antipathy. To me, Pavia was a place of deep and heartfelt interest. I had been taught, from my earliest infancy, never to pronounce its name without a feeling of respectful admiration; and I felt myself so much oppressed by a crowd of recollections and reflections, both of a melancholy and an agreeable nature, that I could not help abruptly leaving my party, for a solitary walk among the ruins of the formerly celebrated fortifications and walls of this ancient capital of Lombardy.

I rejoined my friends after an hour's absence, and went with them to the Borro-

mean College, where there is a very beautiful room covered with *fresco* paintings, by the *Zuccaris*. Two of these paintings are particularly fine. One represents the plague in Milan; and contains a group of dead bodies of sublime effect, and a fine figure of St. Charles Borromeo. The design of the other is uncommonly good, but the colouring is disagreeable in consequence of the excessive predominance of yellow. Several of the figures on the ceiling are admirable.

The University deserves particular attention for the valuable collections which it contains; but it is still more remarkable for the learned men who have filled its professor's chairs since its revival, that is, for the last fifty or sixty years. It is now much frequented and will probably become still more so; as the government adopts every means of promoting its reputation and prosperity. The professors enjoy the rank and privileges of personal nobility, a distinction which does great honour to the Sovereign who first bestowed this encouragement on science.

What pleased me more than any thing

else at Pavia, was the Cathedral, dedicated to St. Michael, where of old the kings of Lombardy were crowned. It is very remarkable for the strange style of its architecture, and for its curious ornaments: many of the latter are hieroglyphical, and might possibly, if explained, throw light upon obscure historical facts: but this edifice does not seem to have attracted the attention of any learned antiquary. I searched all the shops of Pavia for a "Guide to the Antiquities" of the town, a publication which one generally finds in every place of any consequence,—but I sought in vain; neither could I meet with any individual who could tell me whether such a work had ever existed. The person who showed us the church was, moreover, so utterly ignorant, that it sickened me to hear his replies to our most simple questions We could not make him understand what we meant, in asking if there were no monuments of the Lombard kings; and the only thing which he knew, and which he continually repeated in answer to every question which we put to him, no matter

on what subject, was, that the royal throne was placed in the middle of the church, in a spot still marked by small incrustations of stones, where the feet of the chair entered into holes made on purpose to receive them. It was lamentable to see so venerable a building taken so little care of; and surprising, that none of the professors should yet have thought of examining it carefully, and of giving a circumstantial description of it. One would have expected, that *some* interest would be felt in the ancient capital of Lombardy, for a temple which recalls so many historical facts. But it seems as if the lies of Pope Gregory had really effected the destruction even of the history of the Lombards.

We left Pavia the next day, Saturday, October 19th, on our way back to Milan, which we did not reach until after it was dark, having stopped on the road to see the celebrated *Certosa*, one of the richest monasteries in the world. The prodigious works in Mosaick and the incrustations of precious stones which it contains, are without a parallel; the working of them

is said to have occupied the successive generations of a Swiss family, during a period of more than three hundred years. These things are unquestionably very curious; but what language do they speak to the heart? They might amuse in a cabinet; but they surely cannot be considered appropriate ornaments for a church. Is it fit that people should go there merely to gaze at them? And yet the only intelligible purpose for which they are placed there, is to attract the attention and please the eyes of the publick. Besides these mosaicks, the Cathedral contains some good paintings, though none by eminent masters.

The pavement of the streets of Milan is extremely well adapted for carriages, owing to a plan which I think deserves more credit than it seems to have obtained abroad: in the middle of every large street are two parallel lines of large flat stones, for the wheels to roll on, so that you experience none of that intolerable rattle with which you are distracted on the pavements of London and Paris. The Milanese equipages are handsome; the horses uncommonly fine,—par-

ticularly the carriage-horses, whose prodigious plumpness, and yet elegance of shape, are the admiration of every foreigner. We hired a magnificent pair for our excursions, which we were told had cost three hundred Napoleons. In other countries such prices are given by very rich gentlemen; but there are few places, where a keeper of coaches for hire could afford to purchase such valuable horses, or to use them when bought. This taste of the Milanese renders the *Corso* of Milan one of the most splendid in Europe; and, if considered with reference to the relative amount of the population of London and Milan, it is far superior even to Hyde Park. It is likewise remarkable for the genteel and graceful appearance of the walkers.

There is no nation so like the English as the Lombards. Their features have that general uniformity of style, which characterizes a peculiar race of men; the nose is straight, the under lip retired, or smaller than the upper one; the complexion fair; the eyes and eyebrows strongly marked and expressive; the forehead high and noble,

and divided exactly in the middle by a vein, which becomes distended and visible on every strong emotion; the hair of a light brown; the general expression of the countenance gentle, mild, and open. There are, however, few very handsome women. The females of the upper classes are extremely indolent, and seem to take little care of their beauty; but even in this very indifference to the setting off of their personal charms, there is something not unattractive. The females of the lower classes are, on the contrary, too giddy and volatile: they are passionately fond of dancing, and indulge in it with a violence of action, which to us appeared ridiculous, and even disgusting. I saw several women at one or two subscription balls whom I should really have set down as of the very worst description, if I had not been assured that they were the respectable wives and daughters of tradesmen. It is not unusual to see the young men dancing with each other, when there happens to be a scarcity of female partners,—so fond are the Milanese of this diversion. Nor do they less delight in musick. There is

hardly a street in Milan, where the sound of the guitar may not be heard, at any hour of the night.

On Sunday, October 20th, we went to *Monza*, to see the Imperial Palace, and particularly the Iron Crown of Lombardy, which is kept in the church there, and which is certainly as interesting an object of curiosity as the Regalia of any Prince in Europe. It was borne by greater men than those whom history has decorated with the surname of "great;" men who *deserved* to be kings, because their pride was to be the chiefs of a noble and brave nation, whose independent spirit and inviolable attachment to liberty they strove to cherish, not to crush. They have been abused and calumniated by the Popes, who hated them and wished to usurp their possessions; and that abuse, and those calumnies, have been repeated all over Europe by unprincipled monks; and from such authorities have the learned drawn the materials which they have worked up into their pretended historical accounts! Thus it is that history has been written ever since Livy set

the pernicious example. With what right do we then complain, that the experience of former times has been lost on our fathers and ourselves, while we suffer our children to be trained up in the same way, and to be taught lies and fables as the basis of their political creed and principles? We begin by teaching them to confound the ideas of patriotism and brutality; liberty at home, and tyranny abroad; domestick crimes, and publick virtues; horror of dependance, and love of domination. How can we, then, be surprised, if the revolutions in which they may take a part, should turn out as bloody and horrible, and yet as fruitless, as those which we have read of, or have witnessed ourselves? Did not the very men who prepared the downfall of the French monarchy, on principles which they thought as liberal as air, talk and write, in prose and in verse, with the most respectful admiration, of Brutus and of Charlemagne, of Augustus and of Louis XIV?—Let us then establish and inculcate a clear distinction between real and false greatness; between love of glory, and thirst of plunder; between

enthusiasm and madness; between virtue and ostentation. Let us feel and inspire a just and utter abhorrence of the notion that an unnatural father, an undutiful son, a tyrannical husband, a bad brother, or a treacherous friend, can possibly be a good citizen; and then we may flatter ourselves that we shall have laid a solid foundation for the reign of liberty and reason. Then also we shall give every historical character its due share of esteem or contempt; admire *Desiderio,* and detest his cowardly enemies, whether armed with spiritual or temporal power,—with appeals to superstition and ignorance, or to the daggers of assassins.

Monday, October 21st, was the last day of our stay in Milan; we dined with Mr. M——, our banker, of whom and whose family we took an affectionate leave; saw the *Donne Avvocate,* a charming comedy, at the *Teatro Rè;* went to take a farewell glance at *La Scala;* and closed the evening with a supper at the *Restaurateur of San Fedele,* with Messrs. dei C——, B——, and G—— O——, where we were the guests of our Milanese friend, Mr. L——. It was

with heart-felt regret that we took leave of them, and of the city, in which of all others in Europe, I should prefer to live.

The Milanese dialect is not much more like what we call Italian, than any other European language. It contains a strange mixture of several languages, in which Italian, of course, predominates; but the pronunciation is so peculiar, as to make it quite another language. The *u* is pronounced as it is in French; and there are words, such as *cœur* for heart, which are both written and pronounced exactly the same in both languages. The Milanese have likewise the same nasal sounds as the French. Several of the terminations are Spanish. The whole compound forms a harsher language than any I know, except the German. I was exceedingly entertained in our way to Pavia, by a little boy, who recited a long dialogue between a Milanese and a Venetian, boasting the advantages of their respective countries, each in his own dialect. Nobody could hesitate an instant to give the preference, in point of elegance and grace, to

the latter; but there is in the former a degree of blunt and frank expression, which admirably suits the known character of the nation to which it belongs.

The Milanese currency consists at present of *Lire Italiane*, which have exactly the same value and the same subdivision into twenty *soldi*, or one hundred *centime*, as the French *francs*. But the bankers' accounts are kept in what was formerly the Milanese current money, also called *Lire*; 27,000 of which make 20,723 *lire Italiane*, or *francs*. The exchange on London is calculated at an uncertain number of *lire*, of the old currency, for one pound sterling.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Milan.—Brescia.—Civility of the Inhabitants.—Extraordinary Beauty of the Females.—Desenzano. — Lago di Guarda. — Verona.—Roman Amphitheatre.—Tomb of Juliet; and Adventure of an English Lady.—Picturesque Appearance of Verona.—The Bridge.—Theatres. —Praise of Rossini, and of his Opera of Tancredi.—Ballet.—Rapid Decay and Depopulation of Verona.

WE left Milan on Tuesday, October 22d, about eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived about six in the evening, at *Brescia*, where we lodged at the *Gambaro* (the Crawfish). The post-house seemed to afford much better accommodation; but we had foolishly omitted to inquire about it at Milan, and left the choice to our postillion, which is always a silly thing. These gentry drive to the houses which pay them best for their patronage; and those houses of course are usually very indifferent ones, good inns having no need of such paltry bargains with post-boys.

In the evening we went to the theatre, which is large and handsome: but the actors were bad, and the drama worse. The subject of the latter was a lady's *accouchement*, after a gestation of ten months! most probably a translation from the German. The audience, however, showed so much good nature and indulgence, that the performers might have given them the dullest nonsense, in the worst manner, without any danger of being hissed.

Our first excursion the next morning was to a hill near the town, on which stood the ruins of a castle, now employed to some use or other which we could not ascertain being unable to gain admittance; but a beautiful prospect and the noble traces of former grandeur in what remains of its fortifications, made amends for our disappointment. At some distance from the castle we observed other ruins of considerable extent, into which we penetrated through a breach in the wall, and found ourselves in a spacious court: a church, which occupied one side of it, seemed deserted; and the grass, which almost hid the

pavement of the court, led us to conclude, that the building was wholly uninhabited; yet, as we saw a knocker at the entrance of a building which looked like a convent, we applied it to the door, but obtained no answer. A second and a third blow, which were re-echoed from within, being equally unsuccessful, we were about to retire;—when we perceived a bell-string, which had at first escaped our notice: we pulled it, and heard a large bell ring at some distance; but still there was no answer. We rang again,—and a third time: at length we heard the sound of footsteps approaching the door through a long passage, and a hoarse voice through the keyhole informed us, that we must wait till the key, which had been sent for, was brought. Ten minutes afterwards, other footsteps were heard; the door was unlocked, and (after all this romance-inspiring preparation) we were admitted,—not into an enchanted castle, where beautiful damsels were detained against their will by some dreadful giant, but—into a mere unromantic collegiate school, which had formerly been a convent. The masters and

scholars were all gone away for the October vacation, and nobody remained but a couple of very civil servants, who shewed us the whole building; as well as the church, where there are some good paintings; and the garden, from whence the prospect is really delightful.

After breakfast we rambled over the town, in search of what might best deserve attention; and were exceedingly delighted, with the extreme politeness of the inhabitants. Old and young, men and women, girls and boys, all were equally civil and eager to oblige us. We entered several houses and palaces, to see the paintings, and were most hospitably received by all the proprietors, even where it happened that we had entered by mistake. In short, I never saw so courteous a people as the inhabitants of Brescia; and I shall ever retain the most agreeable remembrance of the few hours we spent amongst them. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful race than the population of this city and its neighbourhood. Raphael's most sublime conceptions of ideal beauty fall short of the reality of the living specimens which

engaged our highest admiration in Brescia, and on the road to Verona. I am persuaded that I saw a greater number of handsome women in that space, than I had seen in all Europe besides; and many of them were more exquisitely beautiful than any individuals I had ever met with. What peculiarly characterizes their style of beauty, is the commanding nobleness of their countenance, mingled with a degree of mildness and candour. Our post-boys could not conceive, why we made them stop so frequently, or why we chose to be driven so slowly. The more I think upon it, the greater is my surprise, that the art of painting should have fallen so low since the days of Raphael and his contemporaries. I had always imagined that the sublimest soarings of the genius of imitation were inspired by the presence of living beauty: but the young virgins, whom Raphael took for models of the Mother of our Saviour, cannot have been nearly so handsome as several of those who attracted our admiration (I had almost said our adoration) in the north of Lombardy. Possibly the living

generation may be handsomer than any of its predecessors; and may yet excite the genius of painting to a higher degree of excellence than has hitherto been known.

We left *Brescia* at one o'clock, on Wednesday, October 23rd, and passed the night at *Desenzano*, on the lake of *Guarda*, which then merely bathed the town, but must often altogether inundate it. The prospect from thence is extremely fine: the lake is bounded on the opposite shore by high mountains, some of which were snow-topt; and behind them are seen the peaks of some glaciers. I think this scenery more beautiful than the green hills of the lake of Como; but perhaps I judge with the prejudices of a Swiss.

We had been told, that the fish of the lake of Guarda was the most delicious that could be tasted; but we were unable to get any, except a very bad tench, and an indifferent trout. Neither did the *vino santo*, which is also much talked of, please us; and we were on the whole but ill-contented with the inn, though it was much the dearest that we had yet stopped at.

We left *Desenzano* the following morning at eight o'clock, and reached *Verona* about noon. We had no sooner seen our apartments at the *Torre* (a very good inn), than we hastened to the Roman amphitheatre, called here *l'Arena*,—one of the most curious and interesting monuments of antiquity. We were gratified beyond our expectations, as well with the grandeur of its form and dimensions, as with the excellent state of preservation in which it is kept. Some few parts of the internal arrangement have indeed been suffered to fall to decay, as useless repetitions of what is preserved entire; but with this exception, every thing is exactly in the same state as in the time of the Romans,—as far, at least, as concerns the interior. The outside, on the contrary, has suffered greatly from time; but its remains are quite sufficient to give a very clear idea of what it has been. The Arena itself, or the space set apart for the performances, is an oval, of about 250 feet in length, by 145 in breadth; it seems at first sight extremely small, the eye being deceived by the immense size of the theatre

around it; and the first impression on the spectator's mind is, that none but very simple games could be represented in it. But there was, in reality, room enough for any performance or combat whatsoever. Around the Arena are forty-five rows of seats, raised one above the other, the circumference of the lowest of which may be about 233 paces, and that of the uppermost about 453 paces; so that, every successive row of seats has an extent of about five paces more than that which is below it. Allowing three spectators for every two paces, the amount of the whole would be 23,152. But as the two lower rows of seats are interrupted at each end by a grand entrance gate, over which there is a terrace or balcony (serving either for the chief magistrates, or for the musick, or for the herald who explained what games were to take place) the capacity of these rows is thus considerably diminished. I shall therefore take the whole number of places to be about 23,000. Our *laquais de place* assured us, that there were 85,000 spectators in it at one time, at an entertainment given, a few years ago,

to the Pope! This is a trifling specimen of the degree of credit, which this sort of *Cicerone* deserves; and it was this strange exaggeration that induced me to measure the space, and to calculate its capacity. Lalande reckons 22,500 places; and the *Notizia delle cose più osservabili della Città di Verona*, says 23,484; so that my calculation cannot be very far from the truth. Whatever may be the attractive powers of a Pope, it is difficult to imagine that he could draw together 85,000 persons, in a town which has only 45,000 inhabitants.

The entrance to the Amphitheatre is through four large circular corridors, communicating with a multitude of lateral passages, staircases, and openings (*vomitories*) leading to the seats. This distribution pervaded each of the three stories of which the exterior building consisted: and above the whole was a road (to which the approach lay up a gentle ascent winding round the edifice) wide enough to admit of carriages being driven round the top. The prodigious number of passages and doors may seem superfluous to those who build theatres in our days; but

it is to be remembered, that there were here ten or twelve times the number of spectators which the largest theatres of London or Paris could accommodate; that there were no tickets to be purchased, and consequently that there was no necessity to guard against the admission of unauthorized persons; besides, the space in the outer part of the building, from the level of the first row of seats in the arena up to that of the forty-fifth in height, must be disposed of for some purpose or another. The lobbies or saloons of modern theatres were unknown; and thus the four circular passages, with all their accompaniments, do not prove so unquestionably as some would have them to do, an extreme attention to the comfort and safety of the spectators.

The arena is not even at present unoccupied. There was a small stage erected on one side of it, and railings opposite, which enclosed a part of the seats, so as in some measure to guard against the intrusion of those who visited the other unoccupied part of the amphitheatre: but it was rather revolting to see strolling players, and

even beasts, (for I believe there were dancing dogs,) degrading so magnificent a place by their performances. When grand games were exhibited, with a full audience, the aspect from the arena, or indeed from any part of the interior, must have been amazingly fine*.

We paid at least two visits every day to this interesting monument, which it is impossible to see perfectly and thoroughly at once. But after the first visit, we went, as all admirers of Shakspeare are bound to do, to visit the tomb of Juliet; which is a stone-coffin in the garden of an ancient convent of Franciscan friars. The convent was formerly blown up by an explosion of gunpowder, and the coffin was recognised (it is said) by the hole made in it, for admitting air to the unfortunate bride. Incredulous people might perhaps mistake it for the basin of a fountain; but its shape and an excavation for the head, afford some ground for the speculation that it may have been a

* The external length of the building is near five hundred feet, the breadth four hundred feet, and the circumference fourteen hundred and forty feet.

coffin; and if a coffin, why not Juliet's? An English lady, who shall be nameless, and who had paid her devotions at this shrine some weeks before us, had taken it into her head to lay herself at full length in this tomb, like a monumental figure, with her hands piously crossed on her bosom. But it is dangerous to tempt the devil, and especially in a monastery. The romantic visitor had no sooner clasped her hands on her breast, than a sudden gust of wind so disarranged her undefended garments, as to cause no slight confusion to herself, and some scandal to half a dozen male and female friends who accompanied her.

The town of Verona is one of the most picturesque in Europe. The varied elevation of the ground on which it stands; the beautiful scenery around it; the mountain against which it seems to lean; the wooded hills in its neighbourhood; the noble ruins of its fortifications; the majestic *Adige* which winds nearly round it; its extraordinary bridge; the old castle of *Mastino della Scala*,—form altogether an endless variety of delightful prospects.

The bridge of Verona is in point of architecture one of the most curious in Europe; the arch which joins it to the fortress has a span of one hundred and fifty-five feet, and is, I believe, with one exception, the widest stone arch in the world. The second arch is about ninety feet wide, the third and last seventy-five or seventy-six, and the whole length of the bridge is 380 feet. Though built so late as the year 1354, the name of the architect is not known. It has long been disused, but for no other reason that I could learn, than because it leads into the fortress. Three other smaller bridges are however quite sufficient for the intercourse between the two sides of the river.

Verona contains a great number of churches and palaces, some of which are very noble; a fine *Corso*, or *promenade;* and a museum, where several curious remains of antiquity are kept: a circumstantial account of the whole has been given (in a work which does equal honour to Verona, to its author, and to the Italian nobility to which the author belonged,) by the celebrated Marquess *Maffei*, a man

no less distinguished by his patriotism, than by his great talents and poetical genius. The city can boast of a long list of other illustrious names, whose writings, labours, and collections deserve high praise. The inhabitants are remarkably handsome, and as cordially polite as those of Brescia. A youth of fourteen, whom we met at the theatre, *Mr. Gio. Battista Malenza*, son to the Secretary of State, no sooner discovered from our inquiries that we were foreigners, than he immediately offered to be our *Cicerone* about the town. He called upon us early the next morning, and the following day accompanied us to every place that deserved attention; insisted upon paying the fees in spite of our endeavours to the contrary; and was almost offended upon perceiving that, on one occasion, I had anticipated him in this respect. I never met with a more obliging youth. We were happy to be afterwards introduced to his father, and to offer to him at once our thanks and our congratulations.

The great theatre was closed whilst we remained at Verona; but there was a good

opera at the *Teatro Morando*, where they performed *Tancredi*. The music is by *Rossini*, and afforded me the greatest delight. The "Testa di Bronzo" of Soliva, at Milan, had given me reason to fear that Italy was losing its good taste in music. I was now, however, assured that its immediate loss was not to be apprehended: for Rossini, I heard, was yet a very young composer; and should he, in any degree, fulfil the expectations of which his early works give promise, we shall certainly not have to lament in our time the decay of this heavenly art. His music is of the right school; unaffected, easy, elegant, and graceful. There are passages in Tancredi of great effect; particularly in the first *finale*, where the subject demands them. But these passages are few, and such only as are required by the situation. They do not fall thick and unintermittingly, so as completely to overlay and hide the ground they lie upon, as in operas of the new German school. In opposition to the practice of the German musicians, Rossini introduces his ornaments singly and separately, in the midst

of a rich field of melody; like Salvator Rosa's rocks in a fine landscape; and this is the only way to give them a noble and striking effect. When they are crowded and heaped together, they may amaze and overpower the senses; but the impression which they leave upon the mind is not that of pleasure.

Tancredi bears evident marks of poetical inspiration. The composition is original, warm and brilliant; and peculiarly remarkable for that singleness and uniformity of style, which characterizes the works of the great masters, such as *Cimarosa* and *Paësiello*. Those musical *phrases* which are not in themselves new, are at least turned in so new a manner, and disguised under such an air of originality, that they are become the indisputable property of the composer. Tancredi's *cavatina*, his two *duetts*, the *aria* of Argyro, and the two *finales* are all admirable. The part of Tancredi was sustained by a female. Grassini has shown, that *contralto* voices are by far the most susceptible of strong and deep expression; and they are now considered as

indispensable. It may be supposed, at first thought, that the part of a hero must be spoilt in the hands of a woman ; but in my opinion the hero of an opera is infinitely more interesting under this form. Nobody can look for perfect illusion in an opera; and while a female voice certainly finds its way to the heart more easily than that of a man, there is still a sufficient difference between the two characters of voice, the *contralto* and the *soprano*, to preserve that degree of illusion, which is absolutely necessary to guard against the ridiculous. The *tenor* of course is not on that account discarded; and the part of Argyro, to which it falls, is far from being neglected. The whole was extremely well sung, especially by the two ladies and the tenor, who were excellent artists.

Between the acts of the opera there was a ballet, danced by what the Italians call *Groteschi*. I ought not, however, to say danced, because it was very unlike that graceful art: I should rather say, *whirled* and *jumped*; for it consisted entirely of such extravagant leaps and feats of agility, as to

excite the most violent laughter, the first time we saw it. But it is not ridiculous to the Italians: they like it exceedingly, and applaud it with the same enthusiasm which we should bestow on a good comedy, or a ballet danced by first-rate Parisian artists.

We staid five days in Verona, and left it with real regret. This beautiful city, which has produced so many great men, and which has, through them, so far advanced the land-marks of science and literature,—has, for the last five and twenty years, been falling to decay with the most alarming rapidity. The number of its inhabitants, which formerly amounted to fifty-eight thousand, is now reduced to forty-five. A great many houses are completely deserted, and the streets are crowded with beggars. What mind can contemplate unmoved the ruin of such a city? But let us hope, that the present government will take effectual measures against the progress of this calamity; and will take them immediately, while it is yet possible to arrest the evil, if not to repair it.

CHAPTER VI.

Vicenza.—Magnificence of its deserted Palaces.—Wretchedness of the Population, and its causes.—Palladio.—Olympic Theatre.—Rotonda Capra.—Portico and Church of La Madonna del Monte.—Departure from Vicenza.—Padua.—Its Antiquity.—Place of Santa Justina.—Church and Tomb of St. Anthony.—Hall of Justice.—University.—Guido's Painting of St. John, in the Church of the Remitani.—Journey from Padua to Venice by Water.—Company in the Barge.

WE set out for *Vicenza*, on Sunday, October 27th, at nine in the forenoon. The road is uncommonly agreeable. On the left are the hills which form the northern boundary of the plain of Lombardy; most of them are extremely picturesque, being crowned with castles, churches, and ruins. Behind them are the high mountains, which ought to have preserved, but which, alas! have failed to preserve, fair Italy's independence. On the right are the richest fields in Europe, covered with ever-renewing crops of vari-

ous produce, and ornamented with vines hanging from the mulberry-trees in graceful festoons. We were enchanted with the scene; and, far from feeling the least impatience to arrive at Vicenza, we were disappointed at the shortness of the distance, which is only three posts and a half.

Our entrance into this magnificent town, effaced, for a moment, the recollection not only of the beautiful road which led to it, but of every thing else that we had seen. The imposing sight of so many splendid palaces fills the mind, at the first glance, with admiration and surprise, and leaves no room for calm reflection. But, alas! a closer examination is calculated to dispel the charm. Several of these palaces were never finished; others were never inhabited; a much greater number have, of late years, been deserted; and most of those which are still inhabited, are miserably neglected, and out of repair. There are persons who, believing that the ruin of Vicenza is owing to this very splendour, believe also that Palladio introduced it as a secret means of revenge on the inhabitants, whom he hated. But I

should be sorry to think a man of genius capable of so base and wicked a design. Neither can any one who has just visited Verona, be surprised to find Vicenza deserted; or attribute the decay of its population and prosperity to the ruin of fifty or sixty noblemen. There must be a deeper, and a more melancholy cause. It is the hand of military despotism, whose iron grasp has crushed the energies of a country where the genius of peace, with its attributes the arts and sciences, ought for ever to have held its invigorating and beneficent sway.

Judging from appearances, I should say, that at least one half of the inhabitants of Vicenza is reduced to positive mendicity; the beggars are numerous beyond any conception that I could have formed from mere description; and they seem horribly wretched. Can it be really true, that instead of lending succour to this starving province, its government draws from it considerable sums to remit to Austria? What right has Austria to the means of existence of the unfortunate Italians? What Sovereign could be so barbarous, as to

wring from the poor the scanty bread of life, merely to add to the portion of those who already have enough ? The treasures of Italy are the sacred property of Italy ; and in a year of scarcity, when those riches are indispensable not to the comfort alone but to the very existence of their real owners, it would be an act of such cruel despotism to divert any part of them to foreign countries, that I must think the charge a calumny. Indeed, it must be owned that the Austrian Government is but too much exposed to such calumnies, from the peculiarity of its situation ; and it would require the exertion of greater talents and higher virtues than are generally to be met with in Courts, to preserve it from the hatred and malediction of its new subjects. The French were execrated ; and well they deserved it : there can be no doubt but that any change from their yoke seemed desirable to the Lombards : and had a year of plenty accompanied the last revolution, had a succession of publick fêtes and rejoicings ushered in the new Sovereign in a manner more agreeable to the character

and general disposition of the nation; had a series of liberal measures immediately shown his Italian subjects that they were to be placed on the same footing as the Germans and Hungarians,—the name of the Emperor of Austria, might have been blest by all. But nothing of all this took place: foreign garrisons, composed of men with whom the natives could hold no intercourse, gave a mortifying appearance of conquest: German phlegm gave an ungracious turn to every measure of administration: the unpolished rudeness of the new lords of the most elegant nation in the world, contrasted ill with the easy cheerfulness of the latter: add to all this, that while the crops failed throughout the country, it was confidently asserted that the whole of the revenue of the year was exported to Austria. These, and many more circumstances of a similar character, could not but breed discontent; discontent, aggravated and inflamed by scarcity, quickly passed into hatred; and the Austrians are now, after two years' rule, as heartily detested as the French were after fifteen.

The first object that claimed our curiosity

at Vicenza, was the Olympic Theatre, built by *Palladio*, on the model (as he thought) of those of Athens and Rome. I say "as he thought," because the discovery of the ancient theatres at Herculaneum and Pompeii, proves him to have been mistaken in his notions on the subject, at least with regard to the Stage*. The stage of Palladio represents the entrance of a town; and five streets are seen at once, in their whole length, branching out from the place before the gate of the town. They certainly produce a very good effect as mere decoration, without reference to the actors; but, as their length is scarcely more than twenty

* I must here advert to Mr. Schlegel's ideas on the subject, which appear very ingenious to those who have not read the ancient tragedies, and who only know from hearsay that there was a chorus in them which constantly interfered with the business of the stage, without taking an active part in it as principals. Those, however, who have examined the subject with attention, must dissent from his view of it. I could quote several passages, particularly of Euripides, (whose chorusses are freshest in my recollection,) to prove that the chorus was *on* the stage with the actors. But this is not the place for such an investigation; I may, perhaps, find another opportunity to call the attention of the learned to it.

feet (exaggerated to the eye by the illusion of perspective), a person who comes up from the furthest end must appear quite gigantic and extravagantly out of proportion to the scene. Besides, there are very few plays which this scene of action could suit, and several which could not be performed there at all. One would think that Palladio had never read more than one or two Greek tragedies; he must otherwise have seen that most of them indispensably required the representation of a camp, or the interior of a palace; so that his plan of fixing scenery which could neither be removed nor altered, was certainly erroneous. Even the pleasure of his optical illusion is imperfect; for there is but one part of the theatre from whence it produces its full effect, which is the middle of the fourth row of seats:—but of these rows, there are fourteen,—the lowest of which may be eighty-six, the highest one hundred and fifty feet long; and above the latter is a row of boxes, which are very elegantly decorated, but which are not of Grecian origin. There may be room in all for about one thousand

spectators: but the expense of lighting up this theatre is so great, as to render it practically useless.

The other theatre, at which one of *Farinelli's* good operas, *il Matrimonio per Concorso*, was wretchedly sung, and ill performed, is much smaller; not having space for more than five hundred persons. The ballet was even worse than the opera, and appeared to me to be performed by men in women's clothes.

The next morning we paid a visit to the celebrated *Rotonda Capra*, which is also accounted one of Palladio's master-pieces, but which I cannot help thinking very inferior to its reputation. It has, in my opinion, several glaring defects, for which the most striking beauties could not compensate. The building itself is not round, as one would infer from its name, but square; the rotundo is only a round room in the centre, which ought, I suppose, to be considered uncommonly beautiful, but which seemed to me a very silly and useless contrivance: the light falls into this room from above, and is never sufficient to render

it cheerful. This scantiness of illumination might be tolerable in a bed-room, but it is unquestionably a defect in a saloon, for which alone this apartment can be used; for it has no doors, but is entered by four open passages, which lead to the other apartments, and to the four grand portals of the house. These portals, and the four fronts to which they belong, are all exactly alike, decorated with six pillars, (of the Doric order, if I remember well), and a flight of steps. Is this exact uniformity a beauty? I do not pretend to be a competent judge; but speaking from my own impressions, I must pronounce it a defect, indicating rather poverty of invention, than displaying an effect of simple magnificence. The four apartments which occupy the four fronts of the house, are also exactly alike, each consisting of a parlour and a closet. Four exceedingly narrow, winding, and dark staircases, fill up the spaces between the round and square parts of the building, leading to the very dark bed-rooms and kitchen below, and to the other rooms above, which have not been finished, and which being all *en suite*,

and without separate entrances, cannot well be used by more than one person. I am at a loss to imagine what could excite such admiration for a house like this, where every species of comfort is sacrificed to the strange whim of multiplying every single part by four. I take for granted, that the imitation of it by the Duke of Devonshire, only applied to the colonnades and the rotundo, and that all the rest was arranged according to the truer notions of comfort which prevail in England.

The portico, of a mile in length, which leads to the church of *la Madonna del Monte*, and its handsome flights of steps, are much more remarkable than the church itself, or the paintings which it contains; but the prospect from thence is beautiful. There are some fine paintings by *Paolo Veronese* and *Leandro Bassano* in the church of *Santa Corona;* and others by *Luca Giordano* and *Tiepolo* in the palace of the countess *Vecchia*: the rest, we understood, had been carried away by the French.

We had intended to stay another day in Vicenza; and the *Ecu de France*, where

we lodged, was so good an inn, that it would have done much towards reconciling us to the delay. But the horrible scenes of misery which we met with at each step, poisoned every pleasure; and we determined to fly from the sight of woes far beyond our power to heal.

We set off on Monday, the 28th of October, for *Padua*, where we arrived after a journey of three hours, at half past six in the evening. A violent rain which had begun when we started, and which seemed to increase every minute, prevented us from observing the aspect of the country; but had the weather been ever so fine and the landscapes ever so varied, we could not have enjoyed them, whilst the impression of the misery we had so lately witnessed was fresh on our minds.

Padua deserves to be most honourably mentioned, for the publick spirit which its citizens have displayed, on numberless occasions, and which animates every class of them. They are all extremely proud of their antiquity. The poorest mechanic takes a delight in boasting

that his native city is 500 years more ancient than Rome: and all of them will point out to a stranger the tomb of Antenor. They are not bound to know that this tomb is a monument of a prince of the middle ages; and that the tombs of the Phrygian heroes were mounds of earth raised over their earthly remains:— we may well dispense with learning in people who love their country.

The publick walk before the church of *Santa Justina*, is a noble monument of patriotic feeling in the higher classes. It consists of a large circular road surrounded by a canal, on both sides of which are erected the statues of all those who have contributed to illustrate the city or the university, by their military or political talents, by their learning, or by a good eminence of any other description. Gustavus III. placed amongst them a statue of the great Gustavus Adolphus, who is said to have been attracted to Padua by the lectures of Galileo. The whole has a very fine effect; and the design is so patriotic; and so noble, that I must be permitted to

give the preference to this over every other square or publick walk that I have seen.

The church of *Santa Justina* is not finished, and exhibits nothing externally but a very ugly naked brick wall, the inside however is exquisitely beautiful; it is at once grand, and elegant, and neat; and thus combines qualities, which I never saw united in such a place before. It contains likewise some good statues, and several very valuable paintings.

The church of *St. Anthony*, which they call, by excellence, *il Santo*, is not comparable to the church of *Santa Justina* in point of elegance or beauty; but it is much richer in marbles, bronzes, and monuments chiefly as records of civic virtues. The Saint's tomb is ornamented with beautiful sculpture, and is one of the most attractive objects of pilgrimage not only in Italy, but even in all Europe.

The famous Hall of Justice, of which so much has been written and said, is really of an immense size; but this quality, and the difficulty of constructing a room of such exorbitant proportions without any

support but its external walls, are its only distinctions. It is 300 feet long, 100 feet broad and 100 feet high; but its form is irregular, and the paintings on those proud walls are far from excellent, not excepting even those which are attributed to Titian.

Every one knows that the University of Padua is one of the most ancient, and most celebrated in the world; and it would require a volume to record even the names of those who have contributed to its celebrity, as well as of those whom the city may think it an honour to number amongst its natives, from the days of Livy down to our own times. We regretted very much, that the shortness of our stay did not allow us to form any acquaintance amongst its distinguished professors.

What pleased us beyond all other objects at *Padua*, was a painting by *Guido Reni* in the church of the *Remitani*, representing *St. John the Baptist in the Desert.* The figure of the Saint might, it is true, be much more beautiful than it is, without overstepping the ordinary limits of nature; the eyes and the complexion are dark; the nose

straight; the hair very thick and closely curled; and the head is so far from any pretensions to ideal beauty, that you would, at the first sight, pronounce it to have been copied from a living model: in short, none of the features taken separately possess any extraordinary perfection; but there is in the whole contour and expression of the countenance something so graceful, so sweetly melancholy, so full of goodness, so irresistibly attractive, that it is impossible to look at it without the deepest emotion. We had seen numbers of faces of the same character on the road, and it seemed as if we had been intimate with St. John all our life. We returned repeatedly to look at him; and felt the same regret in bidding him adieu, as if he had been an old friend just restored to our society, to be afterwards parted with for ever. This admirable painting was saved from the French by the personal credit of two citizens of Padua: and even the church itself, owed its preservation to a similar exercise of private influence. The rich silver candlesticks on the tomb of St. Anthony were redeemed

by another private individual and we understood that there had been several other instances, in which the gentry of this truly illustrious city had contrived to preserve the publick property at their own personal expense.

I had no opportunity whilst we staid at Padua, to inform myself sufficiently respecting the dialect spoken by the country people; but I suppose it to be the same in which *Beolcus*, (known under the name of *Ruzzante*,) wrote his Comedies and Dialogues, and which he called the *Lingua Rustica*. It is very like the Venetian in the structure of the words, but I do not know that there is the same similarity in their pronunciation. All the people of the lower classes to whom I had occasion to speak, answered me in common Italian.

There are two modes of performing the journey from Padua to Venice: one is, to travel by post as far as Fusina, to leave your carriage there, and to embark for Venice: the other, which is infinitely cheaper, and more comfortable for people who love quiet and ease, is to leave your carriage at Padua,

and to embark on the canal, in the town itself. This saves no less trouble than expense; and you arrive at Venice, almost without being aware that you have moved from Padua. N— agreed that we should go in this manner; and I promised to return through Fusina. We embarked on Tuesday October 29th, at a quarter before nine o'clock in the evening.

The barge in which we took our passage, was similar to that in which we went to Pavia, except that it did not appear to have any separate apartment. We accordingly went in the general cabin, which is commodious enough; and in which we might have slept very comfortably in our seats, if it had not been for an odious German merchant, who was so anxious to show his knowledge of the Venetian language, that he did not hold his tongue for one single minute during the whole ten hours that the voyage lasted. In saying this, I wish to be understood literally. Never in my life, did I meet with so intolerable a talker: or one more impenetrably insensible to the plainest indications of im-

patience and distress in his hearers. N—'s ears became at length habituated to the sound, and he fell asleep: but I was unable to close my eyes for a single minute. I might have enjoyed some pleasure in the conversation of the other passengers, if they had been permitted to speak; but the German gave no one time to utter more than a word or two of observation upon what he had been saying, or to reply to the questions he had been asking; and he took care to frame the latter in such a manner as to preclude long answers. The rest of the company consisted of a German baron; an Italian merchant and his wife; a travelling clerk, an exceedingly civil young man; an old woman dressed in the fashion of sixty years ago, with roses on her gown, of the size of a pumpkin; and two women from Trieste, who were returning from a pilgrimage to St Anthony of Padua: the elder, wife to a barber; and the younger, who was very handsome, wife to a captain of a merchant ship. The young woman had just been discharging a vow made in a tempest; and she informed us, that her husband had

lately sailed for America: whereupon the old lady observed, that America was extremely far off; for it was "*a part*" of the world; that there were four parts of the world called America, Africa, "*Uglop*," and Asia: that, as to herself, she had refused to marry a sea captain, because he was to go to *Inbilterra*: here somebody observed that she probably meant Inghilterra (England) "No, no," cried she; "it is "Inbilterra; a country that lies God knows "how many miles from Padua." The captain's wife said she lived on a pension of forty Venetian *Lire** a month, and her aunt (the geographer) added, that she could therewith now and then afford to eat a little meat. Animal food seems to be considered as a luxury, which a person of that class cannot often indulge in; and *polenta* is pretty generally their most substantial food. This may seem a sad indication of misery to an English tradesman, who is used to enjoy meat, hot or cold, once a day at least. But animal food is not so

* About 16*s.* 8*d.* English money.

necessary for the support of life in hot countries, as it is in the colder climates. I believe it is no where indispensable: the Irish labourer who lives upon potatoes, and the Russian peasant who scorns butchers' meat as effeminate food, are not inhabitants of warm countries, where vegetables acquire a degree of nourishing strength which they never can attain in the short summers of the north. The lady I speak of (for her dress was that of a lady) looked as plump and as stout as any tradesman's wife in London. I should have contrived to draw from these good women, who were extremely communicative, more information respecting the habits and manners of their class, had not the German merchant interfered. But it was impossible to hear any other voice than his. Even while I am writing, it still seems to ring in my ears.

CHAP. VII.

Venice—Inns—Place of San Marco—Canals and Gondolas—Streets and Bridges—General View of the City—Mendicity and its causes—Reprobation of the Political Treatment of Venice—Venetian Society—Collections of Paintings—Remarks on the Character of the Venetian School of Painting.

WE entered Venice at seven o'clock in the morning, a contrary wind having made our voyage a full hour longer than usual. The weather was so bad, and the rain so heavy, that our first view of the Queen of the Seas was not a favourable one. But I fancy the approach to it, at least on the side on which we disembarked, cannot be very imposing even on the clearest and brightest day; for the first houses are mean, and there is not a palace to be seen except at a considerable distance.

We landed at the post-office, and went immediately to the *White Lion;* which, though the adjoining house, is nevertheless

at a considerable distance, as it has no communication with the water, and the only approach to it lies through a dirty narrow lane. We could only get two very dismal and uncomfortable rooms looking into the lane; for which we had to pay eight franks a day. The innkeeper told us afterwards very candidly, that he was in haste to make his fortune, as he wished to retire from business; and he appeared to succeed pretty well in his endeavour, for the house was quite full. We, however, did not contribute much to his opulence; for we very soon left him, being unable to endure the melancholy apartments which he had given us;—even the prospect from our dining-room, which looked to the grand canal, was not agreeable in rainy weather. There is no town in Europe (Embden perhaps excepted) to which sunshine is so necessary. On the third day after our arrival we removed to the *Albergo di Favretti*, on the *Rio de' Schiavoni*, where we were much better and more comfortably lodged for three franks less a day. There was a very large common room, and we had a

neat dining-room, and two bed-rooms. It is true, that from my bed-room there was no prospect; but N—'s looked upon the open sea, and he was charmed with it. Every thing was cheaper in the same proportion as the lodging. Our dinner, for which we were charged five franks a head at the White Lion, cost us but three at Favretti's; and our breakfast little more than one frank instead of two. But these are trifles which I am far from presuming to recommend to the attention of professed people of fashion, or of their imitators; whom I willingly leave in full possession of those prejudices which so many of the English bring abroad with them,—against all streets and inns which happen not to have acquired fashionable celebrity. It is for travellers of humbler pretensions, and for the whole vulgar class of reasonable men, to attend to the ignoble combination of economy and comfort.

I think I never saw so magnificent a place as that of *San Marco;* none at least that appeared so striking at the first sight. Its effect may, perhaps, be partly owing to

contrast; for all the approaches to it are very narrow lanes, and in rainy weather very dirty ones; but the cause is of little consequence, the result is amazingly beautiful. This *place* is a long square, closed on three sides by very noble palaces with porticoes, which form a covered walk; all the ground-floors are occupied as handsome shops and coffee-houses, the latter being frequented by ladies of the first rank as well as gentlemen. The third side has two openings; one into the town, the other towards the sea: the buildings on this side, are the strange but grand church of San Marco, and the old palace of the Doge (or as the Venetians pronounce it, the *Doze.*) In front of these are three very high masts bearing colours at their tops, and the lofty tower of *San Marco.* On the sea-shore are two magnificent obelisks: and from thence also the prospect is admirable. On the opposite shore of the grand canal, is the beautiful church *della Salute*, and the custom-house near it: a little farther to the left, on a separate island, is the church of St. George; and

beyond that, the open sea. This scenery would be enchanting, even in the midst of St. Petersburgh; and there is nothing either in London or Paris, that can bear the least comparison to it.

Strangers have, in general, a very incorrect idea of Venice. They imagine that the houses are almost all so many islands; or at least that every single street forms an island, and that there is no communication with the next street except by water. This is not the case: there are bridges every where; and you may live in Venice twenty years, and go to every part of it (except an island or two which form a sort of suburbs,) without ever making use of a boat. I never took a gondola but once, and that was to go over to the island of St. George and to the *Giudeca;* and I am sure I rambled about the town and visited every part of it, more than any individual of my acquaintance. As to the gondolas, I was sadly disappointed in the idea I had formed of them; I expected to find very neat boats, rowed by excellent singers along fine broad canals;

but they turned out to be (those at least for common use in the interior of the town,) ugly little skiffs with an awning of black cloth, under which a person of ordinary size cannot sit without stooping; rowed on very narrow and sometimes very dirty and stinking canals, under a multitude of bridges, by men who have too much occasion for all their attention to avoid striking against other boats,—to think of singing for the amusement of their fare. To me a gondola looked very like a coffin; which to my taste is of all things the most disagreeable.

One circumstance renders walking about Venice excessively uncomfortable. The numberless bridges are built extremely lofty, in order to allow the boats a free passage under them; and this particularity which, in itself, is sufficiently inconvenient, is rendered much more so by the flights of steps on each side of them. These steps were undoubtedly intended for the ease and comfort of walkers: but this object has been sadly frustrated by their strange dimensions. They are so low, that you might take three

or four of them at once, if they were not at the same time so wide that one pace to each step is not sufficient, and three are two many; so that you are compelled to make a second pace on every step, and of course to ascend or descend the whole flight with the same foot*. None but those who have experienced it, can imagine how annoying and fatiguing this becomes by frequent repetition. The streets or lanes are paved with flat stones; and are comfortable enough in dry weather; but when it rains they are soon covered with water and mud. On the whole it may be said that Venice is not a pleasant town for those who are fond of long walks and bodily exercise; but for mere loungers, the porticoes round the place of San Marco are sufficiently spacious, and extremely agreeable.

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* This is particularly the case with both sides of the Rialto, which is the only considerable bridge in Venice, having two rows of shops in its whole length: they form three parallel lines or streets, the middle one has steps of a comfortable height and breadth, but the side ones are like those of the other bridges.

In most towns that I have visited, the best mode of acquiring a clear idea of their plan and distribution, is to ascend to the top of a high steeple in a central situation: but this will be found of little use at Venice,—as we discovered upon reaching the gallery of the tower of San Marco. The streets and lanes, and even the canals, are so very narrow, that scarcely any thing was to be seen except the roofs of houses. On ascending to the very top of the tower, we did indeed see a small spot of the grand canal, and one small bridge which happens to be placed in such a manner as to form that single exception; but the canal, over which the bridge is built, is not visible. This may give some notion of the narrowness of the streets, and the height of the houses. There is, however, one street in Venice of a very respectable breadth; but it is very little frequented, being rather out of the way, at the eastern extremity of the town, which is here, as well as in London, the unfashionable part, and is allotted to dock-yards and sailors. I became perhaps better acquainted with it than many of the

natives, because it led to a very pretty garden, which I was in the habit of visiting for the sake of seeing grass and trees, in which, on account of their scarcity, I took a delight which I have never experienced in any other place. In this respect few persons seemed to concur with me; for I never met any body in this garden, except once a nurse with two or three children.

The ascent to the gallery of the tower of San Marco is very gentle, and being paved all the way it may be ascended even on horseback. From the gallery there are stairs to the top of the tower, from whence the prospect of the open sea and neighbouring islands is very agreeable, though it does not offer any variety of picturesque points of view.

We were assured that one third of the population of Venice was reduced to downright beggary. In this statement there is probably some exaggeration; but the multitude of beggars is really enormous. They do not, however, wear so shocking an appearance of starving misery as the beggars

at Vicenza,—for that natural cheerfulness which is one of the chief characteristicks of a Venetian, has not yet abandoned this class; and I have often smiled at the lively and even joyous countenances of the children who came skipping along, to beg for the means of procuring their first morsel of food for the day. The poorest class lives almost exclusively on pumpkins, of which there are two sorts. The first and cheapest is that round and insipid kind, which is known all over Europe: it is called *Zucca barucca*, and a slice of it costs only one centime, equal to the tenth part of a penny. It is miserable food, but five or six slices during the day, are sufficient to keep body and soul together. The other sort is called *Zucca Santa*: it is more substantial, less insipid, and proportionally dearer; and is the favourite and usual food of that portion of the lower classes who are just above begging. Its form is that of a very long pear, its taste is not unlike that of a carrot, and the rind, when fried, forms a sort of resinous substance which is esteemed a great delicacy by

the pumpkin-eaters. These pumpkins or gourds are sold, ready fried, in three or four different moveable stalls in every street: you cannot go ten paces, without meeting with some. They afford perhaps a less savoury, but certainly a more wholesome nourishment, than the greasy and dirty fritters, of which the Amsterdam beggars are so fond, and to which they add a nauseous decoction of endive, dignified with the name of coffee,—a beverage fortunately unknown to the poor people of Venice.

I am persuaded that laziness is not among the chief causes of this prodigious degree of mendicity. The character of the nation is alone sufficient to repel such a charge; the lower classes are remarkably lively, cheerful, and active; you cannot stop a minute in the streets, without being beset by a dozen of men or boys eager to ask your commands; and at night you meet them provided with an umbrella and a lantern ready to accompany you for two pence or three pence to any part of the town; they are easily satisfied, and never

attempt to overcharge you. Surely such people do not deserve to be reduced to beggary! I cannot, however, pretend to say that there are none among them who counterfeit misery. The day after our arrival I was roused by the most piteous cries I had ever heard. A woman under my window was exclaiming "Oh! God! oh! God! wretch "that I am! Here am I starving for want "of a morsel of bread, and no christian "soul will save me!" I was shocked beyond expression, leaped out of bed, flew to the window, and threw her all the small coin I had, wrapt in a piece of paper: she took it up, coolly unfolded the paper, put the money into her pocket, and—instead of running, as I doubted not she would, to the nearest baker's, to appease her hunger, she only went a little farther along the street, and then repeated exactly the same words, with the same accent of despair. I could have beaten her, for the bitter feelings she had excited.—But the number of these skilful actors is very small; that of real, unfortunate, helpless beggars is immense, and cannot but daily

increase. It is utterly impossible, that a city built in the midst of the sea, can subsist by any other means than independence and commerce. The former has been destroyed; the latter is sacrificed to the prosperity of Trieste. If there ever was a city which deserved the respect of all Europe for the wonderful spirit of liberty which gave it birth,—for the glorious deeds by which it distinguished itself, during so many ages,—for the firm and constant adherence to those principles which preserved it amidst the most violent political storms by which so many changes were wrought in the great and more powerful monarchies around it,—if there ever was one which its geographical situation alone ought to have saved, that town was Venice; and after ages (if our own does not wash away the stain) will be amazed that the grasping ambition of one Power could obtain such a victim from the culpable concessions of its Allies. This cowardly political murder will brand with eternal infamy the names of its abettors; and more particularly of those who knew, or who ought to have known,

the value of liberty, and who professed themselves the champions of independence. Russia might possibly have fancied that Venice would be happy under the dominion of Austria; but England could not think so. The partition of Poland found some apologists, in consequence of the internal dissensions by which that kingdom had been previously torn; but the ruin of Venice will find none, except among the flatterers of those who consented to it.

There are many noble and handsome churches in Venice; it did contain also a great many splendid palaces, some of which are yet inhabited, but the greater part are deserted or left to decay. In such circumstances, who can wonder that there is so little society here, notwithstanding that the Venetians are the most agreeable companions in the world. The ladies receive no company at home; but it is not unusual for them to visit the coffee-houses, and particularly that of *Florian*, after the play, which is seldom over before midnight; and to spend two or three hours there with their acquaintance. The countess *Albrizzi*,

however, to whom we had letters of introduction, is an exception to the general rule, and sees parties at her own house; but she was out of town when we arrived, and only returned the very day that we left Venice. Our bankers, Messrs. S—— and W——, were liberal and obliging to us as their customers; but they did not show us the least civility as strangers. We dined also with Messrs. D——, to whom we had been introduced by a friend of theirs, and found them extremely kind, and attentive: they, however, are French gentlemen; and cannot, though they have lived in Venice from their earliest infancy, be considered as specimens of Venetian society. Those of the natives with whom we had an opportunity, during our stay, of contracting any acquaintance, (chiefly at the coffee-houses or at the tables where we dined,) were extremely agreeable. The Venetians are certainly an affectionate, kind-hearted set of beings, very cheerful, lively, active, fond of pleasure, of music, dancing, dress, and every thing that is gay. Almost all the young men of eighteen or twenty years of

age, play on the guitar, and give serenades every evening to the young females of their acquaintance. Of course, jealousy will sometimes interfere on those occasions, and blows ensue, but their affrays are seldom bloody. On the whole, they are an amiable people; but God knows how long they will continue so,—how long they will be able to bear up against the dreadful evils which the last political arrangements of Europe have inflicted upon them.

Amongst the few very rich men in Venice (few I mean in comparison with former times) is *Mr. Manfrin*, the son of a late merchant who made a large fortune. This gentleman makes a noble use of the riches left him by his father: his palace contains a most beautiful collection of paintings, to which he continues adding whatever master-pieces money can procure. Seven large rooms are already full of these magnificent embellishments; and there will be more in a few years. The most remarkable of these paintings—those at least which I was most struck with, were the following:

1. *Noah leaving the Ark*, by *Raphael*.

The animals are very ill designed; but the head of the second father of mankind is truly sublime, and worthy of the artist to whom it is attributed; the majesty of his countenance is such as no words can do justice to.

2. *The judgment of Midas*, by *Guido Reni*. Nothing can be imagined more brilliant than the beauty of the youthful God. Health, genius, and enthusiasm, combine to make him incomparable; and his gracefulness is not impaired even by playing on a violin. One of the by-standers is likewise remarkable for the beauty of his countenance.

3. *Lucretia in the act of stabbing herself*, by the same artist. She seems to yield to necessity, rather than to follow an heroic choice; and her eyes upbraid the Gods who oblige her to quit this life. She is admirably beautiful, and inspires the liveliest compassion.

4. Another *Lucretia*, by *Luca Giordano*. No less beautiful than the former; but she looks determined, and there is not the least regret of life, nor the least appearance of hesitation in her countenance; so

that she raises feelings of admiration, not of pity, and forms a very happy contrast to the preceding picture.

5. A very small, but exquisitely beautiful, *Descent from the Cross*, by *Raphael*.

6. A *Mary Magdalen*, by *Correggio*, which is perfectly delightful.

7. The *flight into Egypt*, by *Ludovico Caracci*.

8. A magnificent *portrait of Ariosto*, by *Titian*.

9. Another of a *Spanish Organist*, by *Velasquez*.

10. A *Madonna*, by *Previtali* (if I mistake not,) remarkable for the beauty of her features.

11. A head of *St. John the Baptist*, dreadfully interesting.

12. Several charming landscapes, by *Dietrich*.

There are doubtless many others which deserve to be noticed, but I went only twice, and had not sufficient leisure to bestow a careful examination upon the whole collection. Much trouble has been saved to the visitors by the care of the landlord,

who has furnished every room with a sort of map of its contents, in four sheets, each sheet giving the plan of one side of the room; and within the representation of every frame that hangs upon it, is inscribed the subject of the painting, and the name of the painter. There is also a sort of spectacles without glasses, composed of two parallel tubes, which prevent the eye from being dazzled or distracted with surrounding objects, and are extremely useful to look at those paintings which are nearest the ceiling.

The palace of the ancient family of *Barbarigo*, one of the most illustrious of Venice and noblest in Europe, contains a great many paintings by *Titian*, some of which are beautiful; but there are others whose only recommendation is the name of the painter.

The finest work that was ever produced by the pencil of *Paolo Veronese* (or, more properly speaking, *Paolo Cagliari, the Veronese)* is in the *palazzo Pisani;* it represents the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander. This magnificent piece is in

the very best state of preservation, and immense sums have been offered for it in vain.

There are some good statues in the *Palazzo Grimani*; but the weather was so dark and unfavourable on both the occasions when we visited it, that we could only see them very imperfectly.

The publick library contains, among other objects of interest, two pieces of sculpture of the greatest beauty; the one representing *Ganymede*, which is thought to be the work of *Phidias;* the other a very indecent *Leda.*

There are very fine paintings by *Luca Giordano*, in the church *della Salute.* The works of *Titian* and *Tiepolo* are also met with in almost all the other churches, and in a great many private houses; but as the last-named artists were paid by the day, at the rate of one frank, or ten-pence sterling, for whatever they did, they have left numberless works of very little or no merit, which would give a mean opinion of their skill, if other pictures, which they painted for their own account, did not vindicate

their talents, and command the admiration of all connoisseurs. There were several painters of very great eminence, in what is called the Venetian School; but all of them, as it appears to me, had some peculiar blemishes, which in a great measure spoil the effect of their works and diminish their lustre. The first and most glaring of their defects was, that of always copying from individual nature, instead of working upon their own conceptions of ideal beauty. Their figures, whatever might be the subject they were treating, were invariably portraits of Venetian gentlemen and ladies. They are in consequence remarkable for a certain sameness of feature and expression, which stamp them at once as individuals of the same nation. The women are almost universally represented with too short a face, and too prominent a nose,—which are obvious peculiarities in the Venetians. In the living specimens, these defects are more than compensated by the gracefulness of the attitudes and the animation of the countenances of the persons in whom they occur; but these are charms for which motion and

speech are indispensable, and which no painting can adequately represent. The second defect is nearly allied to the first: in order to please their employers, they almost always introduced contemporary portraits into their historical paintings, and those not the portraits of the handsomest persons of the time, or of the fittest subjects for the pencil, but of their patrons and of their connexions, many of whom no painter could represent otherwise than exceedingly ugly. The third fault which I find with the Venetian school I ought perhaps to pass over in silence; for, as I am no painter, I may be a very imperfect judge of this part of the art. But by premising that, though a zealous amateur, I do not pretend to the character of a skilful connoisseur, I run no risk of misleading any one in recording my opinions. I think, then, that the colouring is too *abrupt* (if I may thus translate our French word *tranchant*); the eye does not *glide* from one object to another, as in the beautifully smooth and mellow works of the Bolognese school; but is, on the contrary,

forced to skip from each figure to the next, with an unpleasant shock at every new transition.

CHAP. VIII.

Venetian Theatres--Singers and Actors—Degraded state of the Drama—Analysis of a laughable Comedy, and of the "Receipt for Misers"—Peculiarities of the Venetian Dialect—Money—Return from Venice to Padua.

THERE are six theatres in Venice; 1. The largest is that of *San Chrysostome*, which may contain 2,500 spectators: it has a very singular shape, being neither round nor oval: that part of the house which faces the stage is much broader than the rest, and contains eleven boxes in a straight line, together with two half-boxes at the corners, where the front and the side boxes join. This distribution produces a very awkward effect to the eye; but it is agreeable to have so many places in front. We found at this theatre a very bad set of actors, who performed operas.

2. The second in size, but the first in rank, is the theatre *della Fenice*, which is almost perfectly circular, and extremely

handsome; it may hold about two thousand spectators, and is only used during the carnival.

3. The third, of *San Benedetto*, is oval, much inferior to the last in beauty, but equal in size and capacity. Here we witnessed a lamentable drama on the bombardment of Algiers; the scenery of which would not have been tolerated at Astley's, or Sadler's Wells.

4. The theatre of *San Luca* is like the preceding, in size and in shape; and was occupied by a company of comic actors, who performed tolerably well, though the *prima Amorosa* was neither young nor handsome, and the *Amoroso* very unattractive.

5. The theatre of *San Moisè* is ugly and small; it holds hardly one thousand spectators; but the company who were then performing at it could not have attracted a larger audience, even in the largest theatre in the city, though they performed Rossini's charming opera of *Tancredi*. The *prima Donna*, who represented the hero, was the only good singer amongst them; her name was *Marchesini*. I was

told that she was nearly fifty years of age; and her voice bore witness to the truth of the allegation, whenever she attempted to reach the high notes; but there are few of such required in her part. In the lower notes her voice was still very fine, though somewhat hard: and she had the agreeable qualification of articulating every syllable so distinctly, that I did not miss a single word of her part. Her face might have looked old in a woman's dress, but, in a soldier's it seemed handsome and expressive. Her acting was decent and graceful. She did not indeed pique herself upon very nicely attending to the stage-directions. Her recitation of the words "*Io ti baccio,*" addressed to her native country, on landing, was uncommonly good, though unaccompanied with any gesture that could indicate even the wish, much less the act of kissing the soil; and when she afterwards sung with Argyro, these words, "Ah! if "thou knewest whom thou pressest to thy "bosom," Argyro was at the other end of the stage, very far from indulging in such tendernesses. But these are trifles in an

opera singer. One Grassini in an age is enough for the pride of Italy;—not to speak of Catalani, who is likewise, in point of acting, a very superior woman. Marchesini had an excellent manner of singing, and ranked high in the best Italian school, —which is not that of the present day. She is sparing of ornaments, which it is now the fashion to lavish profusely on every sort of music almost without discrimination; and those which she does introduce are good in style and seasonable in their application. In short, she pleased me extremely; but she was wholly unsupported. The second singer was, perhaps, not quite so old; but her voice was utterly gone, which I regretted the more, as her method, like that of Marchesini, bespoke one of the best scholars of the great school. The *tenor* was indifferent, but the *bass* utterly bad. I should have set down the latter for a German, from his pronunciation and his frequent faults against prosody, which excited the laughter of the audience, but no expression of dissatisfaction. The chorusses were very bad; nothing but Rossini's charming composition could

have attracted an audience to this theatre; but Tancredi is, indeed, sufficiently excellent to please, even though ill sung.

6. The sixth theatre, that of *San Samuele*, was shut up, and we could not see it.

It may seem strange, that theatres should receive their names from Apostles and Saints; but it is the custom at Venice so to baptize them; and their god-fathers are the patrons of the churches which happen to stand nearest to them.

In speaking of the theatres and the plays at Venice, *Mr. La Lande* says that nothing but downright farce and gross buffoonery would please in that city; and that the taste of the people of Italy, and more particularly that of the Venetians, had entirely banished tragical, and even serious, subjects from the stage. In consequence of these observations, which could not fail to please one who likes laughing much better than crying, I longed to see a comedy performed at Venice; and as one was announced on the San Luca play-bill, "*tutta da ridere*,"—all for laughter,—I hastened to that theatre at an early hour to secure a

good place, quite prepared to laugh my fill. The reader will judge of my temptations to merriment, from the following argument of the play.

Count A—— has a son named Carlo, whom he resolves to marry to Julia, daughter of a very rich man called Federico, because she is to have 100,000 ducats to her portion. The young man, having refused this match, has been imprisoned in his own room by his father, who gives out that he has sent him on his travels. At the end of a year, Carlo, tired of his captivity consents to the marriage, and is liberated just at the moment when Federico and his daughter Julia arrive at the Count's house for the purpose of concluding it. Now the supposed travels of the young bridegroom might have afforded matter for some amusing scenes; but the author entirely neglects this opportunity of comic effect, and represents Carlo as so indignant at the manner in which he has been treated that it is impossible to laugh at him. It turns out, moreover, that he has had a little love-affair with a country girl called Rosa-

lia, by whom he has already two children, and whom he is determined not to abandon. Luckily for him, Julia is on her part desperately in love with Gasparino, her father's favourite footman; and as the latter proves in the end to be Carlo's intimate friend in disguise, there seems to be no difficulty in making their private arrangements for a *partie quarrée*. One would imagine that the play must now be at an end, after a little scolding from the old people: but no such thing: this is only the opening. You are now introduced to the virtuous Rosalia and her little illegitimates, who are introduced sleeping together in one bed on the stage, where they continue during a whole act! and you further learn (parenthetically) that her father has died of grief at her misconduct. This, however, she does not seem to take much to heart; for she goes on exactly in the same way with her friend Carlo, who has placed her with a farmer in the neighbourhood of his father's house. But on hearing a report that Carlo is going to be married to Julia, she flies into such a passion that when he comes to contradict the story

she runs almost mad with rage at the sight of him; and he has to talk and swear for a good quarter of an hour, ere he can make her listen to him. As soon as the explanation is over and he is gone, both Rosalia and the farmer's wife fall a crying; the latter for joy, and Rosalia for sorrow, at certain sad forebodings which she feels. Nor are those forebodings vain; for the moment she has sat down to supper with the farmer and his family, four or five ruffians rush in and carry away her children, in spite of a most tremendous concert of howlings, vociferations, and screams; strange ingredients for a comedy "*tutta da ridere!*" But this is not all: Rosalia, who learns that the Count himself, Carlo's father, is the author of this violence, runs to his house with a firm determination to strangle him. As she has never seen him, she takes old Federico for him, and is just about to perpetrate her intention, when Julia arrives, who informs her of the mistake and soothes her with assurances of friendship and esteem. Close upon Julia's heels follows Julia's friend Gasparino: next comes the

Count with the servant whom he had employed to carry away the babes. As soon as Rosalia sees them, she flies at them in a fury, and tries to kill them; but the Count, who has a numerous set of ruffians at command, laughs her rage to scorn, and orders her to be carried away by some of his attendants,—in spite of his son Carlo, who arrives just *à propos* to see the order carried into execution. Old Federico is so much frightened at all this, that he runs off with Julia in his arms; the farmer carries away his wife on the other side; and the act closed amidst such shouts and bravoes, that I thought the audience had run mad. Sacchi, the proprietor of the theatre, who performed the part of Federico, was loudly called for, and he would undoubtedly have been crowned, if a wreath of laurel had been at hand; but no laurels, I fear, are likely to grow within the precincts of San Luca. Thus encouraged, the actors went on with the play,—for the whole of what I have described had been crowded into two acts; and God knows there had been yet little *da ridere*. In the next act Gasparino

is seen at supper (for there is much of supper-eating in this play) with the rascally footman of the Count; through whom he makes a feigned proposal to marry Rosalia, take charge of her children, and thus relieve the Count from this troublesome affair; for the sum of 7,000 ducats! The bargain is immediately closed, and Gasparino receives the key of Rosalia's dungeon, under pretence of going to make a little love to her before the marriage. He takes old Federico along with him, and the scene then changes to a dungeon, where Rosalia has just fallen senseless on the floor, exhausted with hunger,—for it will be recollected that she had been prevented from eating her supper that evening. Gasparino and old Federico bring her to life again, by pouring some cordial down her throat. Soon after which the Count comes in; but his tyrannical designs are baffled by the arrival of his son, with an officer and a troop of soldiers, who take Rosalia under their protection, as well as her brats, and place them under that of the law.—The fifth act opens with the Count's attempt to bribe the judge who

is to pronounce sentence on this affair, and who happens to be incorruptible: the whole dramatis personæ then appear in the court, and each tells his own story; old Federico acting as Rosalia's advocate. After the pleadings are over, the amours of Gasparino and Julia, though they seem to have no sort of connexion with those of Carlo and his mistress, are voluntarily confessed; and the good old man Federico, Julia's father, flies into such a passion, talks of such punishments to be inflicted upon the young couple, seems to consider all those proposed by the Count as so inadequate to the fault, that the latter, delighted with his apparent severity, declares that he will himself follow, with respect to Carlo and Rosalia, the example which his friend may set him, with respect to Julia and Gasparino: whereupon Federico says to his daughter, " I had " promised to give thee a hundred thousand " ducats, and to leave thee the rest of my " fortune after my death. Take the whole " of my fortune from this very instant. " Increase and multiply."

It will be seen that the play is not

overburdened with moral. That defect might perhaps be overlooked, if the piece were all *farce*—as the bill announced it; but really, the abominable tyranny of a father and a nobleman, the disobedience of his son, the scandalous conduct of the son's mistress, the death of her father, the love of a young lady for one whom she really takes to be a footman, the deceit used by her lover towards the best of men, the atrocious villany of the Count's valet, the despair and rage of a father and mother from whom their children are violently torn, together with attempts at strangling and starving to death,—seem to me most extraordinary contrivances to make people laugh! How would Mr. Lalande stare, if he saw this, or such a play as this, performed on the very boards which he thought were for ever consecrated to rude jolly mirth! If the new lords of Venice succeed in changing the manners, language, and graceful liveliness of the people, as effectually as they seem to have succeeded already in changing their dramatic taste; it will, indeed, be a noble compensation for the loss

of comfort, and of independence! What a fall in a nation for whom Goldoni composed his beautiful comedies, to tolerate and even to take delight in the low, vulgar, filthy compositions of the school of Kotzebue!

I saw another play, much less immoral and disgusting than this, but yet so German, and in such a deplorable taste, that I think it right to give its analysis here, as an additional specimen of the present state of dramatic literature in this part of Italy. This play, a most lamentable one like the last, but with some mixture of mirth, is called a *Receipt for Misers;* the Miser, however, fills but a very secondary part in it, and only lends his name to the title, in order that it may have something of a comic sound. The plot is as follows:— An unfortunate gentleman has been condemned to death for a crime of which he is innocent, but of which he has been accused and convicted by the intrigues and perfidious manœuvres of a Minister of State, who lusts after his wife, and failing to obtain her favours by any other means, determines on the destruction of all her family.

This lady and her three children are represented as actually dying of hunger. An old Jew gives her one ducat for a picture by Titian, which both seller and buyer know to be worth eight hundred, but which the latter (strangely enough) contrives to persuade her is only a copy. Just as the Jew has carried off his purchase, and as the servant is going out to buy some food for the starving family, the miser rushes in and seizes upon the ducat by force, as a part of what is due to him for the lodgings they occupy in his house. Not satisfied with this, he is on the point of driving them all into the street; when a poor girl, who supports them by her labour, comes and induces him, by the sacrifice of her earnings, to take patience for another day. All this is serious enough; but what is quite disgusting is to hear the old servant, instead of showing the least attachment to his master's family, constantly crying out, " Give " me something to eat,—I am hungry ;— " give me something to eat:" and when the poor girl, at last, brings the little she has been able to procure, when the mother

refuses to touch the least part of it in order that her children may have enough, this buffoon gives each of them a very little bit, and devours all the rest himself. This, I suppose, is meant to be very comic ; for the audience laughed at it. The Emperor Joseph is travelling *incognito*, and, under the disguise of a doctor, is a witness of all that occurs. I may here observe, by the way, that this same Emperor is introduced into so many plays, that one gets quite tired of his ever-stirring, ever-meddling Majesty. The authors, doubtless, intended thereby a compliment to the Imperial family ; but it is a silly custom, and will, I trust, be left off. But, to return to the *Receipt for Misers*:—The unfortunate lady has a cousin, who inhumanly refuses to bestow upon her a morsel of bread, at the same time that she orders pigeons to be roasted for her little dog, which she places under the care of the supposed doctor. The gluttonous servant gets alms from the emperor three times, by first covering his right eye, then his left eye, and afterwards pretending to be dumb. The emperor, who knows

him through his disguises, says, on the last occasion, that he has given him money twice already; whereupon the pretended mute cries out—"No! those to whom you "gave were blind, but *I* am dumb;" which *naïveté* pleases his majesty so well, that he immediately takes the beggar into his service! In short, with the help of *Francesco Soave's* tales, and of more vulgar collections of anecdotes and jokes, the play reaches a fifth act, in which every body is rewarded or punished. But the wicked minister is not only not put to death, but is even promised his pardon; though he is fully convicted of having done his best to hang the husband, dishonour the wife, and starve the three children. Poets may kill a tyrant, and even the best of princes; but a minister, it seems, is here a sacred personage, however rascally his conduct may be. The worst of all this is, that the Italians, who are excellent comic actors, are really obliged to do violence to their own taste and talents, in composing and performing such vile plays as these. A gentleman amateur made one effort, while we were at

Venice, to restore the dignity of the stage, by offering to perform the chief part in *Alfieri's* tragedy of *Orestes*, which brought a very respectable auditory to the theatre. His voice was too much like that of John Kemble; it was hollow and monotonous; and he carried his action so far as to stroke his own cheeks, to express the caresses which he received from the person who saved him in his childhood from the murderers of his father,—in short, he could not name any thing without indicating it with his hands. But he evinced a clear and vigorous conception of the part. Electra was in very bad hands; Clytemnestra had nothing of the queen, except her supposed tallness; Egysthus was indifferent; and Pylades, though really the best actor of the whole set, was barely tolerable. In spite of all this, the play afforded me real pleasure by its own beauties, which no acting, however bad, can totally disguise. Some of its passages are truly sublime. It has, however, one striking defect: Orestes shows too much positive hatred to his mother, whom he seems to class with Egys-

thus in his feelings. Now, if the audience approve of this hard-heartedness, they cannot pity Clytemnestra; if they pity Clytemnestra, Orestes must appear inhuman and unnatural. I think it impossible to escape from this dilemma. But Alfieri delighted in such harshness of feature.

We visited the noble Dockyard of the Admiralty, with deep feelings of regret for the fallen greatness which, from that place, had sent forth so many glorious expeditions.

If time had allowed us to make a longer stay in Venice, we should have taken private lodgings, or boarded with some family. Living is not dear, but the taverns *(restaurateurs)* are very indifferent. There is no other water than that of cisterns; which, besides being unpleasant to the taste, is apt to produce disagreeable effects upon the health of strangers.

The Venetian dialect is extremely agreeable to the ear; there is something infantine in the pronunciation, which is full of grace. The *g*, for example, is almost always pronounced *z*; they say *doze* for *doge*; *zorno* for *giorno*; *zoco* for

gioco. Sometimes it is pronounced like a *y*, as *venio* for *vengo; linguayo* for *linguaggio*, *&c.* They do not pronounce the *c* like the Tuscans, but like the French and English. *Sc* is not sounded like the English *sh*, but like *ss;* they say *conosso* for *conosco; lasso* for *lascio; zz* is turned into *ss*, as *delicatessa* for *delicatezza*, *&c.*

The nasal sounds are the same as in the French and Milanese.

The last syllable of the participles is cut off, as in *stà* for *stato*, *magnià* for *mangiato:* and in like manner the second person of the plural in verbs; which, thus curtailed, and preceded by the pronoun *vu* for *voi*, sometimes form complete French to the ear. Thus they say *vu savè* for *voi sapete; vu perderè* for *voi perderete.* They also say *il disè* for *egli dicèva*, *&c.* As no man of taste would form a library without the works of Goldoni, and as those works contain numerous specimens of his native language, the Venetian dialect is, on the whole, better known in several countries of Europe than the dialects of their own provinces. Molière, it is true, has now and then intro-

duced the *patois* of various French provinces into his plays; but then it is only in short scraps; which may amuse a Parisian for the moment, but afford little gratification to the curiosity of a linguist. On the English stage also, it has been common, of late years, to introduce the Irish and Scotch, and some of the English country dialects;—but always incidentally, as in Molière. Goldoni is the only good author who has written whole characters, and even principal ones, in a language which few people, besides the natives of Venice or of its immediate vicinity, can completely understand. Some critics may blame him for this; but to me he appears deserving of praise, for attempting to raise the dialect of his native town to the dignity of a distinct language.

With the view of perfecting my acquaintance with the various dialects, I made a resolution at Venice, which I determined to keep during the whole time of my stay in Italy. It was to take a native servant, wherever I happened to stop, who could not speak any thing but his own provincial

tongue. I accordingly engaged a Venetian, to accompany us in all our excursions to various parts of the town, to the churches, palaces, and other sights, to go errands, and to attend us at table. By this mean I could soon understand every thing that was said; and, before I left Venice, could converse with all classes of the inhabitants, without which, a tolerable knowledge of the national character is not to be acquired. I paid my servant three *lire*, or fifteen pence sterling, a day; with which he was perfectly satisfied, and which made him as careful, as civil, and as attentive as a human creature could be.

The Venetian *lira* is worth exactly half a frank, or five pence; this once known, it would be easy to make up one's accounts in that currency; but there are several coins which bear denominations quite different from their value.—The piece of 26 *soldi* is called 1½ *lira*, and is worth 66 Italian or French centimes.—That of 17 *soldi*, called 1 *lira*, is worth 44 centimes.—That of 2 *lire*, called 1 *lira*, is worth 50 centimes.

Gold constantly bears an *agio*, which varies according to circumstances; the 40 frank pieces which had cost me no more than 40^{fr}. 30^{c}. at Milan, were here worth 41^{fr}. 28^{c}., so that I gained nearly one frank by each of them; but, then, the change for gold pieces being always given in Venetian coins, it is expedient not to exchange at Venice more gold than is necessary for current expenses.

We left Venice on Wednesday, the 13th November, at a quarter past nine o'clock in the morning, and landed at *Fusina*; where we could get no other vehicle than a very small gig, driven by a man who stood behind. This carriage had, I believe, no springs; and we really thought we should be shaken out of our skins, when we came to the very rough pavement of Padua. The *Golden Eagle*, where we had left our carriage was far within the town, and seemed to us like the distant promised land. At length, however, we reached it, without broken bones, at half-past three o'clock; and we had no sooner seen our rooms, than we hastened to the church of the Remitani, to re-

peat our visit to Guido Reni's *St. John*. We were so far from making unfavourable comparisons of this picture, with all the masterpieces we had seen at Venice, that we liked it even better than before; and the next morning we went again to take our leave of it.

CHAPTER IX.

Disagreeable Journey from Padua to Ferrara—Ferrara—Excessive Loquacity of the Ferrarans—Excellence of the Opera—Reflections on the Donation of the Countess Matilda, on the Rapacity of the Popes, and on the Injustice of the late Political Arrangements.

WE set out from Padua for *Rovigo*, on Thursday, November 14th, at one o'clock, and found the road abominably bad. When we came to *Monselice*, the postmaster declared that it was absolutely impossible for us to proceed with fewer than four horses; but, as I was no less peremptory in refusing to take them, the dispute ended in our taking three. I might perhaps have carried the point, and obliged him to give us only two; but it began to be late, and I thought it best to yield in order to avoid the accidents which might have happened in the dark. The road was indeed so horrible, that even with three horses we could not reach Rovigo till after it was dark, at about half-

past six o'clock. There we got very indifferent beds, but a pretty good supper and breakfast. In the morning I was again obliged to fight a hard battle to avoid taking four horses, without which the postmaster swore that we could not travel; but we again compromised the matter by agreeing to take three, which, to speak the truth, were not too many for the road. The dyke, along which the road lay, had been burst by the water of the *Canal Bianco*, so that we were obliged to make a circuit of half a mile, between *Rovigo* and *Lago-oscuro*. From the latter place the road was, if possible, still worse: I think I never saw mud so deep. We continued of course to travel with three horses, but even they were hardly able to drag us through the sloughs; they stopped several times, and we thought we should never arrive at Ferrara. Had we known what we should have to go through, merely to see a very uninteresting tract of land, I think we should have taken ship at Venice, by which we should have saved time, trouble, and money. It cost us thus far one hundred and ten franks from Padua only.

It is true that we had three wide rivers to cross in barges, the *Adige*, the *Canal bianco*, and the *Po*, and we had to pass through some lines of custom-houses (three I believe) all which considerably increased our expenses; but these would have been in themselves additional reasons for preferring a short sea voyage. We had left Rovigo at a quarter-past nine in the morning, and we only reached Ferrara about four in the afternoon, having consumed nearly seven hours on four posts.

Ferrara is, without comparison, the most melancholy town we have yet seen. It contains within its walls a great many meadows and gardens, and all the streets in the neighbourhood of the gates are deserted. The inhabitants look pale and emaciated; nor are they in other respects at all like the Italians we have hitherto seen. But they surpass every nation in talkativeness, of which we had ample proof on our evening's visit to the opera. I never was so much vexed in any theatre by the intolerable loquacity of my neighbours. I changed my place five or six times,—begged, entreated

silence,—but all to no purpose; though there was at the time an excellent set of singers, and a very good opera, *Aurelian in Palmira*, composed by *Rossini*. The musick of this piece is perhaps a little too similar to that of *Tancredi*, but it is very agreeable, and some parts are quite beautiful,—so far at least as I could judge, amidst the constant buzz around me; for the talking continued even during the finest pieces, which, I believe, would not have been the case in any other city on this side the Alps. The *Prima Donna*, *Signora Carolina Bassi*, who performed the part of the hero *Arsaces*, had a beautiful *contralto* voice, very like Catalani's in strength and mellowness of tone; her upper notes are somewhat less brilliant, but she goes up to C without the least effort. The other *prima Donna*, *la Signora Festa Maffei*, who performed the part of *Zenobia*, had likewise a beautiful voice, and reached the highest G of the grand piano with perfect ease; both were truly good singers, and the same may be said of the *tenor*, *Donzelli*. I never saw any thing so extravagant as the hel-

mets of the two *prime Donne ;* each of them was adorned with twenty ostrich feathers of the largest size ; and they were so prodigiously high, that the ladies under them could hardly keep their balance, whenever they had to move. Besides the opera there was a very pretty ballet; and among the females one dancer, whose graceful, livèly, enchanting coquetry, surpassed any thing I could have imagined. On the whole, this theatre seemed far preferable to any that we had yet seen in Italy; and, if we had cared for nothing but this advantage, we should have determined to make a longer stay at Ferrara. But charms which were only for our eyes and ears, could not make us forget that we were come in quest of food for the mind, rather than of gratification for the senses.

The public library contains, as might be expected, some manuscripts of Tasso and Ariosto ; but there is little else in the whole town worthy of a traveller's attention. Ferrara lost every thing when she lost her old Lords of the house of *Este*, and fell into the hands of the Pope, by virtue of the famous

Donation of that old fool, the *Countess Matilda*. That pretended Donation (for one may take the liberty to question the authenticity of what was called a *pious* Donation in the eleventh century) may serve as an eternal argument against leaving to females, and particularly to Roman Catholic females, the power of ruining their own families in behalf of intriguing confessors, or of the convents for which these insinuating agents try to procure such gifts. She was the daughter and only heiress of Boniface, of Este, Marquess of Tuscany, a cousin of the Marquess Azo, from whom the house of Brunswick draws its origin. She was married three times, first to Godfrey the Humpback, Duke of Lorrain, with whom she never cohabited; secondly, to Azo d'Este, her near relation, from whom she was divorced by order of the Pope; and thirdly, to Welphus V., Duke of Bavaria, also her kinsman, whom she consented to marry only on condition that they should never live together;—but for all these husbands Pope Gregory VII. indemnified her in his own person. It was for this holy man that she

spurned chaster ties, and deprived her own relations of the possessions to which they were by birth entitled. In short, it is asserted, upon the faith of a charter, (of the authenticity of which, however, there exists no certain proof,) that she made a free and full donation of all her immense inheritance, not to her paramour in his individual capacity, but to the Holy See of Rome. Among those possessions were *Verona*, *Mantua*, *Lucca*, *Parma*, *Piacenza*, *Pisa*, *Spoleto*, and *Ancona*; in fact, the better half of Italy. Possibly her reputed possessions may have received considerable additions after her death; for the Popes found it very convenient, whenever they coveted a particular town or district in the north of Italy, to pretend that it had belonged to the Countess Matilda, and that it now, consequently, belonged to them. Woe! to those States which had lost the proofs of their independence, either through their own negligence, or the treacherous arts of the monks! they were immediately said to be a part of Matilda's inheritance! The Emperors of Germany protested loudly against this pretend-

ed Donation; and, as they had the power to enforce their protest, they saved a good part of what the Bishops of Rome had marked out for their prey. The house of Este itself, a collateral branch of Matilda's family, remained for ages in possession of Modena, to which fortunately their right could not be disputed,—and of Ancona and Ferrara, of which the Popes of the time were unable to dispossess them. At length, however, a circumstance occurred of which the latter determined to avail themselves. Alphonso I., Duke of Ferrara, had three wives, the last of whom was the daughter of a citizen of Modena. It is well known that she had been his mistress before he married her, but it is not doubted that she became his legitimate wife; and it is clear that she was fully acknowledged as such by the whole family, since *her* son Alphonso inherited Montecchio, and *his* son Cesar was chosen heir by his cousin Alphonso II. But the Pope protested against Ferrara's falling into the hands of what he chose to call a spurious branch:—such a destiny was not to be tolerated for

a city which had belonged to the Countess Matilda! The old charter, which had remained undisturbed for five hundred years, was brought forward to justify the most insolent pretensions; and Cesar d'Este was compelled to resign his right in favour of Pope Clement VIII., who almost ran mad with joy at this success. He hastened to Ferrara, and spent several millions on a fortress which he raised in the centre of the town;—a lasting monument of the base cowardice of the Sovereigns of his age, who could suffer the heir of an illustrious house, their ally and near relation, to be robbed of his property in the face of Europe, by a Pope,—a successor of the monster Alexander Borgia, and of his creature Paul III., the latter of whom purchased the elevation of his house by the dishonour of his sister, and afterwards had the shamelessness to raise Peter Farnese, his natural child, to the rank of a duke of Parma and Piacenza,—parcels of the inheritance of the Countess Matilda! And while this scandalous and disgusting profanation was yet fresh in the memory of all, Clement VIII.

had the astonishing impudence to assert that Ferrara could not be suffered to remain in the possession of a branch of the Countess Matilda's family, of the legitimacy of which he had any doubts!

And yet those Sovereigns who had been dastardly enough to consent to the elevation of the bastard of a Pope upon the ruins of one of their allies, could still expect the rights of their posterity to be held sacred by succeeding generations! Never was blindness so stupid and so despicable! Let those who now raise such an outcry against usurpation, look to their own ancestors who established the practice; and who sanctioned the trampling upon decency, honour, justice, and the most sacred of ties, whenever their views of self-interest appeared to render it expedient. How often yet shall we have occasion to wonder at their profound, if not pretended, ignorance of history? What was it,—what can we call it, that induced the last Assembly of Sovereigns to recall to memory those shameful, those truly lamentable events, by throwing back into the greedy jaws of the Roman

Church this unfortunate city,—already bleeding and torn by its ravenous tooth, but capable yet of being restored to life and health under the fostering care of its natural parent? Oh! Italy! fair and unfortunate Italy! how long shall the leaden weight of superstition cramp thy limbs, and bend thy generous neck under the yoke of servitude? When shall the holy light of true religion kindle the fire of liberty, and appal thy oppressors? Would that I could see the day when the land of Desiderio shall be free and happy; purged at once of Romish priests and foreign soldiers; in the full and secure enjoyment of all the sweets of peace! Was it for a Protestant Prince, who has hitherto refused justice to one part of his subjects, *because* they are Roman Catholicks, to proclaim himself one of the restorers of the Pope's authority? Was it for the British Parliament, who approved that Prince's scruples in one respect, to sanction his conduct in the other? Can we, after such treaties, built upon such foundations, be surprised to see universal discontent take place of expected satisfaction and

joy, at the conclusion of a peace which had been, during so long a period, the heart's desire of every Christian? Certainly not. We must expect new revolutions, and new wars, until the affairs of Europe are settled upon honourable, manly, noble, and conscientious principles,—the only true elements of inter-national happiness.

CHAPTER X.

Bologna—Paintings restored from the Louvre—Guido's Massacre of the Innocents—Private Collections—Musick—Operas—L'Agnese, by Paer; and Adeline, a Farce; further Specimens of the Depravation of dramatic Taste—Personal Appearance of the Bolognese—Impudence of the Beggars—Badness of the Police—Political State of Bologna—Publick Buildings—Dialect—Money.

WE left Ferrara on Sunday, the 17th of November, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and it was half-past five before we alighted at the *Pilgrim*, in Bologna; our previous rate of travelling having been retarded by the bad management of the posts, which are not nearly so well regulated in the Pope's territory as in the north of Italy.

Bologna is a very large and handsome city, full of fine palaces and noble churches. The latter were formerly enriched with great numbers of beautiful paintings, most of which were carried away by the French; who

had been compelled, however, to restore thirteen of the best of them: the remainder were either lost, or had been fixed up with so little care at Paris, that they could not have been taken down without being spoiled. These thirteen master-pieces were now deposited all together in a large room adjoining the church of the Holy Ghost; and afforded to amateurs such a treat as no other room in the world can shew, since the Louvre has disgorged its ill-gotten riches. The following is a list of them:

1. *Raphael's Santa Cecilia*, with several other saints. It is perhaps the most correct of his paintings, in his noblest and best style.

2. *The Virgin Mary with an Angel*, by *Annibal Caracci.*

3. *The Ascension of St. Peter*, by *Agostino Caracci.*

4. The *Last Confession of St. Jerome*, by the same.

5. *Our Saviour with St. Thomas*, by *Ludovico Caracci.*

6. *The Martyrdom of St. Agnes*, by *Domenichino;* one of his very best works.

7. *The Fifteen Mysteries of the Rosary*, by the same; not inferior to the preceding.

8. *St. Eloy and St. Petronius*, by *Cavedoni.*

9. *St. Bruno, the Virgin, and her Child*, by *Guercino.*

10 and 11. *St. Catherine, St. Apollonia, an Angel, and another Saint with the Virgin above*, by *Perugino.*

12. The *Four Protectors of Bologna (St. Proculus, St. Petronius, St. Francis*, and *St. Dominick)*, with *St. Charles Borromeo.* Above them, the Virgin Mary weeping over the dead body of Christ: below them, the town of Bologna, with four little angels, by *Guido Reni.* The dead body and the Virgin are exquisitely beautiful.

13. *The Massacre of the Innocents*, by the same; which I have reserved to the last, because I wish to give a slight idea of its composition to those who have not seen it. The others that I have enumerated are master-pieces of painting; this is a master-piece of poetical feeling: and I can never forget the impression which it made upon me.

The piece is by no means crowded with figures, as is usually the case in representations of the same scene. There are only six mothers, six children, and two soldiers. The first woman is in the act of flying; but one of the soldiers has seized hold of her garment. The second implores compassion for her child, which seems to shriek. The third, pale and dishevelled, is carrying off her infant, who is dying. The fourth is fallen, and struggling to rise. The fifth and principal figure, is kneeling before two murdered innocents, evidently her twin children. Never did painting offer so beautiful, so melancholy, so deeply moving an object. The poor wretch thinks no more of flight, of cries, of prayers: to her danger no longer exists; for there they lie, the pride of her heart, the celestial little creatures who so lately were smiling at each other on her bosom. All is over for her in this world; horror and death have done their worst! Her silent despair chills the heart. Her beautiful eyes look up to heaven; but pious resignation appears to stifle the reproach,

which her maternal feelings half suggested. Her grief is speechless and tearless; and it forms a striking contrast with the maddening terror of the other women. *Their* features are handsome but convulsed, particularly the features of those who still defend their children. In the countenance of the mother who carries off her dying babe, the expression is quite of a different kind. She has seen the blow, but she has not yet observed the deathly paleness cast over her infant's features. She knows he is wounded, but she feels that he still breathes; and she runs away with him in her arms. I never before was made so fully sensible of the power of painting; and I prefer this wonderful piece to any that I have seen by more renowned masters. *They* may have surpassed the noble and feeling Guido in correctness and colouring; but none has equalled him in the expression of deep, yet religious, grief.—In all these female faces, except those of the two principal figures, (the third and fifth) there is a remarkable smallness of the under lip, which some criticks might per-

haps find fault with; but Guido had doubtless a reason for making it so. Is it that despair has the effect of contracting this feature? It is probable that Guido thought so; for he has not given this peculiarity in the face of the mother of the twins, in which no terror is expressed; and it is but slightly perceptible in her who carries off her dying babe. However this be, let no man imagine that he has seen the finest paintings in the world, if he has not seen this and its noble companions.

There are several private collections at Bologna, which deserve to be visited. Amongst the best is that of *Count Marescalchi*, son to the late minister of foreign affairs under Buonaparte. It contains a great many master-pieces of the Flemish, and several very good paintings of the Italian school. But what chiefly commands attention is *Correggio's* first, or second best work,—for the connoisseurs are divided in their opinions between this and the famous painting at Parma. To set the question at rest, if it were possible, were

cruel; since it would take a great satisfaction from one side without adding any comparative happiness to the other; the Parmesans and the Count Marescalchi being equally sincere in their persuasion that each possesses the best. The Bologna painting represents our Saviour in his glory, and is truly admirable for design, colouring, and the truth of the details; but it is extremely defective in that one point which the painter ought to have considered as the most essential—I mean, in dignity. The face and attitude are far from exciting admiration or awe, and it seems as if the figure only extended his arms for fear of losing his balance. But the little angels who accompany him, are the most charming that can be imagined. Angels are within the sphere of Correggio's imagination and talents; but it was a strange ignorance of his powers which could lead him to attempt a representation of the Deity.

The *Palazzo Magnani* was formerly an object of curiosity for its *frescoes* by the *Caraccis;* but they are now quite spoilt.

There are some works of merit in the *Palazzi Aldrovandi* and *Ercolani*. Count *Bianchetti* showed us his collection himself, with the most amiable politeness; and had the further civility to invite us to an evening party at Countess *Martinetti's*, one of the most charming women in Italy. I was unfortunately rather unwell, and could not avail myself of this very obliging invitation; but N—— went, and was enchanted with the Bolognese ladies. My regrets were the more lively, as we left Bologna the next day, and I could not have the pleasure of repairing my loss.

Among the paintings which pleased us best at Bologna, was one by *Innocenza da Imola*, in the church of St. James of the Augustins, representing the *Holy Family*, with *St. Catherine*, *Mary Magdalen*, *St. John the Baptist*, and *St. John the Evangelist*. The latter has, perhaps, the handsomest face that is to be found in any painting, or that was ever seen in nature. I think it impossible to conceive any thing more beautiful. The features are perfectly regular, the counte-

nance extremely noble and expressive, the look full of prophetic fire and of dignity, and the general effect so very striking, that N—— and I were both rivetted to the picture the moment we saw it. Such a set of features, and such a countenance, could be met with no where but in Lombardy; it is altogether a Lombard face in its greatest perfection. There is another painting in the same church, which the connoisseurs value more highly, because it is accounted one of the best of *Francesco Francia's;* but I cannot admire a picture merely on account of the name of the painter.

The Cathedral, dedicated to St. Petronius, contains a chapel painted *à fresco* in *chiaro oscuro* by *Girolamo da Treviso*, a young painter and engineer of very great merit, whose works are extremely scarce, in consequence of his premature death.

The Academy of Arts possesses a great many very valuable paintings; the most remarkable of which are *Guido Reni's Christ on the Cross*, and his *St. Roch;* a *Mary Magdalen*, and a *St. John the Evangelist*,

by *Guercino;* and a great many excellent pieces by the family of the *Caracci*, and by other painters of less renown but not much inferior talents.

The city of Bologna is one of the most musical in Italy; it contains several very distinguished amateurs, and the private concerts are excellent. I cannot imagine by what fatality it happened that the opera was, at that time, extremely bad. The *prima donna*, a Bolognese, split my ears with her horrible national accent; there was no *contralto*, nor a single other good singer. I pay so very little attention, in general, to the words of an Italian opera, that it is seldom that I could mention the subject of the piece, if I had not seen the bill: but here, the musick being ill sung, I unfortunately listened to the poem. It was *l'Agnese*, the musick by *Paer*. Never since I first saw or read plays, did I meet with any thing so abominably disgusting as this.

Agnese has run away with her lover; grief for her flight has driven her father mad; and this madness, which would

be too horrible for the deepest tragedy has been chosen for the subject of the most vulgar brutal buffoonery. The old man will not believe that his daughter has run away; he maintains that she is dead, and the walls of his room are covered with epitaphs and monumental drawings in charcoal; the words—"*Agnese e* "*morta,*" are written in more than twenty different places, and the phrase which begins or finishes every one of his speeches or songs, is—"*No, non fuggi*; "*Agnese spirò frà queste braccia.*". Who could imagine that the idea of a jest could be associated with such a state of mind? But he smokes his pipe on the stage, while singing a song which begins with these words—"*La pipa fumando, mi pare,*" almost immediately followed by these—"*Il solo riposo è nella tomba.*" Then he flings his pipe at the head of a friend who comes to see him, shakes his arms out of joint, pinches his fingers with the lid of his snuff-box, and in another scene, is on the point of strangling him, but is prevented by people armed with sticks, who treat him

like a furious bedlamite. It would be endless to repeat all the tricks he plays, while insane; but he recovers his reason, at last, and the seducer marries the creature he has dishonoured, as a matter of course in a German story. I shall not attempt to express my disgust at this performance, for which no beauty in musick could possibly make amends. It is said to be one of Paer's very best compositions; but had it been Cimarosa's, it could not have reconciled me to such an infamous production.

Nothing could have induced me to go to the theatre at the risk of seeing this scandalous opera a second time; but the next day the play-bill announced "*Adeline, a farce,*" and I went to see it, in hopes that a little merry nonsense would in some measure dispel the gloomy impressions with which the last performance had filled my mind. The following is the subject of this *farce:*

Adeline is the daughter of an old Swiss hunter, who has so high an opinion of her virtue, that he is much prouder of it than a

German baron could be of his pedigree. But fathers are sometimes mistaken. Adeline has been seduced by a stranger in the neighbouring town, and she has even given birth to a living witness of her frailty, after which event she has been abandoned by her lover, and is now come back to her native village. The schoolmaster of the village is her good friend, and she requests him to inform her father of what she has done; a very unnecessary communication, as it seems, since her paramour and his child have both disappeared, and nobody need know any thing of the adventure. The old hunter however learns it, and is nearly distracted with rage; he seizes a gun, levels it at his daughter, and is on the point of shooting her. The schoolmaster saves her life for the moment; but, as her father gives her his malediction in the most tragical terms, she leaves him with the intention of putting a period to her existence.—Pretty well this for a farce! Hereupon the seducer arrives with an order for the delivery of a house which he has bought in the neighbourhood, the keys of which are in the hands of

the old hunter. The latter is quite happy in this opportunity of informing the stranger, whom he had never seen nor heard of before, that his daughter Adeline is a *w—!* (This confidence is in the true style of Kotzebue, and does honour to his school.) The natural consequence would be, that the lover should repent of his fault, and repair the injury he has done: but he immediately supposes that she has led a bad life with others, and when she comes to him, full of joy at his arrival, he treats her quite brutally. His mistake is, of course, eventually cleared up; and, of course too, their marriage and the father's pardon close this strange *farce*, in which the only comick character is that of the schoolmaster. But as it is a play in one act, they call it a farce; as they would, if it were in one act, call even the Stranger,—which is the real model of all these beastly and vulgar farces.

This second trial was quite sufficient to prevent me from returning to see *comick operas* at the great theatre; and I turned my attention to the theatre of *Contavalli*, which

is very small, but handsome, and where plays were performed. In point of taste, I found myself as ill off as before; but I saw nothing so nauseous as Agnese and Adeline. The first evening there was a lively, though somewhat licentious comedy, called *Platonic Love;* with a strange play of the old Italian school, called *The Escapes of Stenterello, Slave in Algiers,* full of poniards, subterraneous prisons, and other tragical incidents and materials; though the chief part, which gives its name to the play, is that of a *Pulcinello,* stuffed with the most vulgar jests imaginable.

At another time, I saw another play of the same kind, in which the same Stenterello had very nearly the same escapes, in the midst of a whole troop of kings and queens, princes and princesses, sentences of death, imprisonments, clashing of swords, bowls of poison, attempts at stabbing, and God knows what more, quite in the style of Cerlone's Neapolitan plays, but not nearly so good. These strange compositions, though very musty indeed, were better than the dramas of the modern schools, which were per-

formed on the other evenings; but I shall not detain the reader with any more analyses of these performances; having already given sufficient specimens of the dramatic taste that now reigns in this part of Italy.

There is a remarkable difference between the personal appearance of the Bolognese and that of either the Lombards or the Venetians. The former are not nearly so handsome as either of the latter; their features are harsh, the nose hooked, the mouth large and ungraceful, the eyes disagreeably prominent, the complexion dark and morbid, the hair black, and the countenance more expressive of cunning than good-nature. The exceptions, however, are numerous enough to prevent me from describing them as a positively ugly race.

The beggars were still more numerous, and infinitely more importunate than we had any where found them. We really could have formed no conception of such astonishing impudence as we found amongst them; but it must naturally grow to an alarming degree, whenever the beg-

gars form so considerable a portion of the whole population. The coffee-houses are full of them, and they rush upon a stranger like harpies, the moment he takes out his purse. This assuredly is more than disagreeable; but the ground was then covered with snow, and it was better to submit to this sort of violence than to drive the poor wretches from a shelter. One of the most insolent of the whole tribe was a young lad, whom the prisoners then lodged in the chief gaol, had chosen for their emissary. Whatever they got by his means was spent in wine, and they regularly got drunk every evening, at which time they made a most horrible noise. Never surely was there a more vile police!—which could tolerate such shocking riots amongst those whom their vices had placed under its immediate controul. There were at that time no less than three thousand men in the prisons of Bologna, one half of whom were said to be disbanded soldiers, most of them arrested for theft or murder. The worst amongst them are lodged at the tops of the three great prisons, from whence they

hold conversations with each other, and communicate their examinations and interrogatories. As they are more elevated than the rest of the town, they hear one another very well, without being heard in the streets below; but there was a window at the top of our inn, from whence they were easily overheard. Bad indeed must they be, if worse than those who are lodged below; who annoy the passengers by their outrageous cries at all hours of the day, and by their beastly drunkenness in the evening.

The Monachal Government has not yet been able to extinguish the last sparks of genius that have survived the republican era of Bologna. Its voluntary submission to the Pope had secured to it a great many privileges, of which it would not perhaps have been easy to deprive it previously to the Revolution; but the French invasion having cancelled all charters of this sort, this noble city is now reduced to the same deep servitude as the most miserable little village in the Pope's oldest possessions; so that in less than fifty years hence, it is most likely to sink even as low as Ferrara,—if

a new explosion do not restore it, with the rest of the Ecclesiastical States, to liberty and honour,—which it is my fervent prayer that it may ere long recover! The Bolognese have had such a noble share in the civilization of Europe, that every thinking man must be shocked at their present humiliation. Unfortunately their piety, which more than bordered on superstition, has mainly facilitated their ruin. The town is full of monuments of their excessive prodigality to monasteries. Of these the most remarkable instance is without the Saragossa Gate: it is a portico of two miles in length, which leads to the church of *La Madonna del Monte della Guardia*, where they fancy that they possess a portrait of the Virgin Mary, painted by St. Luke the Apostle. This portico is composed of 667 arches, and was built entirely by voluntary donations; it contains several chapels, the paintings in which do but little honour to their respective authors, and rather disfigure than embellish the walls.

Another monument of the same sort of what was called piety, is the *Certosa*, or

Charter-House, without the gate of *San Felice;* but its immense size is its principal beauty, and the paintings which are preserved in its church, are not worth the trouble of going so far to see, unless for a walk in fine weather. The weather happened to be exceedingly bad during the whole time of our stay at Bologna; but one has less occasion to mind it in this city than any where else, as almost all the houses have porticoes, under which one may traverse the whole town without exposure to the wet.

The Government-House is a very large, and in some of its parts, a noble building, but very irregular. The square before it is adorned with a fountain, in the middle of which is a brass statue of *Hercules*, by *Giovanni da Bologna;* a work, in my opinion, of more reputation than real beauty.

We had the pleasure to hear some very good musick at Bologna, ere we left it; St. Cecilia's day having been celebrated in St. James's Church by the scholars of the Lycæum. The vocal part, on the whole, was deficient in power; the *tenor* and *alto*

were rather weak, and we heard neither *soprano* nor *bass* during an hour and an half that we spent there; but the execution was excellent, and the chorusses extremely fine. The orchestra was remarkably good; it was placed on a gallery facing that where the singers stood, on whose side there were trumpets and horns, beside the organs.

The Pilgrim inn, where we lodged, was the best we had yet been at in Italy. Our dinners were excellent, and the wine very tolerable; nor could we complain of the prices. We paid six franks for our two rooms, ten franks for our dinner (five franks a-head) and one frank and a-half for one fire, in the evening only. We used to breakfast at the coffee-house, where it cost us about one frank and a-half for both. The beggars cost me a good deal every day. The guides, servants, *&c.*, made the whole of our dailyexpense amount to near five-and-twenty franks.

The Bolognese dialect is horrible; it differs very much from the Milanese, still more from the Venetian, and resembles

rather a language of savages, than that which has the reputation of being the most agreeable in Europe. Nobody could take it for Italian, or for any possible dialect of Italian, on hearing it spoken for the first time. The final syllables are peculiarly harsh and coarse. The last vowel is omitted, and the whole weight of a very heavy pronunciation falls on the preceding vowel, resting upon it as if it could not go further. They do not say *palazzo*, *butazzo*, *mezzo*; but *buttâws*, *palâws*, *mâis*, which they write *palass*, *butass*, *mess*. They say *lavâir*, *parlâir*, for *lavare*, *parlare*; *Rà*, for *Rè*; *assâitt*, for *eccetto*; *vâïtcha*, for *vecchia*; *Sgnâuri*, for *Signori*; *mâïntr*, for *mentre*; *srizeïna*, for *srizina*, *&c. &c.*; thus changing the vowels, and often turning them into diphthongs, but always stretching the mouth wide open at the last syllable. They agree with the other northern Italians, in retaining all the nasal sounds of the French language. They never say *cane*, *uno*, *nessuno*, but *can*, *on*, *n'son*; for they abhor final vowels, as too soft I suppose, and cut them off unmercifully from every

word in order to make their language as harsh and rough as possible. Yet is there a certain coarse frankness and *naïveté* in the Bolognese pronunciation, which partly redeem the faults I have mentioned, and which put me in mind of the evasive answer of a very polite gentleman I once met in company at St. Petersburgh. A German having asked him if he did not think the German language very beautiful, "Certainly, Sir," said he, "languages are extremely beautiful things." Unquestionably the Bolognese is not the language in which I should choose to address a pretty woman; but I took great pleasure in reading a collection of very entertaining fairy tales, translated from the Neapolitan into this dialect. The unmannerly forwardness of mountaineers, from whence it perhaps in a great measure derives its rudeness of sound, makes it the fittest of all for burlesque compositions, and fills it with expressions the most laughable that can be imagined.

A traveller must take care to exchange all his Lombard or French money at Bologna, otherwise he runs great risk of being

shamefully cheated farther on; to avoid which it is absolutely indispensable to become acquainted with the Papal currency. The coins are good, and their subdivisions very easy, since the *scudo* has ten *paoli*, and the *paolo* ten *baiocchi*: but then the value of the coin is never engraved upon it, so that a foreigner cannot distinguish the four from the five *paoli* pieces, the two from the three, and the one from the two, till practice has made them familiar to him. I was cheated of a considerable sum, ere I knew them all well enough to make up my post accounts by myself, for the postillions are not at all to be trusted in this part of the world. The *scudo* is worth about 4*s.* 6*d.* or 7*d.* Till we reached Fano we got ninety-three *baiocchi* for the five frank piece, but on the other side we got only ninety-two; and from thence the twenty frank piece, which always bears an *agio* in the north, passes for no more than thirty-six *paoli*. The piece of five *baiocchi* is called *grosso*, and is of silver; the single *baiocchi* are copper. There is very little gold to be seen in the Pope's territories. Each Pope was wont to coin *zecchini*

at his coronation, but the present Pope has not yet issued any; the value of the *zecchino* is twenty-two *paoli*, or two *scudi* and two *paoli*.

CHAPTER XI.

Departure from Bologna—Faenza—Forli—Rimini—Examination of the Historical Accounts of Cæsar's Passage of the Rubicon—Pesaro—Fano—Via Flaminia—Fossombrone—Quarries at the Furlo—Cascade of Terni—Narni—Otricoli—Nepi—Feelings excited by the near approach to Rome.

WE left Bologna on Sunday, the 24th November, and slept at *Faenza*, where the weather was too bad to admit of our seeing any thing. The inn is uncomfortable, and very dear. Although we had made our bargain before-hand, (having agreed to pay sixteen franks for dinner, beds, and fire,) an attempt was made the next day to add other charges to the account, for fire and registering our passes,—which we refused to pay. On Monday, the 25th, the rain continued with such violence that it was rather late before we started, though it was before our breakfast, which we took at *Forli*. There we visited the church of

San Filippo, where we saw a beautiful painting by *Guercino*, and another of very inferior merit, by *Carlo Maratti*. We were told that the best paintings had been taken by the French, and had not been restored. Our guide to the church was a nobleman, whom the loss of his fortune at cards had reduced to this sorry employment.

From Forli we proceeded to *Rimini*, where we stopt for the night. The Roman bridge and the triumphal arch in this town, are interesting remains of antiquity. A stone, from which Julius Cæsar is said to have harangued his troops after the passage of the *Rubicon*, is still shewn in the market-place, and cannot be an indifferent object to any one. Who could look at it, without having the whole scene pictured to his mind's eye? As to this celebrated river, the learned have not yet settled which of the three modern candidates for the honour, is entitled to the reputation of the real historical *Rubicon*. None of them bears this name: they are called the *Pisatello*, (which, higher up, is called the *Rico*,) the *Runcone*, and the *Lusa*. Mr. Eustace is of opinion that the

Rubicon could be none of the three, but that it must have been the *Fiumicino,* formed by their junction. But it is difficult to imagine that a river, grown so very famous by that important event, could have lost every trace of its former name; while it is easy enough to suppose that the name has been corrupted into *Rico,* or *Runco,* by the Lombards. Mr. Eustace endeavours to meet the objection arising from the greater distance of the Fiumicino from Rimini, by supposing that the army made this long circuit in order to pass over a bridge, which, he presumes to have been built on the Fiumicino; but surely he was not quite awake when he wrote this part of his classical tour. What General could possibly think of preferring to cross a broad river on a bridge, rather than three small brooks on a few planks? particularly when the passage by the bridge required a considerable circuit, and the road over the brooks lay in a straight line? I think that he must have been misled by the belief, that a river which *could stop* Cæsar for a moment, must have been a dangerous

one to cross. And so it was, undoubtedly, but not on account of its breadth, or of any physical difficulty. What might have appalled even a bolder man than Cæsar, was the decree which declared an enemy to the Roman State whoever should dare to pass over it in arms: "*Adjudicatus esto* "*hostis senatûs, populique Romani, ac si* "*contra patriam arma tulerit, penatesque e* "*sacris penetralibus asportaverit.*" Had the Rubicon been a mere furrow drawn across the road, this must have been sufficient to stop any Roman General and his army, before the fall of the Republick,—or I am much mistaken in my notions of its history.

Having said thus much in reply to Mr. Eustace's observations, and on the supposed awe with which Cæsar is said to have been struck at the sight of the Rubicon, I must add, that I wish to believe the circumstance itself to be true, because it adds a great deal to the poetry of history; but I really cannot help suspecting it to be a mere poetical embellishment; for I could not find even the name of the Rubicon in Cæsar's account of his march from Ravenna to Ri-

mini, nor the least indication of his having hesitated a moment on the way; and it seems strange that he should have omitted so very interesting an event, in the very opening of his books on the civil war. He says, on the contrary, that he addressed his soldiers at Ravenna on the state of publick affairs; and that having made himself sure of their good-will, he set off with them for Rimini: "*Cognitâ militum voluntate, Ari-*" *minium cum eâ legione proficiscitur, ibique* "*Tribunos plebis, qui ad eum confugerant,* "*convenit.*" There is not a syllable of a speech addressed to the soldiers, from a stone in the market-place of Rimini! All his observations and appeals to them had been made at Ravenna, and Cæsar was not so foolish as to shew hesitation at the head of his troops, after he had once resolved to make war. All this pretty story is taken from Plutarch; who was more bent upon relating extraordinary events, and describing momentous situations, than upon examining their truth or likelihood. So far is he from giving a correct account of this march in particular, that he supposes Cæsar

to have been at a very great distance from Rimini; since, *after* the passage of the Rubicon, he is said to have used great diligence the remainder of that day (before the dawn of which he had set out) and the following night, in order to reach Rimini early in the morning. Now Cæsar himself informs us that he was at Ravenna, which is *four* miles distant, and which it will not be contended has been brought nearer since that time.—I cannot suffer this opportunity to pass without suggesting how cautious we ought to be in giving credit to a mere *biographer*, on *historical points*,—which require a correct knowledge of geography and a great love of truth, as well as much critical acumen in the examination of the materials. I might adduce innumerable examples of the same carelessness, and even of palpable falsehoods, which have been admitted as irrefragable historical truths, and repeated as such by all the historians of every nation, since the time of the Romans. But it would lead me into too wide a digression.

We left Rimini on Tuesday, the 26th

November. While we were waiting for horses at *Pesaro*, N— went to the *Palazzo Almerigi*, where he saw a magnificent picture by Raphael. I regretted much not having gone with him, but I had thought it necessary to stay at the post-house, and secure the first pair of horses to be had, for it grew late, and we had yet eight miles to go to our night's lodging. It was quite dark when we arrived at *Fano*, where we had resolved to sleep. We spent our evening at the theatre, which is a very extraordinary one, both in its shape and ornaments; the pit having very nearly the form of a trefoil. The ceiling is divided into a great number of single clouds, which might have had a good effect when it was first done, but which is now extremely ugly. The stage is uncommonly large, and the machinery excellent in rapid and sudden changes of scenery. Few of the 1,600 or 1,800 persons whom the theatre could admit, would indeed be able to see them, on account of the strange disposition of the boxes. But I dare say there are seldom so many spectators in the house, which is too large for

the town. The principal performers at that time were an excellent set of rope-dancers; and among their feats was that of a man and woman, running up from the stage to the gallery on two parallel ropes, without balancing poles, and dancing all the way with perfect ease. The evening's entertainment was closed with a very laughable farce, in which the lover disguised himself as a dog, and acquitted himself of all the functions of a dog with ridiculous, but disgusting, accuracy.

Three young men of the town, seeing that we were strangers, shewed us every part of the theatre, and were our constant and very agreeable companions there. Would this have happened in England? When will the generality of young Englishmen acquire that politeness and cordiality, which are the most essential parts of good breeding? When will they cease to be so stiff and formal towards each other, and so uncivil and inaccessible to foreigners? When will they learn that a man of fashion may be civil, without being impertinently obtrusive? It is really difficult to

imagine that many of the self-conceited *Dandies*, who continually fall in one's way, can have been born and bred in the same country as the Earl Fitzwilliam, the Marquess of Bute, and so many more patterns of true politeness, who move in that high sphere to which the former would fain make strangers believe that they belong, but which they would disgrace by belonging to it.

At Fano there are several gentlemen of the name of *Castrucci Castraccani*, who are probably the descendants of Macchiavelli's darling hero; but I had not time to ascertain the fact. We proceeded on our journey the next day, Wednesday, 27th November, a little before day-break. Our intention had been to take the road of *Ancona*; but we now determined to give up that town and *Loretto*, for the *Via Flaminia*, a noble and interesting monument of Roman grandeur. The whole road from Rome to Rimini was formerly called by this name, which is now more exclusively applied to the mountainous part of it. It perpetuates the memory of two opposite events, one of

which has probably had a prodigious influence on the destiny of Europe. It received its appellation from the consul *C. Flaminius*, who was defeated by *Hannibal* near the lake of *Thrasymene*; and it passes through the field of battle where the defeat of *Asdrubal* effected the salvation of Rome.

We breakfasted at *Fossombrone*, which contains several thousand inhabitants. Although it was not earlier than nine o'clock, we could not find a single drop of milk at the coffee-house, and were obliged to wait half an hour until they procured some from the country, for which they made us pay exorbitantly dear.

At some distance from Fossombrone we passed the *Furlo*, where the quarries bear marks of the stupendous labours of the Romans, by whom one of the rocks of an enormous size has been pierced completely through. Works like these, effected so many ages before the invention of gunpowder, are surely fitter objects of admiration than the road across the Simplon, for which there existed not only patterns, but so

many other helps, entirely unknown to the ancients. We repeatedly passed over the *Metaurus;* one of the bridges called *il ponte grosso*, is remarkable for its astonishing solidity, of which its great antiquity is the most convincing proof. Architects, engineers, generals, and historians, all find subjects for meditation on this road, so full of the memory of great events, and of monuments worthy to recal them to mind.

We slept at *Sigillo*, a poor little village, in a poorer inn, miserably destitute of even the ordinary accommodations. But the landlord consoled us at once for all present inconveniencies, by assuring us that if we had come but a few days later, we should have been lodged in a superb new house, which was then nearly finished.

We left this hopeful place at half-past six in the morning, and breakfasted at *Nocera*, where we could get no milk at all; but nevertheless paid dearer for our meal than even at Fossombrone.

Our impatience to arrive at Rome now increased at every step; it seemed to work

upon us like the magnet on the needle, drawing us forward with accelerating power the nearer we approached to it. I had been extremely desirous to see *Spoleto* at leisure, as it was a place in which I felt a particular and lively interest; but N—— was so anxious to go on, that, being assured of sufficient leisure on our return, I yielded to his impatience, and we made a long day's journey in order to reach *Terni*, where we arrived at about seven in the evening. The inn was so full that we could only get one room and one bed, with a sofa, on which fatigue made me sleep soundly.

The next morning, Friday, 29th November, we hired an open carriage at the inn, in order to visit the celebrated cascade, formed by the Vellino, five miles from Terni. It certainly deserves its great reputation; but we could only see it very imperfectly and from above, owing to our being accompanied by a stupid Cicerone, whose assistance we had not desired. The fellow took us up the mountain, instead of leading us into the valley. However, I met with a boy whom I requested to shew me the way

down; and we had already proceeded a considerable distance through a very slippery and somewhat dangerous path, when the boy stopt short and assured me we could go no farther. He afterwards confessed, that he had been compelled to return by the menaces of the Cicerone, who cried out to him that he would give him a sound beating if he did not immediately bring me back. This incident served to increase my aversion to that class of men. We returned to Terni, quite disappointed*, where we were obliged to breakfast without milk, and to pay dearer for it than we had done at any other place. The carriage to the cascade cost us fifteen franks, and our very bad supper and worse beds about an equal sum.

Between *Terni* and *Narni* we fell in with a whole caravan of peasants from the *Marck*, who were going to Rome in quest of labour during the winter. One of them told me that this was his thirtieth journey, having gone every year since he could manage a shovel. How lazy must the

* See Vol. II. for a more particular account of Terni and its waterfall.

Romans be, since, miserable and poverty-stricken as they are, the land-owners are obliged to hire foreign hands to cultivate their grounds, in the very season when labour is least oppressive!

Our postillion tried to persuade us that we could not ascend the mountain of *Narni*, without oxen; but, as we had alighted from our carriage to ascend on foot, and as our calash was very light, I would not consent to it; and, after much useless discussion, he desisted.

Narni is uncommonly picturesque, and it contains some remains of Roman antiquities which were certainly entitled to arrest our attention, but the fever of impatience which now inflamed us, did not suffer us to pause any where; it impelled us on in utter indifference to every object but one; and the words—Roman bridge—Roman aqueduct—no longer excited any other idea in our minds than that of the Queen of the World, which we languished to see. It was as if we were hastening to the sick-bed of a dying friend, in anxious apprehension of arriving too late to receive his part-

ing farewell. Doubtless, *Mr. de Bonstetten's* charming but deeply melancholy *Journey to Latium*, which we had just been reading, had taught us to consider Rome in something of this light, and had exalted our imagination almost to the pitch of delirium. Besides, to stop before a Roman monument, when on the eve of entering Rome itself, appeared a waste of time. So on we hastened, continually calling for horses. Our involuntary admiration was, however, excited, in spite of our impatience, by the beautiful prospect of the valley from the high rocks on which Narni is situated. Indeed, the whole of this road, as far at least as *Otricoli* where it leaves the Apennines, is highly picturesque, and well deserves to be calmly enjoyed by travellers who are in a more reasonable frame of mind than we were when we passed over it.

Still less had we any attention to bestow on *Civita Castellana;* and we should really have travelled all night, if it had not been represented to us as excessively imprudent; and if we had not had just enough of reason remaining to feel that it would be bet-

ter to see Rome with clear eyes and a cool head, the next day. We therefore slept at *Nepi*, where we arrived very late, and found a very poor inn; but we were compensated for a bad supper, by a good fire, which was then more necessary to us than food, as the night was exceedingly cold.

CHAPTER XII.

Dreary Road from Nepi to Rome—Entrance into Rome, and unexpected Cheerfulness of the Scene —Albergo Tedesco—Rossini, the Composer—His Talents and Operas—La Cenerentola—The Romans not naturally musical—St. Peter's—Critical Remarks on its Beauties and Defects—Reflections on the extraordinary Vicissitudes of the ancient Mistress and Scourge of the World.

THE next day, Saturday, the 30th November, we set off from *Nepi*, at half-past six in the morning, and were highly favoured by a beautiful day.

There was nothing to induce us to loiter on this part of the road; for the nearer the traveller approaches to *Rome* the more dreary he finds the scene around him, till at length he enters a perfect desert, without towns, villages, hamlets, palaces, houses, huts, or even ruins; scarcely does he meet with a single peasant, or a solitary herdsman. The only things which seem to indicate the vicinity of a large city are the pave-

ment, which begins at *Monterosi* about sixteen miles from Rome, and half a dozen dried legs and arms of highwaymen, stuck *in terrorem* upon posts by the road-side. These, and a few carcases of horses, a hawk now and then, and clouds of carrion crows, were the only objects that we saw until we reached the suburbs, which we entered about noon. But as soon as we had passed the *Porta del Popolo*, a very different scene presented itself to us,—that of a very large, beautiful, populous, and cheerful City. It is true that much the greater number of the persons we met in the streets were foreigners; but this distinction has nothing to do with the general effect and the first impression, of which I am now speaking. I had expected to find in *Modern Rome* a gloomy, deserted city, where it was not easy to move without stumbling over ruins; and where we should meet ghastly figures, more like phantoms than living creatures, wandering amongst ruined temples and deserted palaces. We were agreeably surprised to see large and clean streets, ornamented with handsome palaces and churches, and filled

with crowds of good-looking, well-dressed, lively people; in short, a greater appearance of life and gaiety than even at Paris.

We alighted at *Frantz's Albergo Tedesco, Via dei Condotti*, a street which joins the Piazza di Spagna to the Corso. There are other hotels close by on the Piazza, of greater celebrity and infinitely higher prices; but as it did not form a part of our plan to acquire the privilege of complaining of the extravagant dearness of our apartments and table, we were glad to find tolerably good rooms at four *paoli*, and a very good *table d'hote* at six *paoli* a-head. A *paolo*, as I have said before, is worth about five pence halfpenny sterling. We had always abundance of game, fowls, fish, and meat, with pretty good wine; the only unpleasant circumstance was, that this table was not exclusively reserved for the lodgers, but was open to all strangers who chose to come to it, so that there was frequently too great a crowd. But even this had its good side,—by occasionally bringing us acquainted with people whom we should not otherwise have met: and even after leaving the

inn for private lodgings, we continued to take our dinner at Frantz's; now and then dining at a *Restaurateur's* (and particularly at *Armellino's*, which is the best,) either for the sake of variety, or when we had any reason for dining later than the usual hour.

It was at Frantz's that I met the delightful composer *Rossini*, a young man full of life and genius; who immediately reminded me of Dussek, though, in fact, the only external resemblance between them consists in their *embonpoint*. Rossini is not, however, quite so large as Dussek; but he is yet young,—and will, I dare say, be equally corpulent when he reaches the age at which I knew the latter. His conversation, like that of the admirable virtuoso and composer whom I have just mentioned, is that of a gentleman,—with a tint of levity and epicureanism which by no means misbecomes him. He may perhaps have been a little spoiled by his great success, but his self-esteem does not betray him into gross impertinencies. As an instance of what I mean,—an English lady of great distinction having invited him to dinner, he

refused to go; and he gave me to understand that he did not think a verbal invitation sufficient, even though it specified a particular day. When afterwards I renewed the request in her name, he accepted it in a very polite manner; but still nevertheless he did not come. I am not disposed to find much fault with this touchiness in a man of talents; especially as there are so many of his profession who are mere greedy parasites!

Rossini was at this time composing his opera of *La Cenerentola*, for the theatre of *l'Argentina*. When I told him that I longed to see a new work of his composition, he said that he hoped I should not take that upon which he was engaged as a standard of his powers, for it certainly would be the worst of his operas; the Romans, he said, liked nothing but— (here he sung a few bars of trivial musick)—and he must serve them to their taste, in order to be as gently hissed as possible. He seems to think, like all other composers, that his best productions are those on which he has spent the most time, and with which he has taken

the greatest pains. He told me that *Tancredi*, and *The Italian in Algiers*, were mere trifles, which he had composed in six weeks; and he requested me not to judge him till I had heard *Othello* and *Elizabeth*, one of which had cost him six, and the other nine months' labour. This circumstance, I will own, did not give me a more favourable idea of those two operas. In composition, I look upon *la prima intenzione* as a most indispensable quality. An opera must bear the appearance of having been made at one dash, in a moment of inspiration; nothing else can give it that smoothness of general effect, which is like the mellowness of colouring in a fine picture. From the *overture* to the *finale*, there must be nothing that may make one start, as at the sudden appearance of an unknown and unwelcome stranger in an intimate family circle. Germans may like these intruders, but they are utterly disagreeable to those who remain faithful to the Italian—the only good school. The airs which are composed for different voices ought, indeed, to be different in style, but still they should have that gene-

ral family resemblance which may exist between a gigantic Irishman, and his delicate and beautiful sister. It must have happened to every one to have seen a numerous family assembled, in which were old, middle-aged, and young persons, some tall, some short, some stout, some thin, and yet none that did not seem to belong to the rest. This is the very type which I would recommend for a good opera.

When I speak of composing an opera in *a moment* of inspiration, I would not be understood to mean literally a moment in point of time; the duration of this moment may be indefinite; but then the mind must have been so warmed and exalted by the first conception, that nothing may have the power to divert or interrupt the composer, till he has completed his work; and I believe that one who is able to achieve a delightful opera in six weeks, cannot improve it by spending years upon it. The example of Rossini himself confirms me in this opinion. I afterwards saw those two operas which he called his master-pieces, and I found them much inferior to those which

he considered insignificant trifles. *La Cenerentola* is certainly not a composition of the highest class, but there are very pretty things in it, and it pleased the Romans exceedingly. What Rossini said of the Romans was perfectly just; they are unmusical beings; and it is difficult to imagine any thing more detestable than the noises which they produce when they try to give serenades in the streets. If there happen to be six different voices, all the six sing the same part, with perhaps half a note's difference in the key. Of harmony they have not the slightest notion. How unlike those natural concerts of the common peasants and mechanics which delight a traveller in his evening walks in Suabia!—I speak of course of the common people, and of the general mass of the nation at Rome; not of amateurs and professional men who have cultivated the science of musick, and who are as good here as elsewhere. I heard two amateur performers at Rome, who gave me very great pleasure in different ways. The first was the *Countess Caradora*, whose extraordinary powers of execution,

grand voice, excellent method, and unwearied complaisance, were all equally remarkable. The other was a young sculptor, named *Trentanova*, who executed every one of Catalani's most difficult variations with a very agreeable *falsetto*, and astonishing flexibility. I likewise met some very good singers at the Countess of W——'s parties; but she was the only one of the company, beside Mrs. G. L——, who chose to listen to them; the rest of the party made such a noise that we were obliged to wait till they had all retired, to be able to hear and enjoy some excellent musick.

It may seem strange that I should dwell at such length on this subject, the moment that I have brought my readers to Rome; but the fact is, that I really wanted a little repose, having run myself out of breath to arrive there; and I did not choose to interrupt, by remarks on musick, the observations which I should hereafter have to make on Rome itself, and on what I saw, heard, and felt there, during this my first residence within its walls. The weather, with the exception of a very few rainy days, was

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perfectly beautiful during the whole of the four months which we staid there; so that we were able to visit comfortably and to enjoy every thing that deserved attention within the city, leaving the country around to be explored on our return from Naples in the spring.

I shall begin with *St. Peter's*; of which I had heard so much from my earliest infancy, that I ran to view it (as I fancy almost all travellers do,) the first moment of my arrival. I am bound to confess that it was very far from answering my expectations, which had been raised too high. I had been told that the objections which I had started at the sight of the engravings of this edifice, would disappear when I should see the object itself; nor indeed were the *first* impressions those of disappointment. But after the first, overpowering, physical effect, which immensity always has upon the senses, was a little abated, I was struck with several obvious defects, which even the great beauties connected with them cannot disguise. The entrance-front of the church (I might say *the front*, for there is in strict-

ness only one) is too much like that of a private house; and even as a dwelling-house its architecture is open to criticism. There are small windows, as if for *entresols*, which are positively absurd in the front of a temple, where no *entresols* exist; nor do the large ones produce a much better effect, as they are without glass and give the idea of an unfinished building. As to the colonnade, which forms a sort of broken circle in the place below, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the worst part of the whole. The proper use of such a structure is to screen people from the sun, or from the rain; but here it cannot answer the purpose, since you are obliged to endure almost as much sun or rain, ere you can reach either side of it, as if you went straight up to the church,—which indeed most people do. If, on the other hand, it be meant for a covered promenade, it does not much matter what shape is given to it; though the circular is, in my opinion, the worst of all shapes, since it necessarily admits wind and rain into one part of it at least: but, in fact, nobody ever thinks

of choosing this for a walk. If it be meant merely as an ornament to the church, I must say that, in the way in which it has been executed, it is the very worst ornament that could have been devised. It might produce a better effect, if it were on a level with the church, like the portico of the Casan Church at St. Petersburgh; but, as it is on much lower ground, it looks quite disproportionate. Its absurdity is most striking when it is seen from the top of the Castle of St. Angelo; from whence it appears exactly as it does in the best engravings.

The obelisk and the two fountains are extremely beautiful; but the immense extent of the place in which they stand, detracts greatly from the effect they ought to produce.

The cupola is noble; but it would be much more striking, if the building below were more like a temple, and less like a palace.

So much for the exterior. As to the inside, it certainly is very grand and magnificent. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise, with such gigantic dimensions and

such a profusion of the richest materials: and it does not prove enough for the architect who had these means at his disposal, to say that they strike the beholder with astonishment,—unless it were possible to add that they produce *all* the effect which might be wrought by their combination,—which is certainly not the case. In the first place, the interior wants symmetry in the great outline. Some reason or other is given to account for this; but a thousand reasons, however they might excuse the architect, could not cure the defect. It is besides heavily overloaded with ornaments, some of which are contrary to good taste, though the greater part are fine. In the third place it wants solidity; since it has been necessary, five times already, to gird the cupola with iron hoops. An architect ought to be able to calculate, with the utmost exactness, how far he may venture without endangering the safety of his fabrick: if he venture beyond that point, he deserves blame rather than praise; especially in such a building as this, where so many thousands of lives might be the

victims of his vanity. The last and the greatest defect of all, though some connoisseurs call it a beauty, is, that St. Peter's appears infinitely less than it really is; owing, as it is asserted, to the admirable combination of its proportions. Now, although I shall be ready to admire the Colossus of Rhodes (if it should ever be fished up) for that combination of parts, which I suppose made his head and his feet seem perfectly harmonious, though the former must have been large out of all proportion to the latter, being calculated to be seen at a greater distance,—I shall never be brought to believe, that in a building where the first of all requisites, solidity, has been sacrificed to immensity, it was a proof of talent to disguise this immensity, and to make the whole appear of an ordinary size. I cannot help thinking that talent would have been better displayed in making it appear even larger than it really is, and in exaggerating its dimensions to the eye by all the optical illusions that could be imagined. What induced me to make these observations was the extravagant enthusiasm of

some persons, who exalted St. Peter's far above any work of the ancients. It can no more be compared to the Coliseum, "*than I to Hercules.*" It is true that one is a temple, the other a theatre; and they may seem at first sight very unfit subjects of comparison; but I think one may judge of the talent which an architect would have displayed in a temple, by that which he has actually displayed in so stupendous a theatre, and by the extreme facility with which he has disposed of the enormous masses he employed. Who can doubt but that the artist who, with such rude materials and at so little expense, raised the noble and elegant temples of Pæstum, would have put to shame all the architects of St. Peter's, in the tenth part of the time, and with the twentieth part of the money which they spent upon it?

Having said thus much against the silly enthusiasm of those who blindly tread the path which others have blindly trodden before them, I should be sorry if it could be supposed that I saw this wonderful building without admiration. Quite the

contrary. And it was, perhaps, precisely because its defects had very early shocked me, that its beauties afterwards acted more fully and more exclusively on my imagination. My natural disposition does not lead me to seek for faults. I see them both in men and things, only because I cannot help it; but then I am the more ardent in seeking for good qualities and beauties, which may afford me the satisfaction which hardly any object in the world can fail to yield in some point of view or other to any reasoning creature. There is a real and a high pleasure in the sentiment of admiration, of which I always eagerly court the enjoyment. If the object be a Grecian statue, a picture by Guido Reni, a passage from such works as those of Homer, Sophocles, Tacitus, Burke, or Shakspeare, I am drawn along by an irresistible power, and delight runs away with me, long ere criticism can be roused to overtake us.

I was struck, at the first sight of this immense edifice, with the grandeur it aimed at, as much as with that which it had

really attained. As soon as I had observed its defects, I endeavoured to shut my eyes to them, and to attend exclusively to its beauties; which are in fact a much more numerous class, and which I enjoyed with the greater security in consequence of having already received, heard, and dismissed that troublesome visitor, *criticism*;—who will have his hour and his day, and who generally exercises a severer sway, the longer he has been refused admittance.

Some of the Monuments which St. Peter's contains are noble and elegant. One of the finest things in this class is a sleeping lion, by *Canova*, which I am much disposed to place on a level, at the least, with his most successful productions. The Genius of Death, who sits behind him, is remarkably handsome; but I doubt the propriety of the representation—doubting whether death itself ever can be attractive, even in the eyes of the most righteous. Religion, who stands on the other side, is as stiff and heavy as art could make it. These figures adorn the monument erected to the memory of a Pope, whose name I have now forgotten, and

whose statue is good. In the whole, there is no poetry of invention; but the details are well executed, and the lion I have mentioned is excellent. He inspires a sort of involuntary terror, even in that state of repose.

Among the good and appropriate ornaments of St. Peter's, are copies in mosaïck, of the finest paintings of the great masters: several of them are already finished and placed over different altars, and I understood that others were then in progress.

But no accessaries are necessary to rouse the mind to solemn meditation in this place. Its name alone conveys the most awful lesson on the vicissitudes of the world. The church stands on a part of the gardens of Nero: it was on this very spot that St. Peter suffered martyrdom; while several thousands of Christians were, at the same time, torn to pieces by wild beasts, or covered with pitch and set on fire, to amuse the atrocious Emperor of the Romans, and his equally barbarous subjects. And now,—Romans lie hum-

bly prostrate at the feet of a statue of St. Peter, and place their lives and fortunes at the disposal of a bishop whose greatest boast is to be St. Peter's successor! Thousands implore the charity, or live on the alms, of those foreigners whom the meanest citizen of ancient Rome thought himself authorized to trample under foot. To such an excess of misery and humiliation has the opposite excess of imaginary glory and overweening pride reduced the posterity of those celebrated conquerors, whom the most bloody demagogues, as well as the worst of despots, have chosen for their models! Could there be a more tremendous example of that Divine Justice, which, though it may remain suspended over individuals for years, over nations for ages, sooner or latter always strikes the guilty? And is there any guilt more atrocious than that of aiming at universal dominion; and of depriving men of their liberty, and nations of their independence, for the gratification of a vanity as stupid as it is cruel? What is it that remains of all that splendour which has

filled volumes in every language for 2,000 years?—An unutterable depth of wretchedness!—the rankest superstition, the most abject slavery, pinching hunger, and all those most intolerable of evils which excite contempt rather than pity! Such are the ultimate results of those abominable robberies called conquests, and of that horrible thirst of blood and plunder which assimilates men to beasts, and which men have the impudence to call Love of Glory. What language can supply me with words strong enough to express my hatred and horror of the crime of Ambition! As long as we do not brand it with infamy;—as long as we do not chain up, and stifle those whom the infectious bite of that rabid monster, has degraded to the class of savage and dangerous animals;—as long as there shall be found amongst us cowards to obey and villains to praise them;—so long will it be vain and foolish to boast of the lights of the age and of the progress of science. Of what avail are the new discoveries in chemistry, geography or astronomy, on which we pride ourselves; when, in the most

essential points, we remain as ignorant and as stupid as the most barbarous inhabitants of the most uncivilized countries in the world ?

CHAPTER XIII.

The Palace of the Vatican—Its prodigious Extent and inestimable Treasures of Art—Canova—Criticism of his Talents and Works—Perseus—Pugilists—Naked Statue of the Princess Borghese, and Statues of the Buonaparte Family—Cupid and Psyche—King Ferdinand.

TO give an idea of the prodigious extent of the Palace of the *Vatican*, it may be sufficient to state the number of rooms which it is said to contain. One author makes it exceed 13,000; another 11,500; and *Mr. de la Lande* says, there are 11,246. God forbid! that I should be able to vouch for their actual number on any calculation of my own. I would no more have counted them, than have spent forty years of my life in the dissection of a caterpillar. There may be a few thousands more or less, for aught that I care. It is clear that the number must be enormous, since respectable authors do not hesitate to rate it so

high. It must also be observed, that if the smallest closets have been taken in to swell the account, there likewise figure in it some rooms large enough to contain a whole house. But with all this, it is so far from being comfortable as a residence, that the Pope's officers complain bitterly of their lodgings in it. Captain Pfyffer, the commander of his Swiss Guards, told me, that he had begged and obtained leave never to accompany the Pope to the Vatican, but to remain at the Quirinal. Besides, the air is in summer extremely unwholesome in this part of the town, and nobody could bear to reside in it for a continuance. The Pope only inhabits it during part of the winter. It was formerly a subject of much dispute where he *ought* always to reside: some pretended that he should not move from the Vatican;—but these were probably young Cardinals, who wished all their elder brethren safe out of this wicked world. Others asserted that religion made it an indispensable duty to prefer *San Giovanni Laterano*, at the furthest end of the town in a complete desert;—

and they, perhaps, had also their particular reasons for their opinion. It would have been a sad thing for the Chief, the *infallible* Chief, of Christendom, not to have been allowed to choose his residence for himself, and to have been obliged to submit to the decision of the most learned pedants of his Conclave! But this interesting discussion has been abandoned; and the Pope is now allowed to live where he pleases, which is more frequently in the country than in the town.

The access to the Palace of the Vatican has nothing majestic in it. Though it is built on higher ground than St. Peter's, to which it adjoins, and which it towers above, yet the only effect of this elevation is to interfere with and spoil the appearance of the church. The principal ascent to it is by a grand staircase, one side of whose first flights is formed by the northern or north-north-eastern wall of the church; but there are several other entrances. In architecture the Vatican has no pretensions whatsoever to elegance, beauty, or regularity. There were too many very

eminent artists employed in raising its different parts; and as taste varies from age to age, none of them chose to conform himself to the plans of his predecessors. Each new architect preferred building something handsome of his own, according to the notions of his contemporaries, to consulting the harmony of the whole, at the risk of being suspected of approving an obsolete style. In short, there is nothing to praise in the general outward appearance of the Vatican. As to the inside, there is undoubtedly in that vast labyrinth, food for criticism to the end of time. But as long as it shall contain the noble ornaments which it owes to Grecian and to Roman art, no other palace in the world, (though built by fairies, of solid gold, with bricks of ruby, and windows of sapphire) will be able to vie with it for the pre-eminence.

My heart beat when I entered the gallery which leads to the *Hall of the Belvedere*. A thousand associations filled my mind, and exalted my fancy. I felt as if I had left all the earthly parts of my being; and as if my soul moved on,

alone, towards that sanctuary of the fine arts. I might have met my own brother without knowing him. Nor was I conscious of the least sensation till after I had gone round the Hall, seen every thing it contains,—and yet seen nothing of which I could retain a distinct impression. It was only when I began my second circuit that I recovered the free exercise of my faculties, and that I could really observe and enjoy these prodigies of human art.

It would be foolish presumption in me to attempt to add any thing to what the immortal *Winckelmann* has written on this subject. Worthily to describe and to praise the master-pieces of antiquity, was an honour reserved for him; to which no man of common abilities must ever think of attaining.

I shall only offer a very few remarks; of which some, I believe, have not yet been made, and others will well bear to be repeated.

And first, I would protest against that inveterate practice of professional men, of attaching a specific name, and almost

always the name of some well known character, to every statue which they happen to discover, although it is distinguished by none of the symbols or attributes which could afford plausible ground for their nomenclature. There is here one statue in particular, with respect to which this erroneous course has been pursued. It is always called *Antinoüs*, though it does not bear the least resemblance to the well-known and extremely numerous sculptured portraits of that youth. The features and the expression of the countenance of his genuine statues are so very peculiar, and though deeply interesting and beautiful are yet so far removed from the general standard of beauty, that I really cannot conceive how any one at all conversant with sculpture, could be mistaken in this instance. Whether Antinoüs appears under his own name, under that of Bacchus, of an Egyptian god covered with the most ungraceful ornaments, or of any other divinity; whatever, in short, may be his disguise, he is instantly recognized and his name flies from your lips the moment you see him. It is very remark-

able that though some of his features are absolutely contrary to what is generally considered as forming the perfection of beauty, their union composes the handsomest and most captivating face that ever was seen. His forehead is broad and short; his eye-brows, so far from being like those beautiful arches sung by poets, are in a perfectly straight line; his eyes are sunk and fireless; the expression of his mouth remarkably serious; his cheeks very broad and his neck short and thick. These are peculiarities which no sculptor could have thought of representing in a statue, except through a determination to adhere to strict resemblance; and nobody who has any knowledge of drawing, can mistake this countenance for any thing but a portrait. It may be almost impossible to those who have not seen it, to conceive that with such deviations as I have mentioned, from the admitted rules of beauty, it can yet be so very handsome. But the hair is so graceful, the nose so exquisitely beautiful, the mouth and chin so expressive of noble feelings, the look so thoughtful, the

whole countenance so deeply melancholy, that no human mind could have *invented* any thing comparable to it. The melancholy which it expresses is not that of grief or pain, it is a foreboding of his premature death. His eyes seem to look for a grave, without any struggle with the love of life, without the least regret for its pleasures: he seems to think no more of this world; he has bid adieu to all it contains; and fate itself could not now recall him. And yet he is in the full bloom of youth; and his chest, which is more prominent than that of any other antique, seems to indicate an inexhaustible fund of health. I can well conceive that people could gaze at this statue for hours; but I am sure it must be with that sort of melancholy delight which draws unconscious tears from the eye, rather than with the enlivening admiration which beauty commonly inspires.

Now, there is not the least trace of all this in that statue in the *Vatican*, which the catalogues name *Antinoüs*. Some antiquaries, indeed, have called it Mercury,

and others Meleager,—not because it wants the peculiar features of Antinoüs, but because the work is thought too perfect for the time of Adrian. To my conception the age in which the *Antinoüs* of the *Capitol* was made, might well produce a sculptor of sufficient talent to have made the other statue,—in which there are some very obvious defects; but I would not dispute the point with a real connoisseur, whose quick eye will often discern at a glance, what another person could hardly be taught to conceive at all. I shall only add, that the figure is not sufficiently aërial for Mercury, besides that it is very defective in point of dignity. It may be a Meleager, for aught I know—or care;—but why must it absolutely have a specific name?

Thus, likewise, the famous *Torso*, which has neither head nor arms nor legs, has been declared a Hercules after his Apotheosis. So he may be. But I really cannot help thinking it absurd to pronounce a positive sentence in such a case. This fragment is undoubtedly a most astonishing specimen of Grecian sculpture, since

all professional men agree in placing it amongst the most precious remains of antiquity. I am very far from impugning their decision, nor do I grudge them the pleasure which they take in examining and admiring the Torso; I only wish that they would keep within the reasonable bounds of classical rapture, with regard to a fragment which cannot offer the least interest to the feelings or the passions. Some connoisseurs suppose he was leaning on his club; while others assert that he must have been spinning: but the expression, in these two cases, must have been so prodigiously different, that it is clear that the notions of the criticks as to the beauty of these remains are founded on very different views of the subject. All agree that it was an Hercules, because of the lion's skin which he wears; and their opinion of his having already gone through the ceremony of his apotheosis is grounded on the circumstance of the muscles and veins being too slightly indicated to belong to a person feeding on terrestrial food. This may be very ingenious, and it may very likely be true.

Only it vexes me to see so many people who know nothing at all of muscles or veins, pretend to be struck with admiration at the sight of this mutilated trunk, and fix themselves for hours before it, repeating what they have read in books about it, in order to give themselves the reputation of deep critical knowledge. I have seen more than fifty do this, and I do not believe that there are more than twenty in the world capable of estimating and feeling its beauty with so much enthusiasm. I freely own that I am not one of them. None but an artist who has deeply studied naked bodies, can know any thing about the veins and muscles which ought to mark the difference between a hero and a demi-god. Let not mere amateurs, or the common class of connoisseurs, pretend to deeper knowledge than they possess; it is the surest way never to rise above mediocrity, even in one's own opinion. The statues of *Apollo*, of *Venus*, of *Mercury*, of *Laocoon*, and so many more which are entire and exquisitely beautiful, are within the scope of our understandings and our admiration;

and though men of higher qualifications than we possess, may find excellencies in them which we cannot discover, the excellencies which we *can* comprehend may on the whole strike our senses no less deeply, nor less agreeably than theirs. The agent, here, is positive beauty, of which even the dullest of men have some perception, and by which no man of common feeling can help being attracted. As to excellencies which are merely technical, and which even professional men admire only as such, it really is very silly to waste upon them so much of the time which may be more pleasantly and more reasonably employed in the contemplation of other works.

Another remark which I will make, though it must have occurred already to thousands on viewing the Vatican, is how desirable it would be to separate the Statues from the *Relievi*,—the latter from the Urns, Vases, *&c.*, and so on, in order that the mind may be totally filled with but one class of ancient sculpture at a time,—which is very essential to a perfect enjoyment of the art. Instead of this, all these very dif-

ferent classes are mixed and jumbled together, for the most part in some sort of confusion. When you take off your eyes from a statue which has elevated your mind, and transported you into the imaginary world of ideal beauty, nothing can be more vexatious than to let them fall on a *basso-relievo*, which differs from a statue to such a degree that it is hardly possible to associate these two styles of sculpture in any general ideas of art.

On the other hand, it would likewise be most desirable to bring to the Museum of the Vatican the finest of the statues kept in the Capitoline Museum, such as the real *Antinoüs*, the *Dying Gladiator*, the *Faun*, and the beautiful *Venus*; all which, with the statues of the Belvedere, would furnish out the most glorious, collection in the world. I cannot help adding, that it would be better, even for the *Marchese Canova* himself, if his masterpieces were not exposed to an immediate comparison, which cannot be favourable to his reputation. One of the niches of the hall of the Belvedere has been allotted to

his works; *viz.*, to his *Perseus*, and to his *two Pugilists*. The former is very handsome; but has too much the appearance of having been copied from the Apollo who stands in the adjoining compartment. The Gorgon's Head is fine, and the whole is well executed, and has very great merit, though really not merit enough to entitle it to its present situation. The Pugilists are likewise proofs of very rare talent; but they are defective in some essential points, and principally in the inequality of the limbs, which strikes almost every visitor at the first sight. *Canova* is the cleverest artist in Rome, and deserves all the encouragement which he has received; but he is far, very far, from that perfection to which his flatterers persuade him he has attained. His very amiable and respectable character has made him friends of almost every one of his acquaintance, and these friends are very partial judges of his worth. He excels in every thing that requires a light touch and gracefulness; his women are all exceedingly pretty, and full of sweetness; but few of them can be

called *very* handsome, and still fewer possess any dignity or elevation of character. They are besides in general rather too thin, and are especially deficient in the sexual fullness of the hips. His heroes and young men are always exceedingly tall, and too slender: their faces regularly handsome and interesting, but without the desirable expression of energy and mind. On the whole, (if I may utter a bold opinion,) though Canova has great talent, he has no genius.—There is no poetry in his sculpture. His are not the statues to be studied for the intelligence of the Grecian poets, according to Mr. Schlegel's system; for though some of them give very great pleasure, they afford no intelligence at all. When you have seen them once you know them thoroughly, and though you may look at them with great delight, the thought of studying them, and trying to discover latent beauties in them, never once occurs. Canova's *bassi relievi* are almost quite flat, and are very inferior to those of *Torwalsen*, because poetry is indispensable in this style of sculpture. His monuments also are par-

ticularly defective in invention. I have seen a great number of them without the least variety of idea, or stretch of imagination.

The task I am now fulfilling is the most disagreeable that I could undertake. Nothing is farther from my natural disposition than the wish to lower a reputation for excellence which has been the result of long and meritorious exertions. It cannot be envy that prompts me, for I am no sculptor, and I have no interest in detracting from the universal admiration felt for Canova. But I am of opinion, that exaggeration in praise is much more pernicious than severity of criticism; and that the standard of perfection ought to be raised somewhat higher than even the highest proficiency in mere mechanical labour. I would not have young artists imagine that they are great men, merely because they can copy individual nature, however closely. They should be taught that genius is the faculty of divining what nature *might* have produced, and of striking the fancy and the mind with new feelings, and with

the idea of invention,—rather than of pleasing the eye by the successful imitation of well-known objects. Canova is more able than any of his contemporaries to copy whatever he sees, either in nature or in works of art; but he cannot go farther* ; and I see no

* The reader is desired to bear in mind that these criticisms, which may appear severe to those who have seen Canova's latest productions, were pronounced in the year 1816. It is generally allowed that the genius of Canova has, since that period, made a sudden and unparalleled advance,—that he has purified his style from many of its meretricious graces, and has attained in three short years to new excellencies which a long life might have been well spent in acquiring. In confirmation of this opinion, the Editor is happy to be permitted to quote the language of his own distinguished countryman, Chantrey; who, since his visit to Rome in the autumn of 1819, thus speaks, with all the generous warmth and liberality of exalted genius, of his eminent competitor and friend : "Above all modern art in Rome, Canova's works are the "chief attractions. His latter productions are of a *far* "*more natural and exalted character* than his earlier "works; and his fame is even wronged by those masterly "statues which are now common in England. *He is* "*excelling in simplicity and grace every day.* An En-"dymion, for the Duke of Devonshire; a Magdalen, for "Lord Liverpool, and a Nymph, are his latest works, "and his best."

This notice of the expanding powers of Canova seemed

probability that he will ever be able to give to his statues that indescribable attraction which forces us to wish for a second sight, though we may not have been very agreeably struck with the first,—for a third, though the second barely pleased us,—for a fourth, because the third left us charmed with beauties which we did not discover before, and which only unveil themselves to persevering attention. Thus it is with even the second-rate productions of the Grecian sculptors; but with the *best* of modern artists it is far otherwise; we see them with pleasure a first—very willingly a second—and with great indifference a third time; after which we may remember them, but we seldom long to see them again.

One of Canova's best statues is said to be that of Buonaparte's youngest sister, Princess Borghese, who sat naked for it; and who replied to an English lady who asked how she could bear to do so, that

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due, at once, to the fame of the artist and to the reputation of his Critick, whose strictures in the text, it must be remembered, have no reference to Canova's recent productions.—Ed.

" there was a very good fire in the room* !"

I cannot help seizing this opportunity of expressing, by the way, the astonishment with which I learnt, from unquestionable authority, that some English ladies of great distinction, whom respect for their families prevents me from naming, had paid their court most assiduously and in the meanest manner to this abandoned woman; whose reputation is worse than that of almost any other avowed lady of pleasure; and whose conduct was so shameless that her brother was obliged several times to use serious threats to bring her to some shew of outward decorum. One of these ladies was seen to warm the princess's feet with her own hands. An English Countess! and at home one of the haughtiest to her own countrywomen! I must in justice add, that this conduct roused the indignation of the Italians, and that it was highly disapproved of by her most intimate friends. What an

* Prince Borghese has shut up this statue in a closet, of which he keeps the key himself, and does not allow any body, not even Canova, to see it.

idea might not this have given of the British nobility,—if the Countess of W——d who, fortunately for the nation, was the best known and the only one really looked up to by the Romans, had not most rigidly adhered to those principles of honour and decency, which ought to be the first rule of her rank!

Canova has executed statues of almost all the individuals of Buonaparte's family, some of which are still in his hands; that of Madame Murat is good-looking, that of Madame Bacciocchi, who was the most like her brother, very plain; Madame Letitia Buonaparte was represented in the attitude of Agrippina, whom she was not unlike, though she had not the same emaciated thought-worn countenance. As to Buonaparte himself, every one acquainted with the ancient medals and busts of the Emperor Nero, was struck with their resemblance. There is, on the portal of St. Peter's, in a *basso relievo*, a figure of the latter, which seems to have been made for Buonaparte. Lavater would have been charmed to find, that the same features be-

longed to two such striking instances of similarity of character in ancient and modern history.

One of Canova's most elegant productions is *Psyche*, placing a butterfly on the hand of Cupid. The most disagreeable which I have seen is the statue of the present King of Naples. Nothing can be imagined more hideous and stupid. He certainly has not represented him *con amore;* and if the statue be transmitted to posterity, poor Ferdinand's ugliness is more than likely to grow proverbial.

Canova is an elderly man, of very gentlemanlike appearance, and polished manners; fond of literature as well as of the arts. He makes a noble use of his riches, and is extremely beloved by his acquaintance.

CHAPTER XIV.

Brief Notice of other Roman Artists, and of their Works—Torwalsen, in Sculpture—Lanti, Camuccini, Verstappen, Bassi, and Kaysermann, in Painting—Extraordinary Talent of an uninstructed Boy—Master-pieces of the Old Painters restored from the Louvre—Final Remarks on the Museums of the Vatican and the Capitol.

HAVING thus freely given my opinion of Canova, it may be as well perhaps that I say a few words in this place of the other artists whose works I saw at Rome, instead of filling volumes with an attempt at describing, or merely enumerating, the amazing multitude of fine objects which the Vatican contains, and which are already before the world in a great number of very good books written for the special purpose of recording them.

I have already mentioned *Torwalsen* as superior to Canova in *bassi relievi;* nor do I think his statues very much inferior, though he sells them for four thousand scudi, while

those of his rival cost five or six thousand. His *Adonis* is more original and I had almost said handsomer, than any of Canova's works; but on the whole his style of execution is less noble, and less largely managed. Among his *bassi relievi* is a *Triumphal March of Alexander*, in which there is a great deal of very beautiful work, mixed with some errors that spoil its effect, the most striking of which is the having introduced elephants, on which men lean as they might on ponies. He is a great favourite with the English, and is often employed in making busts, which, if I am not mistaken, generally cost five hundred scudi. Two of Lord Lucan's beautiful daughters have sat for theirs, in which he has been extremely successful.

Amongst the painters, who are, as might be expected, infinitely more numerous than the sculptors, five deserve to be mentioned with particular respect by me. I say *by me*, because I doubt not but there may be other clever artists whose works I had not an opportunity of seeing.

I shall mention *Mr. Lanti* first, because his compositions have the highest of all

qualities in a very eminent degree: they are extremely poetical. His *Jesus disputing with the Doctors in the Temple*, is in this respect at least, equal to the finest paintings that I have seen. There are six doctors, all of them remarkably expressive, but quite different from one another. The first is evidently a subtle, villanous man, who seeks to entangle our Saviour. The second is talking with his neighbour, apparently in explanation of something that the youth has just said; and yet you may see that he is on the point of turning back towards the latter, to listen to his reply to a new question. This *intended* motion is so evident, that it gives an uncommon degree of animation to the scene. The third doctor seems astonished at the justness of the young disputant's arguments. The fourth is shewing him some Hebraick lines in a book or table which he has fetched, and to which it seems as if some allusion had been made. The fifth is the very picture of good faith and honesty. The last is a fine old man, with a venerable silver beard, in the deepest meditation, whose features bespeak a mind

well-stored with knowledge, and a heart ennobled by sound philosophy. Jesus is supposed to be twelve years old; his stature and face are not above his age, but there is in his countenance a mixture of serene and modest self-possession, of gentleness and noble candour, which do great honour to the conception and skill of the painter. The Virgin Mary and Joseph are just come in, in search of Jesus; and the former seems to say, that she has been looking for him every where, but without the least intention of conveying a tacit reproach in this observation. There is a sweet expression of motherly pride in her countenance. This picture, on the whole, afforded me infinite delight; though the Virgin's countenance might have been more dignified; the head of one of the doctors is moreover a little too large.

Another beautiful painting of Mr. Lanti's is his *Antigone*, at the moment that Creon has ordered his guards to seize her. After a supposed struggle, which has partially removed her drapery and exposed to view the most beautiful bosom that can be ima-

gined, she is fallen backwards on the arm of a soldier, who forms a very skilful contrast. Her sister is endeavouring to defend her. Old Œdipus has heard her shriek, and rushes towards her, offering his hand; he seems to have forgotten for an instant his blindness, and to feel the very excess of despair at finding himself incapable of protecting his children. The subject is a noble one, and is executed in a masterly manner. Mr. Lanti excels in females; and the less his figures are covered, the more talent does he display in the representation of them. He showed us two other paintings of females, which I thought exquisitely beautiful; the first represents a *Young Bride*, to whom her mother is introducing a husband: the other is *Antiope*, whom Love discovers sleeping to Jupiter, under the form of a Satyr. The latter has the colour of his disguise, and two small horns, but he has not the cloven feet, which Mr. Lanti considers as too much below the dignity of a God. The child is really charming, and would have done honour to the greatest painter known.

Mr. Camuccini is, perhaps, more correct than Mr. Lanti in his designs, but he is not equal to him in colouring; and his sketches, which are remarkably fine, end in very indifferent pictures. He is, besides, much inferior to Mr. Lanti in poetical spirit, and seems to have no idea of a subject but that which the historical fact positively specifies. In this respect he is very much like Canova. We saw in his study two grand pieces, one of which, *The Death of Virginia*, had received his last touches. The other, *The Death of Julius Cæsar*, was merely sketched. The figure of Virginia is extremely beautiful, but she is too pale and livid, considering that she has only just been struck by the knife which her father still holds in his hand. Virginius is utterly destitute of dignity, and even of that sort of elevation which the scene could not fail to have given him, although he had been naturally as vulgar as the picture represents him. The people around express surprise and grief, but nothing else. There is nothing of poetry in all this; it is like the argument of a chapter of Roman history.

Cæsar is represented at the moment when Brutus is on the point of striking him, and he says, "*Et tu, Brute!*" Mr. Camuccini seems to have treated this subject in a much better style than the former; but he will perhaps spoil it in the colouring as he is said to do most of his compositions.

Mr. Verstappen is, I presume, the first landscape painter in Europe. His colouring is admirable for truth, warmth, and luxuriant beauty. I never saw water represented with such striking effect; his trees show a vigour of vegetation which equals nature itself; and his goats are the most charming animals that ever were produced on canvas. Mr. Verstappen was born in Holland, but he left that country twelve years ago, and is not disposed ever to return thither. He looks upon Rome as his own country, because it is that of the arts and of artists. Switzerland he allows to be a very fine and picturesque country, but a much less fertile ground than Italy for a painter. His genius seems full of that glow which he admires in nature and trans-

fuses so faithfully into his works. He is just the man to have said "*Ed io son pittore!*" A remarkable particularity in him is, that he paints with the left hand; the right has either been cut off, or possibly he may have been born without it, but he does not like to have it observed, and always keeps it wrapt up in a handkerchief, or hid under his pallet. The price of Mr. Verstappen's largest paintings is one hundred and twenty pounds, and they are certainly very cheap. The smaller ones cost only from thirty to fifty pounds.

Mr. Bassi is a very clever young artist of about thirty years of age, of gentlemanlike deportment, and of great modesty in his estimation of his own performances, which might well inspire him with some vanity. He is perhaps a little too fond of representing the sunshine playing on the ground, through the foliage of his trees; this is very pretty in nature, because there is motion in it, but in a painted landscape where it remains fixed and immoveable, it produces a good effect only at the first glance. When viewed long together it gives a *spot-*

tiness to the picture, which far from being beautiful, is even disagreeable. But such caprices very easily lay hold on the fancy of young men, from whose after-works a maturer taste will as easily banish them.

Mr. Kaysermann paints in water-colours, and is undoubtedly one of the first, if not the very first, in that style. His port-folio is the richest I ever saw, and worth a very large sum of money. His views of Terni, where he spends part of every summer, are admirable; and those of Rome beyond the Capitol, uncommonly fine. But in the latter I think he extends the poetical license a little too far,—omitting such buildings as would spoil the general effect of his pictures, completing others which are only imperfectly seen from the place whence he takes the view, introducing trees where no trees grow, and displacing those which partly conceal any object worthy of his pencil. But then the antiquities are always religiously respected, and are represented exactly as they exist; so that though the liberties he takes may seem defects to those who live on the spot, and who set a

high value on a minute resemblance,—to strangers, who prefer a fine painting, comprising accurate representations of the most remarkable monuments of ancient Rome, they are real recommendations. The price of one of his very beautiful pieces is eighteen pounds, and will probably be much higher when they become more scarce. Mr. Kaysermann is a Swiss, and an elderly man of very agreeable conversation and indefatigable kindness.

There was, at Rome, while we were there, a lad of fourteen or sixteen years of age, who surprised every foreigner, and many of the natives, by his natural talent for drawing. He used to walk about the streets and publick places with a piece of charcoal in his hand, and wherever he met with a convenient clean place, he immediately drew figures which shewed uncommon talent, and groups in which though there might sometimes be confusion, there was always taste and genius. As those who passed by and stopped to see him draw, (which he did with remarkable rapidity,) generally gave him a few

baiocchi, and now and then even *paoli*, he lived entirely upon what he got by those means. Canova had once taken him under his care, but he found it impossible to do any thing with him, as he could not bring him to study soberly the first rudiments of the art. The boy assured me, that he was very sorry to have left Canova, and that he would like of all things to return to him; but I understood that these assurances deserved little credit. One day, after drawing a pretty numerous group of warriors and women, on the wall of a house, he saw a vacant space in the middle of his design, which he filled up by inserting an arm. I told him he had made a mistake, and wished him to find it out by himself; but he declared he could not. I then showed him that this new right arm belonged to a figure which had one already, and that it ought of course to have been a left arm; but he was quite indifferent to the criticism, said it was no matter, and seemed not to care a straw about it. It is a great pity that nobody would take care of him: he may have left Canova in a mo-

ment of impatience, when he was hardly more than a mere child; but now that he is growing up, I dare say reason would have some influence upon him; and if he could be brought to study diligently for a few years, there can be little doubt but he would highly distinguish himself.

After this digression on modern painters, I must return to the Vatican, to say something of the great masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose works have been brought back to Rome after passing some time in Paris, in the company of so many of their near relations.

The first of these in rank is *Raphael's Transfiguration*, which is accounted his most perfect production. I must confess, that it did not fully answer my expectation. Nothing can be more correct, than the drawing and painting, (provided the enormous limbs of the exorcised child can be reasonably accounted for by the effect of the disorder that overpowers him); but the general effect of the picture did not appear to me to be very poetical, and though I have seen it several times since, it never struck me as being

equal to its prodigious reputation, and to what I expected from the name of Raphael. His *Santa Cecilia* at Bologna really pleased me better. I must, however, confess, that my fancy had been exalted to the very highest pitch by the idea of the *best* work of the Author of the *School of Athens;* and nothing short of supernatural perfection could perhaps have satisfied me entirely. It was moreover absurd to expect much poetry in a subject which seems to preclude invention; and I deserved to be disappointed for having forgotten that the painter's style, in a subject taken from scriptural history, must necessarily be very different from that which he adopts for a work of fancy.

The next painting in point of reputation, is *Domenichino's last Communion of St. Jerome.* If I had not seen it, I never should have been able to conceive that an old man, painted naked, in the last stage of decrepitude, with all his wrinkles, could produce any other effect than that of disgust or pity. It certainly is a proof of wonderful talent, to have vanquished such a diffi-

culty; but I must confess, I still wish that he had employed it on a more graceful subject.

The *Santa Petronilla* of *Guercino* is full of admirable details; but the figures are rather too large, and the composition too crowded to produce a very good effect, or at least *so* good an effect as the beauty of the execution ought to have produced. I think, however, that the effect of the picture suffers from the bad light in which it was placed when I saw it, and which never allowed me to see the whole of it from the same point of view.

Guido Reni's Fortune, is not one of his best works, though it had been carried away by the French, and has since been restored as such.

The other paintings are by *Barocci* (by whom there is a very beautiful Descent from the Cross,) *Perugino*, *Garofalo*, *M. Angelo da Caravaggio*, *Poussin*, and *Parmegiano*, all very fine; but I think inferior, on the whole, to the paintings in the Hall of the Santo Spirito, at Bologna.

The celebrated rooms of Raphael are so

well known, from the numberless descriptions which have been given of them, that it would be mere waste of time to write about them again. I shall only observe, that the pictures are so ill preserved, and in such dark situations, that the real pleasure felt in seeing these originals of admired copies, is mixed with no inconsiderable share of vexation and disappointment at seeing them so imperfectly. In spite of all that has been said and written, I persist in thinking that the *School of Athens* is *Raphael's* most glorious work, and his first title to immortality. I never can bring myself to consider drawing and colouring alone as sufficient qualifications for a great painter. He must above all things be a poet; and I had rather see a poetic composition in mere chalk, with due expression in the figures, than the most magnificent finished portraits of uninteresting persons.

It would renew the extreme pleasure which I felt in the rooms appropriated to the Museum, to give an account of them all; of the extraordinary beauty of some, of the elegance of others, and above all of

the immense riches which they contain in monuments of the different sorts of sculpture among the ancients, and in modern works executed with the most precious materials. But it would fill volumes, and would after all be of much less value than the catalogues and descriptions given by professional men, whose works are in every body's hands. I shall only say, that I have seen the palaces of several powerful Sovereigns; and that all of them together, even including that of the Emperor of Russia which is by far the richest, cannot give even a faint idea of the Vatican. Nor shall I attempt to give a description of the Museum of the Capitol, some of whose chief ornaments I have mentioned above*. It has been already frequently and well described. Besides, common statues are not objects of

* I would recommend to every amateur of the fine arts to endeavour to see the Museum by torch-light. I went once with a party, accompanied, or rather led by a man who held a bunch of eight or ten wax candles, tied together so as to form a fine torch. Not only are the statues seen to much better effect in this manner; but the spectator has this great advantage, that his attention is not diverted nor fatigued by the surrounding objects.

interest, and excellent ones I am not competent adequately to describe. The master-pieces may be praised,—they may be sung; nothing is more capable of exalting and inspiring a poet's imagination; but not even *Winckelmann's* descriptions give an adequate idea of their perfection. A man may travel during the better half of a long life, and form his taste and ideas for the enjoyment of every thing that is elegant in ancient and modern art; but as long as he has not seen the wonders of ancient sculpture, let him be assured that he has yet very much to study and to learn.

CHAPTER XV.

Account of some of the best Paintings at Rome, in Churches, and in the Palazzi Colonna, Sciarra, Corsini, Farnese, Doria, Barberini, &c. &c.— Le Nozze Aldobrandine—Notice of the Ægina Marbles; and of the Statues on the Monte Cavallo.

I SHALL now mention some of the finest paintings which I saw at different times in different parts of Rome, in order to combine as much as possible in one mass all that I have to say on this branch of the arts; but if in the course of the remainder of my account of this labyrinth, I happen to remember any very interesting work omitted here, I shall not scruple to introduce it in some other place. *Mr. de la Lande's* method of dividing the city into separate quarters, which he visited and described one after another, was extremely good and convenient for such a work as his; but it would have required a much longer resi-

dence in Rome than the limits of my time allowed me to make, and a much more voluminous journal than I had leisure to record. Besides, my intention is chiefly to describe Italy and its Inhabitants, such as they were at the time of my visit, and such, in many respects, as I hope they will not long continue to be. It is not an essential part of my plan to speak of monuments of art, which ages ago were the same as they are now, and which will remain without any very sensible alteration as long as proper care is taken of them. Of these, one description is quite sufficient for all the nations of Europe. My design in mentioning some of them, is to give useful directions to those readers who may have but a few months, perhaps weeks, to devote to Rome, and who may happen not to have prepared themselves for their visit, by the perusal of more copious accounts of its most interesting curiosities.

Whenever I think of paintings, the name of *Guido Reni* is the first that occurs to me. I do not, by any means, pretend to place him in the same rank with Raphael, but I

love and admire him as the deepest of elegiac painters, who has surpassed all others in the expression of noble, decent, and religious grief. He never attempted to torment his spectators by horrid images. It was his peculiar skill to penetrate into the inmost recesses of the heart by the gentlest of all means,—Compassion and Love; love of the purest sort; compassion totally different from pity, for those who inspire it in his works always seem superior to those who feel it. He was so perfect a gentleman, and had such refined notions of decorum, that it seems to have been impossible for him to represent grief or pain otherwise than guarded and dignified by a pious and majestic resignation.

One of Guido's most striking compositions is the *Archangel Michael treading on Satan*, whom he is going to bind in chains. The countenance of the angel is so full of dignity, and at the same time so gentle; there is in it such an union of nobleness, sweetness and severity, that he seems to master the evil spirit rather by the superiority of his being, than by any effort or

exertion of his strength. His features are at the same time exquisitely beautiful. This admirable picture is in the church of the Capuchin Friars, on *Monte Pincio* (Mount Esquiline.)

Another piece of the highest merit is his *Christ on the Cross*, in the church of San Lorenzo in Lucina. I will venture to assert, that our Saviour was never represented in a more becoming or more worthy manner.

The most interesting of his portraits, is that of *Beatrice Cenci*, in the *Palazzo Colonna*. Beatrice was the daughter of a Roman senator, and she was so unfortunate as to inspire her own father with incestuous love. Struck with horror at this discovery, and with terror at the idea of the constant and almost inevitable danger to which she was exposed, she joined with her step-mother in a conspiracy against her father's life; and he was actually killed, if not by them, at least by their contrivance. The crime was proved, and Beatrice was condemned to lose her head on the scaffold. Guido Reni was in the crowd assembled to see her pass,

and as she turned towards him drew a hasty sketch of her countenance, which he afterwards finished and perfected into a portrait. It is uncommonly beautiful, without the slightest expression of ferocity or guilt. It is very probable that the step-mother, enraged at her husband's abominable love for his own child, worked upon her fancy, and contrived to persuade her that this blow alone could save her virtue. Beatrice was at that time but seventeen years of age.

The palace of Prince *Colonna* is extremely magnificent, and more like that of a Sovereign than of a private nobleman. It contains a great many other fine paintings by different masters, and is well worth visiting.

That of Prince *Sciarra*, of the same family, is much less grand, but it contains one room immensely rich in the most valuable paintings. We saw there *Michael Angelo da Caravaggio's* master-piece, representing a *Youth cheated at Cards*, *Leonardo da Vinci's Vanity and Modesty*, *Guercino's St. John and St. Mark*, a beautiful portrait of a

lady by *Titian*, and two very fine *Magdalens*, original and copy, by *Guido Reni*,—of which the original pleased me best. The two first of these paintings are so beautiful, that a real amateur would be well recompensed for a very long journey, by the sight of them alone.

The palace of Prince *Corsini* is likewise extremely rich; there are in it nine rooms full of very valuable and beautiful pictures, amongst which a head of *St. John the Baptist*, by *Guido Cagnacci*, particularly caught our attention,—not so much in consequence of any uncommon excellence of its own, as for its striking resemblance to his brother Guido Reni's St. John of the Remitani, at Padua. It is evident that the brothers painted from the same model, though with unequal success. This palace is now on sale. If the collection goes with it, it will be worth the attention of Sovereigns. Prince Corsini is gone to Florence, and seems to have left Rome for ever.

The celebrated gallery shown in the *Farnesina*, struck me as very inferior to its

great reputation: I saw nothing in it that I should have particularly remarked, except a beautiful group of the Graces, which is so very different from all the rest, that I immediately asked our guide if the same hand had really painted the whole. He informed me that the group I admired was Raphael's own; but that his scholars had painted all the rest under his direction: the whole, however, goes under his name, and it really is doing him very little honour. It was in the next room, that Raphael painted the Triumph of Galatea, and that Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who secretly gained admission to see it, in spite of Raphael's positive injunctions for his exclusion, sketched a large head on the wall, with a piece of charcoal, whose author Raphael guessed the instant he saw it.

The *Farnesina* was to have been joined to the palace of *Farnese*, by an arch cast over the Tiber, but this work has not been accomplished. The latter is, in point of architecture, one of the most magnificent in Rome. It was built with materials taken from the Coliseum; and is in the same

style, having three different orders one above the other, Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian; but with all its ill-gotten wealth, it does not produce a very good effect. Its greatest beauty consists in a room painted in *fresco*, by *Annibal Caracci*, and which, I think, an amateur of painting might be justified in calling the most beautiful in the world. There are some mere outlines, others shaded in *chiaro scuro*, and others finished in colours; the whole most elegantly intermingled, and as perfect as imagination can conceive them. They had been hitherto kept in the most admirable state of preservation, while the remainder of the palace was abandoned; but now unfortunately, the Neapolitan Ambassador lives there, and having no other drawing-room fitted up for the reception of company, it is but too likely that this apartment will be spoilt by the smoke of lamps and candles. His Excellency gave a ball, during our stay in Rome, to which we went; and though I was well entertained, and glad to see the *fête*, it grieved me to the heart to see so many lights in that place. They

had, however, been very carefully disposed; and were placed so much lower than the paintings, that they could not have done them great damage on that single evening, but frequent repetition might hurt them seriously. There was additional reason for placing the lights at some distance from the paintings; several of the subjects being extremely free, and some even indecent. How could it be otherwise, in a palace of the house of Farnese? Is it not very glorious for the branch of the Bourbon family that reigns at Naples and in Spain, to owe a great part of its riches to an alliance with such an house? When Sovereigns are base enough to choose the most corrupt blood to be poured into the veins of their children, and the most disgusting monsters and abandoned women to blot their heraldry, they must not expect to be revered as the Vicegerents of the Almighty on earth.

The palace of Prince *Doria* is one of the most interesting in Rome in respect of its gallery, which contains many very beautiful paintings; and, in particular, some of

the most admirable landscapes of *Claude Lorraine*.

I should be sorry to omit mentioning one very curious remain of ancient art, which we had some difficulty in discovering, as it is in a private house of no great appearance, in the Corso, not far from the Ruspoli palace, but on the opposite side of the way: unfortunately I cannot recollect the exact number of the house. The picture is called *Le Nozze Aldobrandine*, from the name of the first proprietor at the time of its discovery. It is a very curious representation of a wedding night. The colours have sadly suffered from damp, and no judgment can at present be formed of them; but the drawing is masterly, the subject significantly but not indelicately treated, and the composition really admirable.

Since I have mentioned several modern palaces, I ought not to pass over that of the *Braschi*, the staircase of which is one of the most elegant, and most magnificent in the world. I may take this opportunity of observing, that when the weather is damp

all the staircases and pillars of all the palaces I saw in Rome are dripping with water, though not exposed to the rain. I should think this a very strong indication of an unwholesome climate; but I made no observations on the subject. I only mention it as a circumstance which struck me particularly, when I visited some of these palaces.

The palace of *St. Mark*, or of Venice, is very remarkable for its Gothic construction, amongst all these modern buildings. It is in a state of decay, which will probably cause it to be abandoned ere long, unless the Austrian Government choose to sacrifice a considerable sum to repair it,—which they are not very likely to do. It was inhabited at the time by Count *Apponi*, the Austrian Ambassador, who gave a splendid ball there; but I understood that the two rooms where we were received were the only ones that could be made use of for company. Its finest ornament undoubtedly was the ambassador's lady, an exceedingly pretty and most amiable woman, and one of the most accomplished

that I ever met with. She is a native of Verona brought up I believe, at Vienna: the Count is an Hungarian,—and a very young man for such a post.

How could I forget to speak of *Guido Reni's Aurora*, in the *Barberini Palace*? It is a most classical production, and one of the most celebrated in Italy; but I confess, that I like this artist better in melancholy compositions—in which he surpasses all competitors, than in such subjects as this, in which though excellent, he is yet surpassed in some points by Raphael and by Annibal Caracci.

I am very far from noticing these as the only galleries and palaces that deserve to be visited in Rome; but people who have but a short time to spend there, will find those which I have mentioned quite sufficient to fill up the intervals of their visits to the ancient monuments, which should always be considered as their first object. Those who are fortunate enough to have years at their disposal, may take an antiquary or Cicerone to accompany them about the city, trusting to him for the

choice of the objects of curiosity; and there are some of this class who are very clever and well-bred persons.

I cannot, however, omit to say a few words of a very wonderful collection of statues, which I have purposely refrained from speaking of hitherto, because they were not Roman property, but belonged to the Hereditary Prince of Bavaria, in whose palace at Munich they are now probably deposited. I mean the *Ægina Marbles*; which are uncommonly interesting, as the most ancient monuments of Grecian sculpture known to us. I shall attempt to describe them for the satisfaction of those who may not have an opportunity of seeing them, or who may not be able to procure a better description of them than mine,—which I am sensible must be very imperfect, especially as I was prevented from seeing the marbles so often as I could have wished. Some artists were at that time busied in restoring them, which they were doing with such astonishing skill, as really to deceive the eyes of any but very practised connoisseurs; and it was on

this account impossible to gain admittance except at particular hours, of which for several weeks, we were not aware. Nobody that I have heard of, has yet been able to form any probable conjecture as to the subject which they were intended to represent; which seems to be some trait, unknown to us, of heroic and fabulous history. There is a figure of Minerva in all her martial attire, which stood in the pediment of an ancient temple, in the midst of the other figures: at least that is the account which was given us of them; but then it is strange, that all the figures should be so completely finished on every side. There are seventeen figures of men armed with bows and arrows, some in the act of shooting, others dying, one pulling an arrow out of his bosom; but every one of them exactly alike in features and countenance, and smiling in a rather foolish manner. Their noses are tolerably good, but their eyes and mouths are by no means well formed, and the whole face is rather disagreeable than otherwise. This is a very remarkable circumstance, and it must

have proceeded from some particular cause; for the bodies are very handsome, and extremely well executed. Notwithstanding the extraordinary resemblance which I have noticed in the features of all the men, their dresses and arms are not the same, so that they are not likely to have represented one family. Some of them have handsome helmets, and are represented as wearing iron corslets of curious workmanship, with small leathern thongs hanging over one another. But the lower part of the body, as well as the arms, are entirely naked: and the left arm holds a smooth, round shield. This is likewise the dress of Pallas, except that in her figure the thighs are covered: her helmet had been coloured sky-blue, her corslet had had scales painted upon it, and her robe was edged with scarlet. One of the men is very differently dressed from all the others: he wears pantaloons closely fitted to the shape, and an equally tight coat, which is very plainly marked at all its extremities and in particular at the ends of the sleeves. One strange circumstance, however, is, that

this coat seems to be of one piece with his skin, for there is not the least mark of separation at the neck. Was this done on purpose, or was it an omission of the sculptor? The latter seems most improbable, when the extreme nicety of the finishing in other respects is considered. The hair, both of Pallas and of all the male figures, is most curiously dressed in uncommonly minute curls.

It is clear, from the manner in which the bodies are executed, that the art of sculpture had already attained a very high degree of perfection; what, then, could be the meaning of making seventeen faces perfectly alike, and every one of them smiling or grinning in that strange manner, even when dying, and under the impression of acute pain? This seems quite incomprehensible, and will probably furnish no little employment to the most ingenious antiquaries. I was extremely sorry that I could not see these Marbles more frequently, for they had awakened my curiosity, and I should have been delighted to examine them, one by one, with the most careful attention.

I have purposely reserved to the last what struck me as the most beautiful statue I had ever seen, without excepting even the most celebrated in the Vatican: I mean the statue attributed to Praxiteles, which was formerly called *Alexander taming Bucephalus*, and which Mr. Winckelmann called *Pollux*. The statue by Phidias, to which he gave the name of *Castor*, is not nearly so handsome; and the horses of both are wretchedly bad. These two groups are placed on the *Monte Cavallo* (the Quirinal,) which has taken its name from them. I am decidedly of opinion that the former is superior even to the Apollo of the Belvidere.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ancient Rome—Reasons of the present Depopulation of the Country around—Defence of the Popes from the Charge of neglecting to preserve the Monuments of Antiquity, and of degrading them to modern Uses. The Coliseum, Pantheon, and Columns of Trajan and Antonine—Censure of a class of English Travellers—Difficulty of settling the Topography of Ancient Rome, without further Excavations—Few Remains of the Ages of the Republick.

BEFORE I enter upon the ancient classical ground which I am now about to tread with my readers, I must apologize to them for the very imperfect manner in which I am but too conscious that I shall treat this portion of the subject. I never could succeed to my wish in my attempts to describe objects even of ordinary interest; and the crowd of associations which every monument of ancient Rome excited in my mind, could not but tend to prevent me from giving sufficient attention to ex-

ternal details. Viewing those monuments with the deepest interest myself, I had no room for the consideration of how I might best convey the impression of that interest to others. But I shall make my account of them as clear, and as little deficient in essential points, as I can.

Modern Rome extends over a very considerable part of the ancient capital of the empire,—though not over the most interesting part of it, with the exception only of the immediate vicinity of the Capitol. Several of the hills are now completely abandoned, or are inhabited only by gardeners, peasants, and a few proprietors of villas. This is the real cause of the strange disappearance of population in the outskirts and neighbourhood of Rome. The husbandmen and country-people left their villages or hamlets, where numerous banditti kept them in constant fear and real danger, and retired within the walls, where they found more ground to cultivate than they had really occasion for. These are the people who supply the markets; and little is wanted beyond what they

have to sell. The man who farms the *Farnese Gardens*, on Mount Palatine, told me that he had a yearly crop of thirty thousand artichokes, and other vegetables in proportion. This instance is sufficient to convey a notion of the rest; and whoever has given the subject a moment's thought, needs not be astonished to see the country around so completely deserted. In a walk which I took one beautiful day, with *Mr. Edward Bankes*, we went out of the *Porta Appia*, (now called *Porta di San Sebastiano*) round the walls, and in again at the *Porta di S. Giovanni Laterano*, without having met with any living creature save one man and some hogs he was driving, though the distance was at least a mile and a half.

It appeared expedient to begin with this obvious reflection (which I do not recollect to have heard mentioned before) because it affords, I think, a very sufficient answer to the ever-renewing lamentations, in which so many writers indulge on this subject. I cannot suppose that any one can seriously regret the diminution of the tremendous population of that sink of all

imaginable vices, ancient Rome. A man may be carried away by a love of the arts, so far as to think it a pity that such and such a monument should have been destroyed; but he must be literally out of his senses to wish that Rome still existed as the sovereign mistress of the world. The sight of ruins cannot but dispose the mind to a train of interesting and melancholy thoughts; but these thoughts ought to be inspired by reason and virtue, not by a childish longing after baubles which could only amuse us, without procuring happiness or comfort to any one.

I must likewise say a word in defence of the Popes, (and nobody will imagine that I do so from a blind predilection for them,) against what appear to me very unjust and unreasonable imputations. People in general are extremely ready to accuse *them* of the devastation of ancient Rome, and to abuse them in the most scurrilous manner for not having preserved the monuments of art with greater care. One might really imagine that not a roof, not a stone of any building had fallen to the

ground, or had been removed, except by permission of the Popes; and that they felt a malicious pleasure in destroying temples, theatres, and whatever most particularly deserved to be respected. I shall first observe, that this carelessness about old buildings, even about those which were most respected, was a striking feature of the *Republick* of Rome. Livy says, that the temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* was fallen to pieces through old age—*vetustate dilapsum*—when Augustus rebuilt it; and Cornelius Nepos, in the life of Atticus, assigns an additional reason for this dilapidation, namely, *neglect*,—" *vetustate atque incuria detecta ædes.*" Such witnesses as Livy and Cornelius Nepos, when they speak of their own times and of objects which they saw with their own eyes, are assuredly most unexceptionable. Here then we see, that those very Romans whose meanest edifices it is held to be " *a shame to abandon to decay*," did not themselves take care of their noblest and most venerable monuments and temples; for what could be more venerable in their eyes than

this temple of Jupiter Feretrius, built by their founder himself, in memory of his first very important victory? It is really too absurd to expect that a Christian bishop should take better care of the heathen temples, than the heathens themselves did.

In the next place, we ought never to forget, that some of those noble edifices of ancient Rome had been completely inundated with Christian blood. Several thousands of martyrs were torn to pieces by wild beasts in the *Coliseum*, which is without comparison the grandest of all the monuments still existing. The Coliseum, too, perpetuates the memory of other horrors committed by the conquering nation, for it was built by twelve thousand prisoners of war reduced to slavery: they accomplished the work in the space of five years, a period within which nothing but the most cruel treatment could have compelled them to finish the task;—though the time may seem sufficient to those who never saw that giant-theatre, which contained places for more than one hun-

dred thousand spectators, and in which five thousand beasts were destroyed in a single day, for the amusement of the *models of freemen.* I should have thought that it had been well for the honour of the ancient Romans, if this monument of barbarous turpitude had been levelled with the ground; but I frequently met with English travellers gravely asserting, that the Popes deserved the curses of mankind for having permitted a few altars to be raised, and a cross to be erected, in the *Arena!*—where, by-the-bye, they do not in the least interfere with the amphitheatre, and are even intended to protect it against new depredations. Indeed, so far is the Pope from being neglectful of these remains, that he has built a buttress to support the outer walls, in a place where they threatened to fall. Besides, he constantly keeps guards there; and as he cannot afford to employ as many guards as would be necessary to defend this and all the other monuments effectually, he has devised the very best of all plans for that object, in making them consecrated ground.

It is thus that the Pantheon has been turned into a Christian church, to the great scandal of those same *philosophical* admirers of antiquity, who think it a real abomination. Who shall deny that their indignation is just?—when it is recollected how noble a feature in that Roman character which they so deeply venerate, this temple perpetuates! it was built by one of those great men who showered felicity on mankind, in honour of his master, his emperor, and his God,—the *virtuous Augustus, then living!* Such a compliment, if paid to the King of England, or indeed to any modern Sovereign, by one of his ministers, would be called the very depth of contemptible flattery; but in a *Roman*, it was a sublime thought! and the mere idea of it is sufficient to inspire the liveliest enthusiasm!

"But what can be said in defence of the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, which have been placed upon the noble columns of Trajan and Antonine?" Why, that these two apostles are much more truly the Sovereigns of modern Rome, than those

whom they have supplanted were of the ancient city: and that when the Religion for which they suffered martyrdom, fixed its seat here, and exacted tributes in *their names* from all the Sovereigns in Europe, disposing of crowns and empires at the pleasure of the *servant of its servants* *, it might seem natural enough that they should be exalted on the very highest and most conspicuous places in the capital—no longer merely of the ancient Roman Empire, but of the wider Christian world. But no apology (it seems) is to be listened to for such horrible profanations. I have seen gentlemen's hair stand on end at the mere mention of them. Their sensitive indignation was excited and their feeling hearts cruelly tormented by every modern object. Sometimes indeed the character of their indignation seemed perfectly brutal; but that brutality was in fact only an excess of liberality! For example, if the reader had seen an humble individual prostrating himself before the altar

* The Popes very humbly call themselves "*Servi servorum Dei*," and their seals bear the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul.

of God, he would have thought perhaps (as I did) that it *might* possibly be an afflicted father praying for the life of his only child, or a tender husband seeking consolation for the loss of a beloved wife, or a dutiful son offering the sacrifice of his own life to prolong that of his parents: and the question revolved in the mind of the spectator, might have suggested a series of deeply-affecting scenes, while he sympathized in sufferings which *all* cannot view with indifference. But the gentlemen I have alluded to were not so childish; they did not merely conjecture, but were at once *convinced*, that it was some murderer, who feigned devotion in order to obtain the absolution of his crimes!

But to speak seriously: I should not have taken notice of this class of individuals, if it had not been so numerous at Rome as to form a considerable body; and if many young men had not been drawn into it by mere levity, and by a wish to appear *thoroughly classical*, agreeably to the false notions they had been taught to entertain on this subject. When

Englishmen talk nonsense, they are more intolerable than any nation on earth, because they talk it methodically, and with a provoking degree of pedantic assurance. When they are reasonable and sensible, and not less modest and well-bred than well-informed, they are the most delightful people with whom one can associate. I had the good fortune to meet several of the latter description in Italy, and I derived as much enjoyment from their society as from any thing that I saw and admired there; but there were others, I am sorry to say, whom I met with in still greater numbers, and who are unfortunately a much more communicative class, who really contrived to destroy the pleasure I should have taken in visiting the antiquities, by the silly observations and vexatious ill-nature with which they continually interrupted my reflections. I would warn young travellers against this sad disposition to find fault with every thing that does not agree with their own habits and pre-conceived opinions; and against the adoption of contemptuous and abusive

modes of expression, which they are too apt to think are indications of superior knowledge and penetration, while they are, in fact, infallible symptoms of ignorance and perverseness of mind. The advice which I give them is both for their good and for their pleasure: they will find much greater delight in sincere admiration than in a surly habit of railing against particular persons and things, not to be influenced or affected by either their censure or their praise. I have seen to my regret even ladies sneer at the religious ceremonies of the Catholicks in so open a manner as to draw on themselves not only severe and well-merited rebukes, but even threats, which nothing but a precipitate retreat could have prevented from being realized. What excuse can we frame for insulting individuals in the exercise of the religion in which they have been educated? Let us join in ardent wishes for the triumph of an enlightened religion over degrading superstition, and for the speedy suppression of the Pope's temporal power: but let us never lose sight of those prin-

ciples of charity, forbearance and equity, without which the name either of Christian or of Philosopher is a mere idle sound.

I shall now endeavour to take my readers along with me, in my excursions over the classical ground of ancient Rome.

The ruins of Rome would afford the most delightful entertainment to a person well versed in the poetry and the prose of its ancient authors, if the places which those authors mention had retained their original names, and could be known again with any degree of certainty. But this is very far from being the case. A great many of the ancient streets have lost every trace of their former appellations, and are only known by the name of some Saint. This circumstance is certainly very provoking. But the same thing happens in every country that has experienced great changes; and those who approved of the proceedings of the French in giving revolutionary names to the streets and bridges of Paris, ought not to be so very severe with the Popes or the Romans, for having done the same at Rome. It is a stupid thing enough

in either; but the thing is done, and we must take it as we find it. The ancient names of an immense number of streets, which by their situation might have enabled us to form an accurate conception of the old plan of Rome, have been so changed as to leave us no clue out of these labyrinths. When you fancy you have made out a very plausible map, some passage or other in an ancient writer shows you that you have been mistaken; and to reconcile all authorities seems nearly impossible. What increases the difficulty is, that a great many ruins have been misnamed by the earliest antiquaries; that the wrong denominations still survive; and that it seldom occurs to you to inquire into the truth of their history, till they have led you astray in your attempts to discover other objects and situations by their means. Even the Seven Hills are so completely changed, that you feel quite puzzled at some passages in the historians, which you would have imagined were plain enough to enable you to draw a correct map of Rome, without having seen it. The buildings erected upon them were pulled down, and

thrown into the valleys between them; where they filled up to the very roofs whole streets of deserted houses. This was particularly the case with the Capitoline Hill, when that chief of banditti, *Robert Guiscard*, came to Rome towards the end of the eleventh century. The whole space between the Capitol and St. John Lateran was laid waste by the soldiers, or robbers, under his command; and it has hardly been inhabited since, except so far as it might suit people who had no other asylum, to take possession of some part of the ruins. We may easily perceive, from the crowded remains of temples on that side of the Capitol, that the streets were astonishingly narrow, and the publick buildings so very near one another, as to cause a real confusion, rather than grand and noble scenery. Judge then of the appearance of the place, when all the houses, and palaces, and temples, and publick buildings of every description were pulled down, and their materials cast into these narrow lanes. It must, for a long time, have been absolutely impossible to pass that way; till at length the rubbish smoothed

itself in some degree, by the effect of the rain and dust which formed a sort of plaster over it, and a foot-path was established by the peasants, who had no other passage into or out of town. That foot-path became in time a road; and nobody, for ages, ever thought of looking for the houses below. On the other hand, there can be no doubt but that the Emperors, when they built their immense palaces, their theatres, their *Thermæ*, levelled considerable parts of the ancient hills, so as completely to change their former shape and elevation. It would therefore be vain to try to find out the very spots, which, according to Livy, were illustrated by the first kings of Rome. Indeed, if we could trace the scenes which Livy describes, it would only give us an idea of Rome in *his* time, not in *their's*, for no man, in our days, can be so credulous as to receive as fact what he says of the early ages of Roman history. The number of parrots who have repeated these fables after him, and the number of pedants who have forced them into the weak brains of boys at school and at college, is

now I trust nearly exhausted; as well as that race of scribblers who profess to write history without giving themselves the trouble of examining the materials they employ. A man might as well be called an architect for building a house of cards, as the writers of the two last centuries, historians, for the Mother-Goose Tales which they have translated into French, German, English, Italian, or any other modern language. It is high time that such works should be sent to the grocers*; and fortunate would it have been had they never reached other hands!

But this digression, if I were to indulge in it further, might carry me too far from the subject under consideration,—which is, the impossibility of making the present vestiges of Rome agree with the partial descriptions of it, scattered through the works of the Classicks. The situation even of the *Forum Romanum*, undoubtedly the most interesting spot of the ancient city, is

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* " ——————— vendentem thus et odores,
" Et piper, et quicquid *chartis* amicitur *ineptis*."

far from being precisely ascertained. Modern antiquaries say, that it extended from the foot of the Capitol towards the arch of *Janus Quadrifrons:* but I am persuaded that it extended from the arch of *Septimus Severus* to that of *Titus.* They must doubtless have had some good reasons (besides the pleasure of broaching a new system) for the opinion which they profess: I, on the contrary, am satisfied with my reasons for adhering to the old belief on this subject. Nothing short of the excavation of both places will, I fancy, be able to settle the question. On this subject, therefore, I shall say no more at present:—except that if my readers should disapprove of my suppression of the details of the really-laborious inquiries which I instituted into this matter, I should be ready to communicate them in a supplement. It certainly is an extremely interesting question to those who have been at Rome, but the discussion of it might appear tedious and useless to those who neither have been, nor intend to go, there. For the latter it will be sufficient to

know, that no one can yet positively show the place formerly occupied by the *Forum Romanum;* that besides the *Coliseum* and the *Pantheon,* whose *noble* destinations I have mentioned, we are assured of the identity of the temple built in honour of the Empress *Faustina,* one of the most abominable prostitutes that ever dishonoured a throne;—of the *Thermæ* of the fratricide *Caracalla;*—of the gardens of *Nero;*—and of several other places equally calculated to awaken those *grands souvenirs* which novel writers may talk of, but to which sober critics find it extremely difficult to assign a proper point of action, in all that wide and waste ground.

There is a small street near the Capitol (on the side of modern Rome) called *Vicolo di Madama Lucrezia;* but I never could ascertain that it had received its name from the chaste victim of *S. Tarquinius;*—nor was I able to make out the meaning of the title of *Madama,* which is so uncommon in Italian, and has so unclassical a sound. There is also a small fragment remaining of the bridge on which

Horatius Cocles is said to have performed such wonders; but it must be observed that the bridge has been rebuilt and destroyed several times; that it was a wooden one in the hero's days; and that what is left of it, in ours, is of stone; so that romantick visitors, who are very anxious to credit the story (of the truth of which I will not venture to utter a suspicion any more than of that of some of our own Helvetian legends,) need not regret its being covered by the yellow Tiber. The family vault of the *Scipios* had also been discovered, of late years, in the private ground of a peasant. I went to examine it; and having, after a great deal of trouble, gained admission, I was shewn into a dark, subterraneous place, by a man who carried a candle, but who could not explain any thing whatsoever; so that I knew just as much after undergoing the dampness of the vault as I did before, *viz.*, that several individuals of the *Scipio* family were believed to have been buried there, but that the only interesting Sarcophagus, that of *Cneius Cornelius Scipio*, had

been taken out and carried to the Vatican.

Of any other antiquities in Rome, that can recall to mind the times of the Republick, I have no present recollection; if any such should occur to my memory hereafter, I shall not fail to mention them. All the monuments extant are the works of the seven Kings, or of the Emperors. Let not my readers imagine that I took no interest in them on that account: quite the reverse. They entertained and interested exceedingly. But I wish particularly to show, that those stubborn republicans of our days, who breathe nothing but Roman virtue, and whose democratic feelings are exalted into rapture at the sight of Roman monuments, never saw any thing in Rome but what bore the print of *servitude* under the Kings, and of *servility* under the Emperors.

I, at least, could see nothing else there; and I am, therefore, not at all prepared to exhaust myself in lamentations upon the sad changes which have taken place in this glorious portion of the civilized world.

I must beg the forgiveness of such of my readers as love romance, for the disappointment of which I may thus be the cause, for which they shall be compensated in the first *novel* that I may publish on Italy. In the present work I must be allowed to say nothing but what I believe to be the truth, and to express none but natural and rational feelings.

CHAP. XVII.

View of the State of Society in Rome under the Kings, as accounting for the Stupendous Public Works of that Early Age, of which the Remains exist at the present day.

IF we were to judge of the state of society in Rome under the kingly power, from the Tales which so many writers have dignified with the title of Roman History, we should find it very difficult indeed to account for the astonishing magnificence of its earliest monuments. The *Cloaca Maxima*, built by the elder Tarquin, is I believe the most stupendous work known in Europe,—a work which even Egyptian kings might have admired. The *Curia Hostilia* offers remains of similar architecture; walls and vaults, built with stones of such enormous size, and so closely joined, that they are likely enough to endure to the end of the world. From these remains alone it would be easy to shew

how ridiculous is the supposition that the Common People were of any consideration in the State under the Kings of Rome: they were slaves, and *could* be nothing else. It is clear that they had no votes to give; that they were never consulted; that the publick resolutions were not even communicated to them, except in so far as it was necessary that they should know what duties were prescribed for their performance; in short, that they were very nearly on the same footing as the Russian peasants in our days,—perhaps rather worse than better. On the other hand, I have no doubt that the Aristocracy had a much higher degree of power and dignity than they are generally represented and supposed to have possessed. All those Lords who were called *Patricians*, were very nearly on a level with their Chief, whom they called *King*, or (as I shall explain it when I come to speak of the language) *Orator*. Their more immediate, armed followers, very probably formed that part of the nation called *Populus* in the general assemblies. The *Plebs*

was considered as far below the *Populus*, which its name indeed implied,—a name (as I shall also shew,) more expressive than polite; but politeness to that portion of the inhabitants of Rome was then quite out of the question.

Under such a government, the private houses even of the wealthiest individuals must have been built on a very moderate scale, because each great man had only a portion of the general riches and a certain number of servile hands at his disposal: but the publick buildings were likely to be exceedingly grand, because in them every individual was equally interested, and yet they cost to no one any distinct personal sacrifice.

There is no doubt that these Chiefs had great, and what we generally call heroick, qualities: military skill, courage, and an independent spirit. They were, it may be presumed, very like the Poles of the last century. But nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that the common people had republican principles, and feelings of patriotic love. Every plebeian family was ap-

pended to their patrician chief or patron, whose house or estate was their real Country: for him they worked, for him they prayed, for him they fought, him they obeyed; and it would have been impossible to separate their interests from his by any appeal to their loyalty to their king and country. King and Country were words,—patriotic attachment a feeling—exclusively engrossed by the higher classes, and which the lower ones never thought or heard of, except when their lords spoke of them in their presence. The plays of Corneille and Voltaire on Roman subjects in those early ages are the most ridiculous productions that fancy could dictate, at least as far as historical truth is involved in them; and all those declamations scattered through so many books of various descriptions, on the high-spirited republican sentiments of the first Romans, are no better than arrant nonsense!

The worst of all those fables is that which represents the elder Brutus as sacrificing his own blood to liberty; while it is clear from all the known circumstances of

that too celebrated part of pretended Roman History, that he was actuated by the most furious and the most disgusting spirit of personal ambition. Liberty was a thing which he never dreamt of, and which his countrymen would probably not have known for a very long period after him, if he had not died ere his plans could be brought to full maturity. A man, who banished the very person whose wrongs he had pretended to revenge by the overthrow of the Royal Family,—who banished him upon the mere pretext of his name,—while he himself, the last king's own nephew, assumed the supreme authority,—was unquestionably not a friend to liberty. His atrocious condemnation of his own sons, if really true, is but an additional proof of the most savage and tyrannical disposition. Nobody can ever persuade me that a man capable of such an outrage against nature, could mean well to his fellow-citizens. It was the death of this Brutus that opened the eyes of Rome to the first dawn of liberty. The other patricians being very nearly equal amongst themselves, could not long agree in

confiding too much power to the hands of any one individual. They chose therefore *two;* and they limited themselves to that number, because the idea of an aristocratical republic was not yet grown familiar to them, and because they all wished to enjoy the supreme authority in their turn. They conferred this power only for short periods; and they gradually reduced it within certain limits, which left open the privilege of free discussions in the Senate: for it could not well be expected, that those who had already been Consuls, should, after laying down that office, completely renounce the management of public affairs. At first, therefore, their opinions were *invited* as a matter of compliment to their late dignity; then they came to be *given* as a matter of right. The whole Senate, on whose choice the election of Consuls depended, soon acquired the same privilege of free discussion; and the Aristocracy was, by these means, fully established. But the *People* had nothing whatsoever to do with these first changes, except in so far as their leaders had occasion for their co-operation

in the field. They had no share, however small, in the elections, much less in the publick resolutions. Nay, they were not even considered as beings of the same species as their lords: since the children born of a mixed marriage (between a patrician and a plebeian) were considered as bastards, such marriages being completely contrary to law. How could it be otherwise, since marriage was a ceremony exclusively reserved for the nobles, and denied to the plebeians? Until a positive law was extorted from the former, authorizing the latter to have their conjugal unions duly solemnized with the same rites, and consecrated by the same ceremony (*confarreatio*,) the children of a client were not more truly citizens of Rome, than the puppies or kittens of his patron. It was not till very long after the expulsion of the Kings, that the plebeians began to feel that they were human beings and that the distance at which they were kept by their lords began to wound their feelings. And it is probable, that they would never have dared to make the least attempt to raise them-

selves above the condition of their masters' cattle, if their services in war had not, by slow degrees, opened their eyes to their disgraceful situation. In time of peace they had either no leisure to make, or no means to circulate, observations of this nature; but in camps, where the clients of different patrons were necessarily often lodged together, and were led to compare their respective leaders, to talk of their deeds, and to discuss their private as well as publick conduct, they could not fail, sooner or later, to make serious reflections on the extreme difference which existed between themselves and their masters; a difference not to be sufficiently accounted for by any disparity of natural means; notwithstanding that the habit of command on the one side, and that of blind obedience and low obsequiousness on the other, might have established a perceptible, and even a striking diversity of features as well as of temper between them. That diversity, besides, must have gradually diminished, as every succeeding war augmented the consequence, and at the same time enlarged

the feelings and the understandings, of the lower classes. It is probable, however, that the captives in war contributed more than any other cause, to awaken sentiments —first of surprise, and at length of indignation,—in those classes with which they mingled; for there is every reason to believe that the Italian nations which the Romans subdued around them, had governments of a much more liberal nature than the latter, and were strangers to their degrading division of society into demi-gods, and demi-brutes. Every new conquest augmented the population of a lower rank, and was a real blow to the nobles; who still went on priding themselves in their victories, and indulging in that food which was poison to their prerogatives; till at length the disorder broke out, and produced a series of forced concessions. *These concessions* are the proper authorities to be consulted, as to the social state which preceded them: we may safely judge of what was wanted, by what was extorted: and the great moderation of the people in the earliest dissen-

sions, is no indifferent proof of the awe with which they had been taught to look up to the Patricians.

This account of the progress of the Roman people in the unfolding of their moral faculties, may seem tedious by its length; but the progress itself was extremely slow; since it was only about 150 years after the expulsion of the Kings, that they could accomplish the election of a Plebeian to the Consular Chair. The end of the fourth century from the foundation of Rome, was then fast approaching.

From that time, indeed, the form of her government was democratical enough; yet there were still strong traces of its former exclusive nature; for the Patricians retained for 65 years longer the very important office of Pontiffs, or High Priests: which, however, they were eventually compelled also to share with the Plebeians; and after that all their rights were equal. But this did not happen till the 453d year of Rome, more than 200 years after the establishment of the Consulate. The *levellers* of every country are therefore more enter-

taining than they wish to be, when they refer to the earliest ages of Rome for the exemplification of their principles, and when they change their own and their children's names for those of Junius Brutus, Valerius Publicola, Horatius, *&c. &c.*, as they did during the French Revolution.

The fall of the Monarchy was accompanied by the fall of that noble style of architecture, which strikes the beholder with astonishment and admiration, and which could not exist under any other form of government. The Kings wanted only the assent of a majority of the nobles, for the undertaking of any publick works which their love of magnificence, or their views of publick utility, might suggest to them; and as they contributed largely for their own share, and had sundry means of influencing others, that assent was easily obtained. The Consuls had great power also, but of too short duration to allow them to engage in works of such magnitude, or even to think of proposing them, amidst the continual though successful wars with which they were occupied,

during that first epoch of the republic. Nor is it probable, that they could have induced the other senators to consent to such works. Private interest, jealousy, envy, avarice, militated against it. In short, it could not be expected that any thing of the sort would be done under the Consular authority: that nothing was actually done is sufficiently evident; otherwise some part of the works of those times would surely have subsisted to our days, as well as what remains of the monuments of more ancient periods.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Rome as a Republick—Continuation of the Political Sketch commenced in the preceding Chapter, as bearing upon the Examination of the Monuments of the different ages of Rome.

WHEN the Plebeians had achieved a complete equality of rights with the Patricians, the progress of the Roman Republic towards universal dominion became, from the mere nature of things, excessively rapid.

The lower classes of society are every where loud enough in their invectives against the upper ones; and as long as they talk in the abstract, every one of them is ready to protest that he will give his vote to none but a man of his own rank. When, however, an election comés on, he is so unwilling to raise his acknowledged equal above himself, that he always prefers voting for one who is already exalted either by birth, riches, or talents. This

rule of the human heart meets with so few exceptions, that it may be considered as a standing axiom in politicks.

There must be great qualities and great resources of mind in a man, in whose favour the first exception is made to this general rule. And though we may not be able to ascertain that the first Plebeian who was made Consul did any thing in particular to prove himself deserving of that distinction, we may be pretty sure that none were raised to the dignity but men capable of illustrating their name by their deeds,—at least in the earlier times;—afterwards, indeed, it was grown into a custom, and the election of a Plebeian Consul had ceased to be a party-stroke. On the other hand, the Patricians were deeply interested in rivalling and excelling their Plebeian colleagues; so that this double motive of action gave prodigious strength to the government, and such an impetus to the whole nation, that none of the radical defects of its constitution could impede its progress through a long series of conquests. But those defects stuck closely to it, though

concealed by the very triumphs which seemed to disprove their existence; and they penetrated into its core, and gnawed its vital parts, while its outward appearance inspired terror even in the nations amongst whom it had not yet carried destruction.

It is not consistent with the plan of my work to carry this digression so far as to give it the appearance of a regular history. I shall therefore only briefly refer to what has been written by several very ingenious, if not profound, authors, on the causes of the downfal of the Roman Republick; and chiefly to the observations of my own countryman, *Mr. de Lolme*, who, though he has said but little on the subject, has yet said more in effect than all his predecessors and his followers. And I shall add only a few very obvious truths which do not seem to have been sufficiently attended to, and which I consider to be of immense importance.

The Religion of the first Romans seems to have been more simple, and more serious than that of other heathen nations. They were strangers to that immense multitude

of gods, which the over-luxuriant imagination of the Greeks and Asiaticks had created. Their gods were few in number; and as they were believed to be virtuous and severe, they were accordingly respected and feared. Religious fear too frequently produces superstition; and the Romans were extremely superstitious. But if the excess of their credulity made them attach a high degree of importance to ceremonies, which certainly were infinitely more absurd than even the most extravagant practices of the most superstitious sects of Christians, the perfect sincerity of belief which animated every class, gave them a moral strength which has never been sufficiently appreciated. Let it be remembered, that in those early times their priests were not a stipendiary class: they were the Chiefs who led the people to war, and who maintained them in peace; without whose permission and interference nothing material could be done, and who introduced some particular religious rites into every action of life. This mixture of civil and ecclesiastical power in the chief of every noble family,

over his children and clients, formed such a bond of union between them, that no external influence could have broken it; and even long after the Plebeians had acquired a rank in society, and a considerable degree of influence in the State, they hardly dared to think that those religious rites could be performed by any but an hereditary Patrician. As soon as they began to discover that they could perform them with equal efficacy themselves (and it was an unpardonable error in the Patricians to have made them wish for it, by unseasonably refusing their assistance when it was requested), their deep respect for religion received a wound from which it never recovered. All the divinities of the conquered countries, however immoral and impure, were freely admitted and adopted; and they completely changed the nature as well as the form of publick and private worship. The great men began to be as free in their speeches on the subject, as the same class in France affected to be during the last two reigns of the Bourbons. Indifference and incredulity glided down from the

higher to the lower classes; and that Rome which conquered Carthage, had long ceased to exist, when Cæsar made himself master of its corpse. The winding-sheet was indeed more brilliant than any imperial robe, and seemed an object well worthy of his ambition.

Although I doubt not but the loss of that severe religious spirit in Rome gave a mortal stab to the Republick, yet there was another very strong vital principle in the moral character of its citizens, by which, if it had outlived the former, the Republick might still have been saved. The first Romans being surrounded by hostile nations on every side, felt much more exclusively attached to their own small country, than if they had lived on friendly terms with those around them. The philosophical title of Citizen of the World did not exist in their time; and even if it had been in use, it could not possibly have found its application among them; since they were not able to pass over the boundaries of Rome without being accompanied by a whole army to protect them against jealous, and perhaps

justly irritated, neighbours. All their affections were therefore concentrated within the precincts of their own city; and the continual dangers to which it was exposed, the incessant sacrifices of every sort which its safety and honour required, endeared it to them beyond all conception. No child ever loved its mother, no mother ever loved her child, as they loved Rome.

This powerful, I had almost said this almighty feeling, which animated the Patricians under the Kings, must have acquired new vigour when they established their aristocracy. It certainly received a severe shock, when the Patricians were deprived of their prerogatives; but then the new-made Romans adopted it with all the animating enthusiasm of youth, and it still produced wonders.

Every moment of life is a step towards the grave. It is necessary that the heart should beat to keep off death, and yet every one of its pulsations brings us nearer to our end. This is no less true of nations than of the individuals who compose them; and the fatal hour *will* strike, in spite of all that States-

men or Physicians may do to retard it. The most active life is the quickest spent; and our tranquil Glaciers have outlived tremendous Volcanoes. The same exercises which powerfully contribute to strength in youth, become fatiguing exertions in manhood, and killing excesses in a more advanced age.—The conquests of the Romans unquestionably increased all their faculties at first; but after a certain period, they agitated and exhausted, and at length destroyed them. It was a wise policy in the citizens of Rome to communicate their own rights to so many nations. Since they chose to invade the whole world, it was necessary that they should associate many partners in such an enterprise. But any privilege which we share with numbers, loses proportionably of its estimated value; and the love of Rome, which had been a passion, ceased at length to be even a feeling. Even in the time of their greatest prosperity, this sentiment had already become a mere boast. People were proud, or rather they were vain-glorious, of the title of Roman citizens, which involved in it that of Lords of the

Universe; but, far from inspiring enthusiasm, it did not even impart a sentiment of satisfaction. As soon as national pride degenerates into arrogance and vain-glory, it becomes a distemper of so malignant a nature, that nothing but the bitter medicament of extreme calamity can penetrate the public sore, and check the gangrene.

During this period, the luxury of the Romans was gradually carried to so extravagant a pitch, that the wise and the thinking even of their own nation were shocked at, and condemned it; but idle declamations can do no good in such cases. Do not our modern people of fashion every morning rail at the lateness of their hours of assembly, and every evening still more retard them? Many of those who were accounted the most virtuous and the best citizens, were infected with this disorder, and delighted in it hardly less than the worst. But it does not appear that it was a part of their luxury to employ their riches in raising splendid edifices, for the astonishment of posterity. Posterity was nothing to them; present enjoyment was their only care.

They levelled mountains, they digged or filled up lakes, they sent to the extremities of the earth for every delicacy of the table for which each country was renowned; they filled a great number of elegant but *small* villas with the most costly furniture, they kept an immense number of servants and slaves, and thus they squandered thousands of millions, of which hardly any trace remains except the names of the places from whence they dated elegant, *philosophical* epistles to their friends! But, suppose Mr. Hastings had met no Burke in the English Parliament, on his return from India; suppose his wealth had been employed in building the most magnificent palace that had ever been seen,—could any man of common feeling have looked at it without horror? Would not every honest friend of the British nation have wished for the annihilation of such a shameful monument of violence and rapine, exercised under the sanction of the British name*? Verres was not the only

* The writer here falls into a common error of foreigners —that of taking our party declamations for truth. No

Roman of his stamp, nor was he perhaps the most guilty, though his crimes happen to be the best known to us.

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man on earth was ever more unjustly accused, or more cruelly treated, than Mr. Hastings; who had certainly accumulated no money to build "magnificent palaces," and who was supported by a pension. Does not the eloquent and ingenious writer know that Mr. Hastings was acquitted, by the first tribunal in the world, of every charge?—Ed.

CHAPTER XIX.

Rome under the Emperors—Examination of the Boundaries of Roma Quadrata; and Remarks on the Monuments of that Age of Rome—Inferiority of the Romans to the Greeks in good Taste and the Fine Arts.

HAVING thus treated of the state of Rome under her Kings, and as a Republick, we come next to the consideration of *Rome under the Emperors.*

We are now arrived on the real *classical* ground of Roman Antiquities: for ninety-nine hundredths at least of the fine ruins still extant, belong to that *glorious* epoch which Tacitus, the greatest writer and the best historian that ever lived, has made so familiar to us, and on which so much light has been thrown by Suetonius.

Time has not respected the most curious and interesting monuments of that memorable era. No trace is left, or at least no trace has yet been discovered of the marble

house which Caligula built for his horse, and which he decorated with gold and ivory furniture, when he made him Pontiff, and promised to make him Consul. Though there are forty thousand manuscripts in the Vatican library, it would be vain to look amongst them for the letter of congratulation addressed by the Roman Senate to Nero, on the murder of his mother. Nor does the Museum of Antique Kitchen Utensils contain the mould of that celebrated pie for which Vitellius paid three thousand pounds. Alas! they are lost!—irretrievably lost I fear, are these, and many more such memorials of the piety, honour, and magnificence of the "*Peuple Roi*," the "*Grande Nation!*" Very fortunately, however, enough is left to feed the admiration of our modern philosophers with a splendid banquet of *grands souvenirs*. The whole space on the farther side of the Capitol is full of ruins; and those ruins are the more interesting, as the names of but very few of them are known; so that a man of imagination may choose that which he likes best, amongst all the conjectured ones with

which each fragment of Roman antiquities has been so liberally furnished by the men of learning who have written on the subject.

The study of antiquities is really one of the most entertaining I ever undertook. Had I been perfect master of my time, I should assuredly not have left Rome until I had ascertained, by the most irrefragable proofs, the site of the Roman Forum; for though I settled this point entirely to the satisfaction of my own mind, I am not so obstinately wedded to my theory as to deny that very plausible objections may be urged against it. I shall adhere to my promise of abstaining from a long dissertation on this subject, but I must be permitted to lay before my readers a single page or two devoted to an investigation upon which I wrote more than fifty on the spot.

There is a passage in Tacitus which solved my doubts, and which I think will appear equally conclusive to those who examine it with the same attention that I did. He says: "A foro Boario sulcus designandi "oppidi cœptus, ut magnam Herculis aram

" complecteretur: *Inde* certis spatiis inter-
" jecti lapides per ima Montis Palatini ad
" aram Consi: *mox* ad Curias veteres: *tum*
" ad Sacellum Larium, Forum*que* Roma-
" num." These were the four sides of *Roma quadrata* on the Palatine Hill. The *Forum Boarium* all agree to have been situated between the Capitol and the Tiber; the only difference between the antiquaries on either side of the question, is about its length, which some suppose to have divided that line with the Forum Romanum, while others (under whose banners I range myself) contend that the latter made a right angle with it. So that this first side, that of the *Forum Boarium* cannot be doubted to have been in that line which stretches from the *Capitol* towards the Arch of *Janus Quadrifrons* and the *Tiber*,—between the modern town on the right, and the Mount Palatine on the left. The second line is more clearly indicated by the words, " *Per ima* " *Montis Palatini ad aram Consi.*" The *Ara Consi* we *know* to have been in the *Circus Maximus*, between the *Palatine* and *Aventine* Hills. The third line went from thence to

the *Curiæ Veteres*, which were near the *Arch* of *Constantine*, still extant. These three lines once known, leave no room for disputing about the fourth, which extended from thence to the *Sacellum Larium*, close to the *Arch of Titus*, also still extant, and continued from thence through the *Forum Romanum*, in a straight line—for Tacitus places these two objects in the same line on the fourth side of the square, by the particle *que* ("forum*que*") while each side of the square is distinguished from that which precedes it by an adverb, "*Inde*," "*Mox*," "*Tum*."

I shall say no more on the *Forum*, having even outstepped the limit I had prescribed to myself: but as I have entered into no engagement against speaking of the temples which still embellish it by their ruins, I shall add a few lines respecting them, in answer to some objections grounded on their situation.

Of these the *Temple of Peace* is the largest and most conspicuous. My adversaries say that it was *near* the Forum; but that it would have been actually *in* it, if the forum

had been where I place it. *I* say it would have been far from the *Forum*, if the Forum had been on the other side of *Roma Quadrata*, and it need not necessarily have been *in* the Forum, where I place it; for the Forum occupied the very narrow valley formed by the Palatine and Esquiline hills, and the Temple of Peace might be situated on its verge, without being actually *in* it.

But as soon as these gentlemen are answered thus, they will perhaps protest against granting to these ruins the name of the Temple of Peace, of which they have been in undisturbed possession time immemorial; and they may say that the Temple of Peace was burnt. Very well; but surely the fire may have spared a part of its walls.—"True! but you can shew us no trace of fire." That may be, but those traces may have been obliterated by time, and by the dust and rain of so many ages: so, pray, let the temple stand where it is. There is another temple a little farther on, or rather a couple of temples turned with their backs to each other, separated only by a single wall which serves equally for both

of them. This particularity alone would seem sufficient to authorize the conjecture that it was consecrated to the Sun and the Moon, who were supposed to be brother and sister, and yet opposed to each other. And so it has been called, because it is known that there was a temple of that denomination in this part of Rome; but my antiquaries declare that this *cannot* be, because there was a temple of *Diana* in another place. A strange argument this! As if *Diana*, who had three very different attributes, could not have more than one temple in such a city! These objectors should choose their proofs with a little more care, in a city which contains so many churches in honour of the Virgin Mary, besides one in honour of *Gesù e Maria.*

A great deal has been said on the situation of the temple of *Faustina*, but the edifice which is known by that name in our days, bears an inscription in honour of *M. A. Antoninus and Faustina*; and it may be—nay, it is very likely to have been—a different building, erected, not by *Marcus*

Aurelius for his virtuous wife, but by *Commodus* for both his parents.

The temple formerly supposed to have been that of *Jupitor Stator*, was discovered, during my stay in Rome, to have been hitherto misnamed. It is now asserted to have been that of *Castor and Pollux*; but further excavations may possibly procure it even another title. The temple of *Jupiter Stator* must, in my opinion, have been much nearer the Arch of Titus. Nor is the temple of *Concord* likely to have been the same which now bears that name. It was built on the declivity of the Capitol, and the present ruins are in the part called *Intermontium*, rather nearer the *Tarpeian* Rock, which was on the other side. The real *Capitoline* Hill stood between the *Intermontium* and the *Quirinal*, and the *Clivus Capitolinus* was on that side where the prisons still exist, and which is covered with modern buildings. These buildings have deceived antiquaries, who thought the ruins they were in quest of must stand isolated.

But it is needless to lose time in enumerating the places which have no clear title

to the names affixed to them; suffice it to say, that there are almost *none* that can be spoken of with any degree of certainty.

The form as well as the height of the hills, has been completely changed by the immense heaps of ruins which were thrown down into the lower parts of the town, and which in many places rose up to the level of those buildings which towered above them before. Houses have been built in places where none existed in ancient times; just because those places happened to be less encumbered with ruins, and because the ground was more solid. Trees have been planted on the top of the rubbish which filled up some streets, and more particularly in the *Forum Romanum*. All the ancient authors are full of declamatory passages mentioning the temples which overlooked the Forum—"*imminentia templa*—," and those temples are now on a perfect level with the *Campo Vaccino*, some of them even lower. In such a confusion of things, it will be impossible ever to obtain a clear idea of the ancient disposition of the streets and publick buildings, unless the excavations be

carried on, upon a much grander scale and upon a proper system. At present, they really answer no very useful purpose. The earth which is taken up from one place, is thrown in a heap on the edge of the excavation, where it is left. If the discoveries below require the excavation to be widened, the people employed in it have first to remove all the earth newly deposited there, which nearly doubles their task. The earth and rubbish taken out of the excavations ought immediately to be carried out of town, or to some spot where it could not interfere with similar operations. The *Forum Romanum*, or *Campo Vaccino*, might be completely cleared in a few years, and would then afford the greatest satisfaction to its numerous visitors. We should then probably ascertain the precise situation of several landmarks, by which many circumjacent streets might be known, and which might render possible those classical walks amidst the ruins, which modern poets and novel writers alone can represent as forming, or as having formed, part of their entertainment at Rome. In its present shape,

and with the present lights on the antiquities, it is impossible not only to take such walks, but even to imagine them.

Since we must renounce this enjoyment, let us at least turn to the best account, those which are within our reach; and which Rome *as it is*, offers in sufficient abundance to occupy the leisure hours of a man of taste for years.

The *Coliseum* alone is so vast, so noble, so grand (notwithstanding some serious defects in its architecture) and especially so uncommonly picturesque in so many points of view, that it well deserves to be visited, at least twice or thrice a-week. Nor is it necessary to admire the Romans of former times, and to hate their present governors, in order to take a lively interest in this magnificent fragment of antiquity. I thought neither of Emperors nor of Popes, in the frequent visits which I paid there at every hour of the day—or of the night (for moonlight spreads an inconceivable charm over these ruins.) If the theatre had been entire in all its parts, and just as it existed when it served for the horrible entertain-

ments which I have mentioned, it certainly would not have afforded me the hundredth part of the delight I took in examining it in all its details. Ruins please me for their own sake, not merely in consequence of what they have been, or might be; and I could never feel particularly angry with those who have removed so considerable a part of the materials for the erection of three or four of the largest palaces, since they have left quite enough to render it the finest thing in the world. In its present state, none of its original defects can produce a very bad, or a strikingly unpleasant, impression. We may indeed on the first or second visit be struck with the difference between the mode of its construction, and that which we admire in the works of Tarquin and his family. The walls of the Coliseum are a mixed mass of stones, bricks, iron, and cement, which will not bear a comparison with the astonishing style of architecture observable in the *Curia Hostilia*, and particularly in the *Cloaca Maxima*. The three different orders of pillars and pilasters which are raised over

one another, and whose proportions are far from elegant or majestick, do not record the best style of Grecian architecture, and they must have produced a disagreeable effect when the building was new. But now, we look for picturesque ruins, not for models of architectural perfection.

The Coliseum is, however, the only piece of antiquity that can be seen so often with the same pleasure: the other ruins have no such picturesque merit, and are only remarkable for partial considerations, such as painted ceilings, the distribution, size, and form of rooms, *&c.*

There are twelve obelisks in Rome; and five grand pillars, the two finest of which are those called the columns of *Trajan* and *Antonine*. The first gives its name to a square, the middle of which has been excavated as low down as the level of the ancient place, which is, if I remember well, about eight or ten feet lower than that of the buildings around. The other stands in the middle of the *Piazza Colonna*; there is a staircase within it, as in the London

Monument. The general appearance of these columns is very agreeable as well as grand, and they are noble decorations to a square.

The *Capitol* is so very different from what it was in ancient times, that it affords but little satisfaction at first sight; it is however, far from being so insignificant as some would have it, and it grows more interesting on a nearer examination. What people call the *Capitol* at present, was only the *Intermontium* of ancient Rome, a sort of midway hill, which joined the *Tarpeian* Rock to the real *Capitoline* Mount. The latter is extremely high, as one may easily perceive from the church of Ara Cœli on its top. The Tarpeian Rock is lower, but yet quite lofty enough for its known destination. The *Intermontium* is lower still, but much higher than it seems. It is occupied by the palace of the Senators of Rome, and contains a collection of paintings on one side, and the famous assemblage of antique statues on the other, both of them extremely interesting. The great difficulty of arriving at this glorious part

of ancient Rome, from the *Corso*, which is the *Bond-street* of the modern town, is a very remarkable circumstance. It seems as if even chance opposed itself to the too frequent sight, by the present inhabitants, of a monument which they could not well view with the necessary indifference,—and as if it joined with many other circumstances, to bar their way back to the eminence from whence their ancestors issued their proud commands for the government of the world. The houses on that side are disposed in such a strange manner as to form a real labyrinth, out of which it requires a great deal of practice to find the way. And yet the *Intermontium*, which in former times had its chief front towards the forum, now has its greatest ascent on the side of modern Rome. It is not without magnificence; the staircase is grand, and well decorated, and the square on which the Senator's Palace and the Museums stand, adorned as it is with the fine equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, produces a fine effect; but there does not seem to be room on this

spot, and on the two summits of the Capitoline Hill, for the tenth part of the temples and statues which ancient authors mention as having stood on this space.

It must, however, be observed, that the Romans were exceedingly far from possessing any well-founded pretensions to elegance; they imitated the Greeks as closely as they could, without ever attaining to their pitch of excellence. They thought there could never be too much of a good or a fine thing; and they crowded temples, houses, statues, obelisks, and every sort of ornament, in a manner that must have seemed absurd to a person of taste. Rome must have had the appearance of those very rich, but vulgar ladies of fortune, who cover themselves with every description of jewels and gaudy finery that money can purchase: and when Roman writers speak of the admiration with which strangers were struck at the sight, I am much disposed to think that they mistook mere gazing for admiration. It is utterly impossible that a Greek artist could have felt any thing like pleasure, at

seeing a dozen temples squeezed together in a space which he would have thought too small for one. Another proof of the want of taste in the ancient Romans, is the ridiculous practice of placing in their temples pillars which they brought from Greece, Egypt, or other countries, and which of course could hardly ever perfectly agree with the architecture with which they were associated. This was done in so many instances, that we may take it for granted they never lost a single opportunity of adding to their supposed riches in that way.

In general, the Romans were not formed for the fine arts. They had strong and coarse ideas of things, which completely disqualified them from ever imagining those delicate touches which they sometimes perceived and felt in Grecian works, and which they strove to imitate, but never could express with the same elegance and correctness as their models, because they were not of their own growth. Some persons have indeed set Virgil on a level with Homer; but I believe their number to be

exceedingly small, and to consist only of people who did not understand Greek so well as Latin. But no one, I presume, ever thought of comparing Seneca to Euripides or Sophocles, though some of Seneca's tragedies have great merit. The Romans themselves were so sensible of their inferiority, that they did not think they could do better than to translate, or to copy. Their excessive humility in this respect, was probably one of the most efficient causes of that prodigious number of falsehoods, which the Grecian philosophers succeeded in introducing into the history of Rome, and which bear strong and evident marks of their origin. The Greeks completely outwitted their new lords, and kept them in a state of subjection with respect to every thing relative to the arts and sciences, more complete than that which they themselves suffered in political circumstances. The Roman arms had conquered the territory of Greece, but the Grecian accomplishments subdued the Romans themselves; and the latter victory

was certainly more glorious than the former; which was only the inevitable consequence of an enormous disproportion of mere physical force between the combatants.

CHAPTER XX.

On the Origin and Language of Ancient Rome.

BEFORE I proceed to speak of the other most remarkable ruins, I shall devote a single chapter to an inquiry into the *Origin and Language of Ancient Rome*; a part of my work which, if to some of my readers, it may appear an uncalled-for digression from my general plan, will be found at least original; and which I am not without hopes will attract the attention and excite the further inquiries of the learned.

The first question which presents itself in this inquiry is,—who were Romulus and his followers?

That Romulus and Remus should have been the illegitimate sons of a princess, is a circumstance too natural to stagger belief; neither is it at all incredible that the princess should have accused the God Mars of being the father of her children. That her story gained little credit at first, and that the boys were exposed, I should not hesi-

tate to think very probable; nor should I think it utterly incredible that they were suckled by a she-wolf, (however romantick the whole of this beginning must appear,) if the story rested upon any respectable authority. But that these children, brought up and educated by a simple shepherd, and accustomed to tend his flocks and to perform all the other peaceful duties of a pastoral life, should grow up such prodigies of military skill and valour, as, with only a small band of friends, to subdue all the nations around them, seems more than extraordinary.—That, after being acknowledged as his grandsons and his heirs by the King of Alba (the descendant of Æneas through a long line of royal ancestors) they should have rejected their legitimate subjects and their hereditary kingdom, for the honour of commanding a troop of banditti, and for the pleasure of building a new town in the most unwholesome spot that could be chosen,—this, I confess, is rather too much for my credulity; and every further step that I advance in this strange tale, appears to me to disclose a new absur-

dity. A young prince, at the head of a prosperous colony, within a few leagues of his own hereditary state, is obliged to employ cunning, treachery, and force, to obtain a wife for himself, and wives for his followers! This colony never receives any assistance from its parent state, in the wars in which it engages itself; seems to have dropped all intercourse with that state; and the first time that the name of Alba occurs in its history, is to mention its entire destruction!—and all this in an age when a colony always exhibited towards its metropolis the affection and deep respect of a child towards its parent! It is next affirmed that Romulus, who was so ambitious, had resigned his right to the throne of Alba, a kingdom of four hundred years standing, for a few barracks on the Palatine Hill. And, after all, we are told that his companions were not turbulent young men impatient of control, but venerable old men, who, from their great age alone, obtained the appellation of Senators.

It is really impossible not to admire the believing powers of those who can receive

as history such a heap of wonders and contradictions.

But I do not think, as other disbelievers do, that the whole of the first traditions on the origin of Rome ought to be discarded as mere fables. Some of them bear marks of truth, by which they must be distinguished from the rest. Five principal points deserve particular attention, because they form a compact and consistent body of history, without the least mixture of the marvellous,—without the least contradiction between its component parts, and with a very close and natural connexion and relation to what still existed, or had only recently ceased to exist, when the first historian wrote his work. Livy says, that *Fabius Pictor* was this first historian; but I cannot believe, that Rome had existed five hundred years, and achieved many great exploits, without producing a single writer tempted to transmit its history to posterity. As to the poems, which a German author talks of as if he had read them, I shall believe in their existence as soon as he shall shew me some proofs of it; but, even then,

I shall not regard them more than the old songs, ballads, and romances of the early ages of other countries. The five points to which I allude are the following:

1. The first founders of the Roman Power, whether they be brought to *Alba Longa*, and thence to Rome, as in Livy,—or to Rome immediately, as in Sallust,—were *foreigners*.

2. They were feared and shunned by the natives, who would not consent to form alliances with them: they were consequently obliged to take wives by force, which is a proof that they had brought none with them.

3. They experienced numerous and great difficulties in forming their settlement; they had to carry on several wars, or at least to fight several battles with their neighbours; whom they overpowered, by opposing the personal strength and military skill of warriors, to the undisciplined numbers of shepherds unused to arms.

4. They spoke a language which was not understood by the natives.

5. They established a very unequal di-

vision of rights; by placing the Plebeians, who were numerous, under the absolute and despotic control of the Patricians, who were few.

From this solid, homogeneous mass of information I think the following inferences may be drawn.

A body of warriors, who had escaped by sea from some great national disaster, landed near the spot where Rome now stands, and encamped on one of its hills, not as a matter of free choice, but because it was the first place that they found convenient for their purpose. That hill, and some others about it, had been left uninhabited by the natives on account of the known insalubrity of the air, and of the want of wholesome water; defects of which these strangers could not be informed, and which they very probably did not discover till long afterwards *.

* We may see in *Strabo*, that the *cattiva aria*, which some modern authors consider as peculiar to modern Rome, existed there at all times.

It may be further observed that the earlier inhabitants of Italy, the founders of those towns to which Rome itself

These warriors were of two distinct classes: Princes, or Chieftains—and their Followers; the latter not being slaves or common servants, but companions, such as the history of heroick times informs us that princes had near their persons. The former were the *Patricians*, the latter formed that *Equestrian Order* which seems one of the most puzzling problems in the constitution of the Roman state. The subdued natives were called *Plebs*, and were divided amongst the Patricians, whose property

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conceded without any contradiction, the distinction of greater antiquity, were all built on mountains, in situations protected as much by nature as by those Cyclopian walls of which the construction is so remarkable; and it seems most improbable that one of *their* colonies should have departed from this general rule, and have formed its settlement on a low hill, surrounded by marshes, and separated from the nearest line of mountains by an extensive plain. If I were to yield to the temptation of pushing the argument as far as it would go, I might add that some remains of Cyclopian walls must have been observable at Rome, if the city had been founded by Italians. For it is not probable that the Romans would have destroyed those walls at home, while they left them remaining even in the towns which they otherwise destroyed,—of which there are innumerable proofs extant.

they became, by the right of conquest in those days.

This part of the nation, (the Plebs), though by far the most numerous, had not, and could not possibly have, the least share in the government; since they were, if not strictly, slaves, at least very low dependants. Besides they could be of no manner of use in counsel, to people who did not understand their language; nor is it probable that the advice of simple clowns or shepherds, completely ignorant of political or military affairs, would have been asked, even if their language had been perfectly understood.

Those nations in the neighbourhood, who had more regular forms of government and better means of defence must have been alarmed at this sudden invasion, and yet might be so far allured by curiosity to observe the new manners and customs and sports of the strangers, as to make the circumstances attending the Rape of the Sabines by no means improbable. Women are inclined by nature to admire those men in whom they observe the greatest

power to protect them; and as the Sabine wives of the first Romans were doubtless tenderly beloved and kindly treated by their husbands, they were very likely to effect a reconciliation and a close alliance between their late and their present families.

The children born of these marriages must have learnt to mix the language of their mothers, which was the first they heard, with that of their fathers, of which they only caught a few words in their earliest infancy, but which they were obliged to speak more constantly as soon as they were able to carry a sword. This mixture produced the *Latin* language; which, we must observe, was never called *Italian*, even when it was the language of the capital of Italy. The women's contribution to it must have been much the most considerable with respect to the number of words; but the men must have imprinted on the language its grammatical form, and must have furnished the names of their *political and civil establishments and institutions*, of their *instruments of war*, and of the *terms used in*

battles, &c. &c. This language was exclusively that of Rome alone till after the time when Spain and Provence had been peopled with colonies from Italy; and it was otherwise never spoken out of Rome except by native Romans, for none of the nations that are supposed to have taken their language from the Latin, have adopted its grammar, or at least that most remarkable peculiarity of it, the total *absence of articles*, which abound in all European languages—except the Russian.

I shall now proceed to shew that the *Russian* really was the language of the founders of Rome.

I was in Holland when I first began to reflect on the extreme absurdity of what I had been taught at school, as the history of the early ages of Rome. I compared Livy with Sallust, and both with Plutarch; and I saw quite enough to persuade me that the Romans were themselves as ignorant on the subject as we are. This seemed to me very extraordinary, and induced me to bestow upon the question much more of my attention than I had yet had leisure

to give to it: and I revolved it in my mind for a long time, without being able to solve it. I had then lost a help which would have been likely to shorten my labour very considerably. An intimate friend whose classical taste and ardent application to study, eminently qualified him to assist me in such an investigation, had lately left Amsterdam, where his society had made the charm of my life, and his conversation the delight of all my leisure hours. It was impossible to know him without growing better—by his example rather than by his advice: and though I did not profit by either as I ought to have done, he had so far succeeded in my reform, as to make me capable of perseverance in what I undertook, as well as more scrupulous in the choice of my pursuits. He had the art of turning me, without any apparent effort or exhortation on his part, from the unprofitable desultory discussions in which it was too much my habit to indulge, and of unconsciously exciting a fondness for useful investigations. If ever I feel myself bold enough to write a treatise on friend-

ship, he will inspire me better than the Muses. In the mean time, I must be pardoned for paying this passing tribute to the best of men, as well as to the most accomplished scholar I ever knew.

Deprived of his assistance, my struggle with the difficulty was much longer and more laborious than I should otherwise have found it. At last, as by a flash of light, my attention was suddenly turned to etymologies. I was surprised to find that whenever the Roman writers attempted to give the etymology of the name of any one of their earliest institutions, the most sensible and acute of them grew perfectly absurd. They said, for instance, that Romulus had but a very inconsiderable number of companions, young adventurers like himself, in the formation of his settlement; and yet they traced the etymology of his *Senators* from *Senex*, an old man! They said that the *Consualia* were games in honour of *Neptunus Equestris*; and yet they derived the word from *Consus*, a supposed god of Counsel!—That in the *Lupercalia*, a goat was sacrificed, and also a dog; and

that the name was taken from *lupus*, a wolf!

From all this, and much more like this, I concluded that the language of the earliest Romans must have been so different from that of their successors, that the latter did not understand it all; that this was the real cause which had deprived them of the knowledge of their history, because books written in a language unknown to them were neglected and lost; that this language could not have been Greek, nor any of those with which the learned men of Rome were in any degree acquainted, because some analogies in it must, or at least very probably would, have awakened their curiosity and produced very interesting researches; lastly, that it must have been used by a nation with which the Romans had little or no intercourse, yet from which they were not so remotely situated, but that a ship might have brought their founders to Italy. It struck me that the *Scythians* were the least known to both the Greeks and the Romans, and that one of the numerous subdivisions of that nation was

the most likely to have sent forth those stout warriors who founded Rome.

Nestor, the oldest historian of Russia, says that the ancient Sclavonians were driven out of Mysia and Pannonia by the Bulgarians. We are told that the latter established themselves in Mysia in the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era, but Nestor may have been deceived by two narrations, or traditions, which coincided in some points; and he may have blended them into one. It is highly probable that the Sclavonians inhabited Mysia in the most ancient times, and that some national disaster forced them to abandon that country; that the greatest number emigrated by land, but that a part of them embarked on the Ægean Sea, and were tossed about till they arrived on the Latin shore.

It may be observed, that Mysia was so very near Troy, that this famous town was very possibly the real spot from which they started after its siege. This would reconcile all the chief traditions of both people,—which, in such researches, ought never to be lost sight of. But I am not at all prepared to

assert, that it was Æneas, or that they were Trojans, who came to Rome. This alone is the point for the probability of which I contend,—that its founders whoever they might be, spoke the Russian language.

I must here warn my readers against a mistaken notion, which is very current even amongst well-informed people in Russia, (so that we must not be astonished at its having been adopted throughout the rest of Europe,) that the Russians took their language from the Sclavonians, from whom they drew their origin. The language of the Russians in our days is unquestionably the original language; what is *called* Sclavonian is only a dialect of it. But I have unawares anticipated somewhat of the regular account which I meant to give of my progressive advancement in this inquiry,—to which I now return. Seeing then that the Trojans and Phrygians and other nations of Asia Minor, were numbered amongst the subdivisions of the ancient Scythians, I conceived that the language spoken by the latter must throw great light on the question; and that the

most important step to take, was to acquire a knowledge of that which, of all the modern tongues was the most likely to have been spoken by them, or at least to bear some close analogy to their language *. The Russian of course, immediately occurred to me, and I became exceedingly anxious to learn it; but all the assistance in that study which I could obtain in Amsterdam was that of an old Archangel gentleman who was book-keeper in a mercantile house, and who kindly undertook to give me lessons, though he very frankly confessed that his knowledge did not go much beyond the alphabet, and the names of Russian merchandise. I very early learnt, however, one circumstance, which was sufficient to spur me on through any difficulties and obstacles. This was the very singular coincidence between the Russian and the

* If it were not digressing in a manner which I deem inexpedient, I would shew the extreme absurdity of Mr. Pinkerton's opinions on the origin of the Scythians and the Goths. I do not remember having ever read a book so full of gross contradictions, amidst the highest pretensions to sound criticism, and the most indecent abuse of those whose opinions the writer attacks.

Latin languages, in respect of their *want of articles*. This peculiarity in the Latin language had already frequently surprised me. I could not conceive how it could have arisen, seeing that all the languages derived from the Latin, as well as the Greek, had articles; and I had now no longer the least doubt, but that it involved a very interesting historical fact, which I grew more and more anxious to develope. I therefore took the first favourable opportunity of visiting Russia, where I applied myself to the study of the language with as much assiduity as my occupations of a more important nature allowed me. The Russian is so exceedingly difficult, that in spite of a facility of acquiring foreign languages which has been of the greatest service to me with respect to those of other countries, it cost me greater pains than any three of those which I had previously learnt. However, after two years' residence there, I had pretty well mastered it; and as soon as I thought myself sufficiently expert in it, I resumed the investigation which I had laid by for this pursuit.

I cannot express the delight I felt at the discovery of the first very clear etymology which presented itself to my notice, that of *Senator*, from *Znaten*, which means *noble*.

The next was *Populus*, from *Po Polou*, or (writing agreeably to Italian pronunciation,) *Popolù*, which means *about the plain*, or *the fields*. The story of *Valerius Publicola* illustrates this etymology remarkably well; in teaching us that building his residence on a hill, was a circumstance which distinguished a chieftain from the common mass of the nation.

Plebs was but too likely to have been derived from *Pleva* (spittle, scum.)

Rex was probably taken from *Recù* (I harangue,) for the first king was little more than an orator;—and the verb *rego* must have had the same origin.

Civis may come from *Civi* (liberal,) pronounced as in Italian, *Cheevy*.

Milites may be drawn from *Mily* (my friends,) for this word was only applied to those who were near the chief, and had a right to bear arms.

Ludi (games) may very reasonably be

supposed to have had its origin in the Russian *Ludi* (a great many people:) *Ludno* means populous, and crowded.

Ludi s'con 'svalit (to fling people down off horseback,) was a proper etymology enough for the *Ludi Consualia*, without the interference of a god, *Consus*, who could have nothing at all to do with the games.

In the *Lupercalia*, a goat was killed, and the priest touched with the bloody knife the forehead of a boy, whose office it was to laugh during the ceremony. Very probably the lad was obliged to smile and say, *Lobperecali* "*Do pierce my forehead*," which was afterwards taken for the vocative case of *Lupercalis*, the priest who celebrated these games.

In the *Palilia*, heaps of straw were set on fire, and people leaped over them: the signal given was doubtless *Palili* "the fire is lighted,"—and there was no occasion for the interference of a goddess *Pales*, who owed her origin to the same compendious principle of creation as the god *Consus*. But I have a still better reason to bring forward in support of my ety-

mology; for these games are celebrated up to the present time by the Russians, on St. John's day, in the month of June.

I might doubtless easily find Russian etymologies for other Roman games, but those which I have selected are particularly striking. I shall now proceed to the comparison of a variety of Roman words, with the words in the Russian language from which I believe them to be derived. I have already suggested what proportions it might naturally be expected that the warlike strangers who founded Rome, and their Italian wives, would respectively contribute to the formation of the new and mixed language of their descendants; and that if the larger portion of it, consisting generally of the ordinary language of peaceful and domestic life, was likely to be supplied by the women, it was still more probable that all the terms of war and of government, the names of their deities, religious ceremonies, *&c.*, would be furnished by the men. It will be seen by the following list how far my theory is borne out by the fact, and how great a proportion of

the names which I have succeeded in tracing to their Russian origin, belong to the latter class.

The antiquaries inform us that the first Roman banners bore the figure of a Hog: they were called *Signa*;—*Suinia* in Russian, is a Hog.

Tributum, comes from *Trebuto*, exacted.

Hostis, an enemy,—from *Hosti*, strangers.

Jugum; Igo, yoke.

Fasces or faskes: *Svaski*, bundles.

Securis, *Sekira*, an axe.

Spolia, prey: *Spolia*, from the field of battle.

Strages;—*Sragenie*, a defeat, *Strah*, fear, terror.

Cruor, blood violently spilt; *Crov*, blood: the old word was *Sanguis*, which was retained for the fluid.

Morior, I die,—*Morù*, I kill.

Fugo;—*Vuigonat*, to put to flight.

Vibro;—*Vuibrosat*, to dart.

Rapio;—*Hrabit*, to plunder.

Labo, I fall;—*Slaboy*, weak; *Slabo*, weakly.

Placo, I appease;—*Placat*, to cry, to weep.

Mollio, I soften;—*Moliu*, I beg, I pray.

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Immolo, I sacrifice ;—*Vuimoliu*, I obtain by my prayers.

Pugno, I fight ; *Pinaïu*, I drive,—I push.

Seco ; Secu, I cut.

Vapulo, I am beaten ; *Pabili*, they have beaten me.

Mors, Mortis ; Smert, Smerti, death.

Malum, bad ; *Malo*, too little.

Trepidare ; Trepetat, to tremble.

Micare, to glitter } *Mec'* (pronounce Ma-
Dimicare, to fight. } che,) a sword.

Magistratus ; Magustrashit, I may inspire fear.

Magister ; Magùsteretch, I may take care of.

Hramnenses, or *Rhamnènses*, name of one of the three tribes of Rome ; *Hramnoy*, belonging to the temples.

Lukeri, or *Luceri*, another tribe ; from *Luc*, a bow ; the legion, or Company of Archers.

Azylum ; Atsylat, to banish.

Mœnia, town walls ; *Minuyu*, I stop, I cut short.

Domus ; Dom, a house.

Pons, a bridge ; *Ponesti*, to bear up.

Arare; Arat, to plough.
Struo; Stroù, (pronounce Stroyou) I build.
Pascere; Past, to feed.
Affari; Havarit, to speak.
Videre; Videt, to see.
Validare; Hvalit, to approve.
Esse; est, (pronounced *yest*, as Cicero said it was pronounced in Latin) to eat.
Est; Est, it is.
Lubet, it pleases; *Lubit*, to love, or to like.
Nox; Noch, night,
Dies; Den, day.
Somnus; Son, sleep.
Sal; Sol, salt.
Vinum; Vino, wine, and brandy.
Gener, a son-in-law; *Generosus*, noble; } *Gena*, a wife.
Vadum; Vada, water.
Mare; More, the sea.
Nubes, clouds; *Nebesa*, heaven.
Mensis; Mesiats, month.
Æther, air; *vaetr*, wind.
Boreas; Burac, tempest, storm.
Carnufex, an Executioner; *Carnat*, to cut off the ears.

I might add a great many more, for I

collected above five hundred similar instances which I communicated to Mr. Karamzin, a great many years ago, when he was writing his history of Russia. But I suppose the preceding will be deemed sufficient. I must however add a few, which are intended to prove that this branch, at least, of the great Scythian family, has made a greater progress in civilization, than some writers are willing to allow.

Scribo, I write; *Screbu*, I scratch, I engrave.

Pingo, *pinxi*, *pingere*, to paint, to draw; *pishu*, *pisat*, to write.

Recitare, to recite; *citat* (pronounced *chitat*, as the Italians) to read.

I shall close this article with a translation of the principal proper names of the first Romans.

Roma; *Hrom*, *hroma*, thunder.

Romulus; *Hroma-losk*, light of thunder, glittering of thunder.

Remus; *Hremu*, I roar, or rumble, like thunder.

Tullus; *Tul*, quiver, *luc*, a bow.

Tarpeius; *Terpeyou*, I suffer.

Flaminii ; Plameniy, blazing.
Atratinus ; Atraten, armed cap-a-pè.
Sempronius ; Sempronitsayou, I pierce seven through.
Mucius ; Muciù (pronounced like the Italian) I torment.
Marcius ; Marshciùs, (id.) I frown.
Cassius ; Cossius, I look awry.
Spurius ; Sporius, I quarrel.

I think fitter names could not be chosen for such people.

To these I must add those of some of their Divinities.

Feretrius ; Peretria, who beats to atoms, who crushes.
Mars, Martis ; Smert, Smerty, death.
Gradivus ; Gradivoy, of towns.
Ceres ; Zreya, who ripens.
Neptunus ; Neftonut, who cannot be drowned.
Jupiter ; Jimpitat, to feed life, to support it.
Cœlum ; Tselo, the whole.
Saturnus ; Satuornoy, created.
Pluto ; Boh Plutof, the god of thieves, miscreants, knaves.
Pallas ; Palach, a tent.

Minerva; Mir ne rva, who does not break peace.

Vulcanus; Volk agnia, the magician of fire.

Venus; Veno, a bride's portion, her marriage money.

Rhea; Hreya, heating.

Smintheus; Zminny, of a serpent.

Divus, godlike; *Divoy*, wonderful.

I shall be glad if this opening should induce some learned man to go much deeper into this subject than I had leisure to do. There are many dialects of the Russian language, of which I know nothing but the names, and which might throw greater light on this matter.

I suppress a great many observations, which might possibly be interesting, but which as they do not immediately belong to my subject, may with greater propriety be introduced into another work. I shall only just hint in this place how very probable it is, that the first Romans had either brought over with them, or had composed, songs, and heroic poems, describing the wonderful feats of fictitious warriors; to whom they gave (as has

been usual at all times,) names of their own invention, but which had some reference to their history. These names were perhaps applied afterwards in jest to real persons, who retained them and transmitted them to their posterity. Those fictions, of which traces remained in stories told by nurses to amuse little children, were afterwards taken up as historical traditions, by writers who were much more anxious to amuse others than to get sound information for themselves; and they have been handed down to us as real history, from an absurd admiration for every thing that was Roman, or that came from Rome.

If in what I have said in this and the preceding Chapters of the origin of Rome, and of the spirit of its early governments, I have succeeded in demonstrating the excessive absurdity of the enthusiasm with which our great demagogues speak of the Romans, as of a nation which enjoyed a higher degree of liberty than any other, and which owed its greatness and its glory to the liberality of its constitution and laws, I shall be satisfied. The prejudices which I

have endeavoured to dispel produce the worst effect imaginable, by giving a false colour to principles, as well as to facts. They have done unspeakable mischief in France. For, the monsters who succeeded one another in the usurpation of her government, committed crime upon crime, and finally drowned themselves in the blood of their fellow-citizens, in the name of liberty and of their country! always invoking the soul of the elder Brutus, whom they supposed to have sacrificed his own sons, and of the younger Brutus who was said to have sacrificed his own father, to that phantom!

CHAP. XXI.

Further Notice of Antiquities of Rome—Grotto of Egeria—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Pyramid of Caius Sestius—Thermæ of Titus—Baths of Caracalla—Catacombs of St. Sebastian—Mausoleum of Adrian, or Castle of St. Angelo—Other antique Remains of lesser note—Remarks on the Architecture of St. John Lateran, and other modern Churches.

ONE of the most entertaining things at Rome, is to watch the excavations; but there were few in progress during our stay there. The Duchess of Devonshire had obtained leave to open one at the foot of the Capitol, in a spot which promised but little satisfaction, because it was very likely to have been dug up before. The Pope was himself then examining a much more interesting place, a part of the ancient Forum; which led to the discovery of some fragments of consular tables, and to the ascertaining of the fact, that the pillars hitherto supposed to have made part of the

Temple of Jupiter Stator could not have belonged to it. To this I have indeed already alluded.

Amongst the most remarkable antiquities of Rome, the Grotto where the nymph *Egeria* is supposed to have given such good advice to Numa Pompilius is still shewn, and is reverently visited by every traveller. Though at the risk of being thought insensible and unromantick, I must confess that I went to this grotto chiefly because others went; and like others I gathered some of the plants which grow in this holy cave, as precious relicks to be preserved with pious care. With respect to Numa Pompilius, though I do not consider it as unquestionably certain that he was the second King of Rome,—I am not on the other hand prepared to deny his very existence, and to consider all the seven kings as a mere allegory, having reference to the magical number *seven*. This number, it has been observed, multiplied by itself, and the product multiplied by the other magical number of *five*, makes 245,—the precise number of years which some writers allot to the

joint reigns of the Kings: though others make the period shorter by two years. I admit the inventor of this allegorical scheme, *M. Court de Gebelin*, to be an uncommonly clever man; but it really requires a warm imagination, to conceive the possibility of such fanciful contrivances having any thing to do with the history of any part of the world; and it is flying a little too freely in the face of all the traditions of ancient Rome, to apply them as he has done. If every thing were to be deemed an allegory, to which some accidental coincidence of figures multiplied by other figures, could be made to appear to apply, what would become of the whole body of ancient history? *Three* is considered a magical number as well as seven and five; and I dare say every body will be ready to ascribe the same quality to the number *two;* but *one* is the very source of magick; and what numbers could not we make out with 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, and 13, each of which is as full of magick as its neighbour? It is impossible to deny, that there really does sometimes appear to be a sort of fatal

magick in numbers; but it is going rather too far, to try to establish a positive system upon such coincidences, and to apply it to past history as an argument against its truth.

The Grotto of the Nymph is not so beautiful now, as it doubtless was when she chose it for the place of her *rendezvous* with the King of Rome. It is rather a dirty place, and the road to it is most disagreeable; but it lies near some other places on that side of Rome which deserve to be seen, and it may be taken in the same circuit.

The tomb of *Cæcilia Metella*, is remarkable for the enormous size of the stones which have been used in its construction, and which might mislead one as to the date of this monument. It is a tower, whose walls are about thirty feet thick, and in the middle of which there is a small round room. The solidity of this building having pointed it out during the civil wars as a proper place for a fortress, considerable fortifications were added to it, and must have made it a very safe residence before the invention of gunpowder. The inscription is—"*Cæ-*" *ciliæ Q. Cretici f. Metellæ Crassi,*" which

I should have translated thus, "*To Cæcilia* "*Metella, daughter of Quintus Creticus Cras-* "*sus Metellus*;" but others have settled that it means "To Cæcilia Metella, daugh- "ter of Q. Creticus Metellus, wife of Cras- "sus;" and the Roman antiquaries must doubtless have some good reasons for this interpretation. *Creticus* was a surname of the *Metelli*. But supposing the names of both father and husband to be intended, I cannot conceive why the several names of the former should be specified, and only the surname of the latter. *Crassus* is a name which was common to several distinct families of ancient Rome, to the *Claudii*, the *Papirii*, the *Veturii*, the *Otacilii*, and the *Licinii*; and it is very unlikely that such an epitaph should make no mention of the particular family to which this Crassus belonged. A more probable conjecture than this, would have been that this tomb was erected to the memory of Cæcilia Metella by the Crassi. Howbeit, the surname of *Creticus* having been given to a *Metellus* for the conquest of *Crete*, in the first years of the Christian Æra, this monument cannot be of older date; and it may

be ascribed to the reign of Augustus, or to the first years of that of Tiberius.

The pyramid of *Caius Sestius*, or *Cestius*, has a very diminutive appearance, and seems to have been built only as an ornament for a garden; but it is said to be no less than 113 feet high. I can well conceive that it may be much higher than it seems to be, though, if this measurement be correct, I was never so much mistaken before. The aperture through which the body had been let down into it, was so uncommonly well closed, that it was impossible to discover it from the outside. Alexander VII. ordered an entrance to be opened at the bottom of the pyramid; and the original opening was then found out, and turned into a window again, through which the light now enters into a room of fifteen or sixteen feet by ten or eleven. It contains some fresco paintings on the walls, particularly four figures of Victory in a pretty good state of preservation, but not remarkable for any particular excellence. This monument, like the preceding, belongs to the reign of Augustus. Though it does

not answer the expectation of those who have read descriptions of the Egyptian pyramids, it is still well worth attention; but there is no doubt that the same materials and the same expense might have produced something more elegant and more grand; for the pyramid is one of the least striking and attractive of architectural forms. This structure is, however, remarkable for the perfection of the workmanship, and does honour to the age to which it belongs. This perfection seems to have been so momentary in its duration, that I should think it must have been peculiar to a single artist, who may perhaps have been called to Rome by the Emperor Augustus, and who left neither pupil nor rival after him; for I have seen no other edifice of that æra, like this, or like the tomb of Cæcilia Metella; and those, or at least great part of those, of the succeeding reigns, are totally different in their mode of construction.

The *Thermæ* of *Titus* are of the latter kind; but they are in another respect exceedingly interesting: they contain some painted ceilings which seem, when viewed

from the floor of the apartments, to be executed with admirable delicacy and correctness; but which, upon a close inspection, are discovered to be done in so rough a manner, that it is hardly possible to imagine how they can produce so charming an effect from below. The prodigious variety, the elegance, and the neatness of the *Arabesques*, are also truly wonderful. Raphael is said to have copied the latter in secret, and then to have induced the Pope to shut, or rather to fill up these rooms again, in order that he might the more easily usurp the merit of invention. I am sorry to say, that nothing is more probable: Raphael's *Arabesques* are strikingly like these; and it is not creditable to his understanding (if the imputation of meaner motives must be avoided, out of respect to the memory of this great man) to have advised his Sovereign wilfully to hide, if not to spoil, these noble and admirable remains of ancient art. This was done by uncovering the apertures at the tops of the rooms, and then pouring an immense quantity of earth into the opening. Now, they have been opened again

from below, and it is by climbing on that earth, that the visitors are enabled to examine the paintings so closely. As the earth is exceedingly soft, and the place in such utter darkness that you see nothing but by means of the light borne by your guide, there is a good deal of trouble to be encountered, besides the dirtying of your clothes; but the compensation is more than adequate to the inconvenience. The *Thermæ* contain many rooms; one of which must have been very magnificent,—the ceiling being painted and gilt, the walls covered with yellow marble, and the floor formed with incrustations of marbles of various colours. It was in one of these large rooms that the *Laocoon* was found; and as many rooms have not yet been cleared, there is reason to hope that other treasures of a similar nature may be discovered by prosecuting the excavations. It is extremely probable that during one of those cruel invasions by which Rome was punished for the violent oppression she had so long exercised with impunity over other nations, a great many unfortunate families took refuge in these subterra-

neous apartments, and perhaps fortified and intrenched themselves so as to make it difficult and dangerous to attack them; but that the enemy made holes on the top, through which they poured down stones and earth, in order either to stifle the refugees, or to force them to leave their asylum. The whole seems to have been a series of vaults built to support a part of the Thermæ on a level with the Esquiline Hill; Mecænas's house, which lay here, not being large enough to answer the purpose of Titus. These vaults, having no windows, were completely dark; but the beauty of their decorations shows that they were made use of,—probably for baths, or for rooms to repose in after the bath.

The *Baths of Livia* on Mount Palatine are likewise under ground, and painted in the same manner. The gilding is uncommonly well preserved: but unfortunately the paintings cannot be seen without torches, the smoke of which must very soon spoil them. There is only one room left entire; or at least only one entire room yet discovered, in these latter baths.

The Baths of Caracalla on Mount Aventine, occupied an immense space, and their ruins are among the most noble and the most picturesque of Rome. A great many beautiful pieces of ancient sculpture were discovered there; but the excavations have long since been discontinued. It would be highly interesting to resume them; but the undertaking is expensive and precarious. One third of the discoveries belongs to the Pope, another to the proprietor of the ground on which the excavations are carried on, and the remaining third is not sufficient to tempt many amateurs.

There is no doubt but that the ruins of the palace of the Emperors, on the Palatine Hill, would afford the richest field for excavations; but none were carried on there during my stay. If I had been rich, I could not have resisted the temptation of purchasing for that purpose a very promising piece of ground, which was then to be sold: and I can easily understand how a man might be led on to sink a large fortune in these seducing investigations.

The Prince of Peace, the famous Godoy,

has purchased a handsome villa on Mount Cœlius, the late *Villa Mattei*, which is supposed to occupy the same ground as one of Cicero's, if it be not the very house that he used to inhabit. It seems to have been inhabited by other philosophers and authors since, for a great many busts have been discovered, whose chief merit is that they bear the names of some well-known men. Among the rest is one of Seneca, which is quite different in feature from that which had hitherto been supposed to represent him. Such discoveries are undoubtedly very interesting; but they are at the same time very provoking; inasmuch as they induce a habit of doubting of every thing of which you have not the proofs before you. M. Godoy has undertaken further excavations which promise to be very productive; but I could not learn that he had yet discovered any thing remarkably beautiful. In the gardens of his villa is an altar in very bad taste, but pleasingly situated in the midst of a grove of ilex and laurel.

The Catacombs of St. Sebastian are highly interesting in the eye of the philoso-

pher, as well as of the Christian. They are subterraneous passages, in which the Christians of the first ages buried the martyrs and their friends; and in which they themselves sometimes found an asylum against death, during the worst moments of the cruel persecutions to which they were exposed. They opened on either side of these passages cavities of the size required to admit the bodies which they had to deposit in them; and, after the insertion of the bodies, the openings were closed again with a white stone, on which were engraved the initials of the deceased, and the instruments of their martyrdom, together with a branch of palm. The discoveries made here of the bodies of several Saints, known or supposed to be known by these means, afford to the Roman Catholicks no less satisfaction, and that of a more romantick nature, than those of mutilated statues among the ruins to the amateurs of the fine arts; nor is it necessary to be a Roman Catholick, to feel deeply moved at the sight of these noble proofs of the constancy, courage, and independent spirit of those to whose per-

severance we owe the greatest of all blessings,—a religion which teaches us to appeal from earthly power to Divine goodness, —and which setting us free from the most inveterate, rooted prejudices, raises us to that equality of rights, and to that spirit of universal charity, of which the ancients had not the slightest notion.

It is said that one may walk fifteen miles under ground in these catacombs,—I do not mean in direct distance but,—through various passages, cut in various directions. I was prevented from going very far by perceiving several bats sticking with their expanded wings on the walls. The guide assured me that they were asleep, and that they remained motionless during the whole winter; but the involuntary horror with which this ambiguous monster always inspires me, overpowered my curiosity, and I was obliged to effect a very inglorious retreat before a sleeping enemy. I had, however, seen enough to give me a correct idea of the whole. I went through several passages, and some square rooms, which probably were chapels, and which put me strongly

in mind of those horrible and much more infamous persecutions, which obliged the French Protestants to retire within similar caves, for the exercise of their religion, under the reign of that execrable tyrant, Louis XIV., whom even modern philosophers have decorated with the epithet of *Great*, for qualities that ought to have branded him with that of Oppressor.

The immense Mausoleum raised to himself by the Emperor *Adrian*, (which has been converted into a considerable fortress under the title of the *Castle of St. Angelo*) is one of those monuments which must immediately strike the mind with the idea of astonishing vicissitudes. When Adrian built it, he little thought it would be used as a fortress by a Bishop of Rome; that the Christians, who hardly durst shew themselves in the streets of Rome in his time, would then be masters of the town, and their Spiritual Chief acknowledged as the head of all the sovereigns of the civilized world.

The view of St. Peter's, from the top of the Castle of St. Angelo, is the most com-

plete that can be had from any part of Rome, but it is likewise for that very reason the most unfavourable, as the defects of both the church and the colonnade are extremely striking from thence.

The Mausoleum is perfectly round, like that of Augustus, and of Cæcilia Metella*.

Besides the ruins which I have noticed, there are others of which none of the "Traveller's Guides" of Rome, at least none of those published previous to our journey, gave any account, and which we found out by mere chance, in one of our walks. They lie behind St. Peter's Church, and were probably part of Nero's gardens; several passages and chambers are cut in the rock to a great depth; the entrance into the deepest is through round holes cut in the stone floor, and it is probable that many victims of the tyrant's cruelty were let down into these horrible dungeons, out of which there was no possibility to escape. What

* Of the thousand men who formed the garrison of the Castle of St. Angelo, one hundred or more had the itch, and there were never less than fifteen or twenty kept in irons for theft or murder.

makes this supposition most plausible is, that a quantity of human bones had been found in the gardens. The latter are the property of a priest, who employed about twenty labourers in them, every one of them a stranger in Rome. His gardener told me that the Roman beggars were too much of gentlemen to dig the ground. This man had been a prisoner of war in England for seven years, and when we asked him what these men earned a day, he answered in English, "seven-pence halfpenny."

From thence we ascended the *Janicule*, and traversed a great many gardens without meeting a single living creature; they are very pretty and well wooded, and the prospect from them is most magnificent,—comprising the whole of modern and ancient Rome. The most grand and beautiful point of view is from the top of a palace, which we entered without difficulty, as it was entirely abandoned, and left open, though modern enough, and requiring only a few inconsiderable repairs to be very fit to be inhabited. We went through it, and then ascended to the stone terrace on the

roof, where we staid a good while, in raptures at the astonishing prospect before us. This palace and its gardens lie within the town, but close to the walls, to the right of the gate of St. Pancrazio, and of the Aqua Paolina. Nobody could inform us to whom they belonged, but as the larger plan of Rome calls them (if I am not mistaken) the *Farnese* Gardens, I presume they must be the property of the King of Naples. The absolute desertion of such a noble villa seems at first quite inconceivable; one cannot help asking one's self why the proprietor should not sell it, at however low a price; but the fact is, that nobody would buy it, because nobody would choose to inhabit this part of Rome. As to the gardens, I suppose they are farmed by some one, for they did not bear the same marks of desolation as the house; though they also were open, and without any person to guard them.

The *Aqua Paola* is one of the most magnificent fountains in the world, and one of the noblest monuments of modern Rome: the water is brought thither in full abun-

dance from Bracciano, which is thirty-five miles off, in very fine aqueducts, partly ancient and partly restored.

Near the fountain is the very neat little botanical garden, *della Sapienza*, where we saw many flowers in full bloom, on the 23d January; the gardener gave us large, and what would have been in London, very costly nosegays, for which he thought himself liberally paid by a few baiocchi.

But the most delightful walk which I took during my stay in Rome was on the next day, January 24th, with Mr. Edward Bankes, whom I have mentioned elsewhere.

We entered a garden on *Mount Aventine*, and having ascended a hillock from whence the prospect was very beautiful, we found there a very large building, which appeared to be completely deserted. We climbed into it through a broken window, and found that it was a convent, with a dozen of very handsome cells, the painting of which seemed quite recent, though the building had neither doors nor windows. After regretting that such a charming place should not be

inhabited, and particularly admiring the beauty of the prospect, we continued exploring the building, and found a grand staircase by which we descended into another range of rooms below, where our appearance surprised, if it did not terrify, a woman who was sitting in the kitchen with her child, and who little expected to see any one come in from above. She informed us that this place belonged to the Canons of St. Peter, who had entirely abandoned it; and that her husband and she had established themselves in this part of the building, because it lay near their garden. As for ourselves, after running over so many excellent rooms without seeing the least trace of an inhabitant, we were little less surprised at the sight of her, than if we had really thought the place to be one of those enchanted palaces in fairy tales, in which some radiant Princess is discovered overpowered by the wicked device of a Giant or Magician.

From thence we went to the family-vault of the Scipios, which I have already mentioned; and afterwards climbed up to a

sort of fortress, which seemed to have formed a part of the walls; the ruins of which, though of brick, had an imposing appearance. Then we went out of the *Porta Appia*, now called St. Sebastian's Gate; and observing a triumphal arch, we inquired its name of a well-dressed man who we concluded would know it, as he appeared to belong to that neighbourhood. He said it must be the arch of San Sebastian, since the neighbouring gate bore the name of that Saint. We were walking off, much edified to learn that Saints had triumphal arches; but we were stopt at a little distance by perceiving that a man was running after us. (A Roman running was so extraordinary a phenomenon, that it was well worth stopping for.) When he came up to us he informed us that it was an arch of the *Scipios*. From the map we afterwards learnt that it was the arch of *Drusus Germanicus*: but that was a matter of little consequence; the most surprising thing was, to have seen a Roman *run*, and to have heard him speak without being urged, and paid for it!

We went from thence round the walls, as far as the gate of St. John Lateran, where we entered the town again. The church of St. John Lateran, like St. Peter's, has externally much more of the air of a dwelling-house than of a temple. This is the case with so many other churches in Rome, that there must be some particular cause for it. I think it not unlikely that the first meetings of Christians having been held in private houses, and their first places of worship having been decorated in the same simple manner in order that they might not attract the attention of their adversaries or of the common people, this practice continued long after the settled and safe establishment of their creed allowed them to dispense with this precaution. At Venice, where they thought themselves secure against such dangers, the temples have at all times had a very different, and a much grander appearance.

But the inside of St. John Lateran is very fine, and deserves every traveller's attention. I shall not attempt to de-

scribe it, since I have already declared such minute descriptions to be out of my plan.

We saw several persons in the act of climbing the holy stairs *(la Scala Santa)* upon their knees; and were more disposed to view with admiration, than with contempt or pity, this painful effort of misdirected devotion.

CHAPTER XXII.

State of polished Society in Rome—Improvvisatore—The Roman Theatres: Argentina, La Valle, Apollo, Della Pace, and Capranica,—Pulcinello—The Theatres of Pallacorda, Fiano, and Aliberti.

I HAVE now done with the Ancients; and shall henceforward present to the reader those parts of my Journal which may give an insight into the existing state of society in modern Rome, and into the character of its inhabitants.

The number of families of the higher classes of the modern Romans, who give entertainments at their own houses, is exceedingly small; and had it not been for the parties of several English travellers of distinction, and of the Foreign Ambassadors, I should hardly have had an opportunity of forming any judgment of these classes of the natives, from personal observation. But even to those parties the ladies came

very sparingly; and still fewer thought it necessary to return the civilities which they received. The greatest number that I met was at the balls given by Count *Apponi* and Mr. *Fuscaldo*, the Austrian and Neapolitan Ambassadors Those whom I saw, however, did not excite in me any very strong desire to see the rest. The Duchess of F—— is certainly a most agreeable, cheerful woman, and her daughter Miss O——, a charming girl; but these, and Mrs. M—, the wife of an English gentleman established here, were the only Roman ladies who seemed accustomed to the manners of the world. The Princess Ch— is lady-like in appearance, but her whole existence is in cards. Princess D[illegible] is very handsome, but nothing more; she is besides not a Roman, but a Neapolitan by birth. Of the Countess N——, who is a fine woman, I saw too little to judge; Princess Sta. C[illegible] is very pretty, but of extremely childish manners. These I think were the only Roman ladies of high family and fashion whom strangers were in the habit of meeting at balls or assemblies. For I do

not mention the Duchess of B——n in this class, as she was herself a person of humble connexions, and her present husband's title was of very recent date—purchased, it is said, by wealth not very creditably acquired. This lady gave weekly parties, to which all the Englishmen who had credit upon her husband's bank, considered themselves invited.

At the head of the English ladies at Rome, who gave very agreeable parties, were the Countess of W———, the Duchess of D————, Mrs. General R——, the Ladies F——, the Countess of J——, the Earl of C————, and others. The other houses which I frequented were those of Princess E———, a most accomplished and very agreeable Bolognese, and of the Marchesa S——, of the same country, a very clever, well-informed, entertaining woman. These ladies were *at home* every evening; but the only female visitors I ever met there were the Countess C——, (whom I mentioned before) at the house of the latter, and at that of the former a lady from Spoleto, who was only come for a few days, and was to

be considered as an accidental visitor for a single evening. On other occasions, the guests consisted entirely of gentlemen and distinguished artists, such as Canova, Lanti, Bassi, *&c.*, whose conversation was extremely entertaining. Several Cardinals attended now and then, and made themselves as agreeable as they could, by laying aside all ceremony and formality. The other gentlemen frequently came in boots, and even in their great coats. There is no country where a man's dress is so little attended to as at Rome; nor does title or high rank obtain any particular distinction. The best informed man is the most welcome: but all are well received. No refreshments of any sort are given at these parties; the lady of the house sometimes calls for a glass of lemonade, or a cup of coffee or chocolate for herself; but even then none is offered to the company. This being an established rule, every one knows it, is prepared for it, and cannot therefore think it at all uncivil. Prince E——— regularly played at *Taroccino* with some Bolognese gentlemen; while the Princess sat in an arm-chair, with a sofa

(which she allotted to strangers) on her right hand, and a few chairs to the left for her more particular friends. There is nothing but *conversation* at these parties; but that is more than one can find in the fashionable London routs; and I confess I liked this small circle of reasonable beings, a thousand times better than the most brilliant assemblies of the English *bon ton*.

The unrivalled ornament of all the balls was the young Princess *Yablonofska*, who was at Rome with her husband and her mother-in-law. I do not think I ever saw so delightful a little figure. Every feature was divinely pretty, and the *ensemble* the most captivating that could be imagined. The Marchioness of L——, the Countesses of W——, C——, and J——, the Ladies H——, B——, Lady K——, Miss C——, the Misses C——, (Lord S—'s daughters,) Mrs. G. L—, made these assemblies brilliant and gay; but, as I said before, the Roman ladies did not contribute any thing to them by their personal charms, or their elegant appearance; excepting only the Misses O———, the Duchess of F——'s daughters.

The musick was the worst without comparison that I had ever heard; it really was such as would not have been expected from the blind fiddlers who split the ears of Englishmen in some of the lanes adjoining the Strand. Three waltzes, two French quadrilles, and a country-dance generally made up the whole of the dancing. At Mr. *Fuscaldo's*, however, they added the *Grandmother*, which lasted till the leader's invention was completely exhausted, accompanied with such vulgar mirth, such shouts, such loud bursts of laughter, that I thought I had been transported into some alehouse; and I looked up once or twice at the beautiful paintings of Annibal Caracci on the ceiling, and at some of my acquaintance around, to convince myself that I was at a grand ball, given in a noble palace, by an ambassador, in honour of his master's birth-day. An Italian lady of rank distinguished herself in this dance above all others by her extravagant vivacity. She really looked more like a tipsy Bacchante, than a woman of fashion. She was the more remarkable on account

of her figure, being very tall, extremely plain, and about forty years of age. Such as she was, however, she made a conquest of a young German of my acquaintance, who tried every means to get introduced to her. I assured him he might introduce himself without the least apprehension; and I was not mistaken: for she selected him in one of the figures of the *Grandmother*, to place him on his knees before her, sat by him when the dance was over, and informed him that her husband was eighty years old. I would not have my readers imagine that such hints are frequently given by the Italian ladies: quite the reverse; this was an exception (and the only one that came to my knowledge) to the very decent, reserved manners of other ladies. It may not be amiss to observe, that the Ambassador, who had received the company in full dress, had changed it at midnight, and had thus given the signal to banish restraint and ceremony, ere the *Grandmother* began. The rooms being paved with marble, are far from agreeable for dancing upon; in some other houses

they preferred dancing on a foot-cloth, but then the dust is extremely troublesome: and on the whole, Rome is not the proper place for balls.

Assemblies or routs are much more agreeable. The Duchess of D—— had one every Friday, which Her Grace contrived to make as interesting as it was brilliant, by inviting the most distinguished artists of that Cápital of Arts. The Countess of W———, who occupied the splendid palace of *Giustiniani*, gave grand dinners, and very pleasant evening parties.

Mrs. M——— likewise gave several entertainments, at one of which I met an *improvvisatore*, named *Ferretti*, who is accounted one of the best in Italy; but I was on the whole much disappointed with him. He sung two subjects,—the *Farewell of Andromache and death of Hector*;—and the *Alliance of the Vine with the Cypress*; after which he recited two,—the *Sacrifice of Jephtha*,—and *William Tell*. As to the singing, it is the most tiresome thing in the world to hear thirty stanzas in the same lamentable tune; particularly when the voice is bad, as was

the case in this instance. Recitation is undoubtedly much preferable, and there were some very good things in the history of Jephtha: but it is a melancholy amusement, to hear any history spun out in this manner, with an accompaniment of grimaces of every description. In a dialogue between the judge and his daughter, Mr. Ferretti changed places just like Amphitryon's Sosia when he talks to his lantern, in the dialogue which he supposes he shall hold with Alcmena. As to "William Tell," it was a very unwise choice: how could a modern Italian make any thing good of it? There was an ice-cold invocation to Liberty: Tell spoke of the wheel of Ixion, of the rock of Sisyphus, and other objects, of which the real Tell certainly did not even know the names. The poem began with a most extraordinary simile—"In like manner as Nebuchadnezzar bent his body over a brook, to look into it,—so did Gessler require that people should bow to *his hat*." The likeness between the two members of this comparison it will be admitted, is not very obvious If Mr. Fer-

retti be really one of the best *improvvisatori*, Heaven forbid! that I should ever be condemned to listen to one of the second class.

There was a Mr. *Ruffini*, a Roman merchant, who gave a grand concert every Wednesday, to which the English who had been there once, thought themselves entitled to carry all their friends for ever afterwards; a license of which I never heard that the master of the house had complained, but which I really thought extraordinary in persons who adhere so punctiliously to *etiquette* in their own country. The musick was in general well selected, and well sung by a *Signora Trasmondi*, *Signor Moncada*, and some others. Miss *Ruffini*, the daughter of the host, had a good voice and considerable flexibility; but the musick assigned to her was often of too difficult execution for her age. *Countess Moroni* played beautifully on the harp, though her instrument was very indifferent.

The Theatres at Rome are never open except during the Carnival, that is to say, from Christmas to Lent. There are several

of them, but only one—the *Argentina*—that is much frequented by people of fashion. It is spacious and handsome. It has six rows of boxes, and may contain about fifteen hundred spectators; the ornaments are in good taste, and it is less gloomy than the Italian theatres we have hitherto seen,—being lighted by a large chandelier. Each of the tickets for the pit bears a number corresponding with that of the particular seat to which it entitles the possessor; and being marked at the two extremities, they are torn down the middle when delivered,—the doorkeeper retaining one half, and returning the other to the visitor, to enable him to find his proper place; there is besides a person within the theatre, whose business it is to guide the company to their seats. All this is well arranged; but the theatre is built of wood, and in case of sudden fire, a great part of the audience must inevitably perish. Two companies of players performed at it this winter. The first was an indifferent set; and the musick of Tancredi, which they pretended to perform, was so sadly mangled, that it could

hardly be recognised. I saw only the first act, which was bad enough; but Rossini who saw the second, assured me that it contained only one piece of his composition; and that the rest, though it bore his name, was perfectly unknown to him. The second company, was infinitely better, and performed *Quinto Fabio*, with excellent music. The price of a ticket is five paoli for the first evenings, and three paoli afterwards.

The next theatre is called *La Valle*, and has room for eighteen hundred or two thousand spectators. The performances were mixed, comedy and opera: and the singers much better than the first company at the *Argentina*. The *Prima Donna*, Signora *Georgi*, was much too large in person, and of a vulgar appearance, but she had a fine voice. The second had, on the contrary, hardly any voice, but a charming face and figure. The *tenor* was tolerable; and there was besides a young actor of great promise. They began with *Romani's Qui pro Quo*, a pretty thing enough; after which they gave *Rossini's Cenerentola*, which attracted crowded houses. The dramas were tolerably well

performed. It is true that they had no very great actors, but they had no very bad ones; and there was a certain *accord* amongst them which is more agreeable, and produces on the whole a better effect, than extraordinary talents in a single individual, seconded by a number of stupid blockheads. I saw *Maffei's Merope;* which though it certainly contains great beauties, deserves on the whole the severe criticism which Voltaire has passed upon it. The price of tickets at *La Valle* is only two *paoli.*

The theatre of *Apollo* is the largest of all; there is very convenient room in it for two thousand spectators, and it is built of stone; so that I was rather surprised at its being given up to the lower classes. But I afterwards learnt that people thought it very unsafe, on account of its situation on the Tiber, which they fancied might some time or other carry it off. The performances here were likewise diversified; but dramas, comedies, farces, and operas, were all equally bad. The price of a ticket is only one *paolo.*

The theatre *Della Pace* is the ugliest I

ever saw: it is long and narrow; there are only eleven places in the whole breadth of the pit,—ten sitting, and one, in the middle standing; and there are four rows of twenty-one boxes each. Nothing can be imagined more wretched and vulgar than the performances, unless it be the audience that applauded them, and who seemed delighted with their entertainment: the latter consisted of such ill-looking, ill-dressed, dirty people, that it was really no indifferent part of a stranger's amusement to see *such* an assemblage sitting at a play. Here also the tickets cost one *paolo.*

The theatre *Capranica* is large, and may contain about sixteen hundred spectators. There are six rows of boxes, the uppermost of which forms the *Loggione*, or gallery. This theatre is the most dangerous of all in case of fire; it is not only built entirely of wood, but there is not the least mixture of plaster on the walls, and the passages are so low, that a tall man could not stand erect with his hat on; and so narrow, that we were obliged to remain stationary for more than ten minutes, without the least

possibility of moving on, until those who were before us had cleared the only outlet that there is. The company was not good, but they sometimes performed entertaining comedies,—such as *Le Donne Avvocate*,—and some strange farces. One of the latter (of which the following is a sketch,) seemed to have been composed on purpose to encourage thieves.—*Pulcinello* is out of place and very hungry, when he accidentally meets with a friend of his who has just embraced the honourable trade of thief, and who persuades him to form an association with him, protesting that the life of a galley-slave, which must be the ultimate result of it, is the most agreeable that a reasonable man can wish for. Poor Pulcinello believes every thing that is said, as firmly as if he had read it in the Bible; and he is constantly cheated by his partner in the division of their stolen property, in the most comical manner imaginable, to the great amusement of the audience. Several specimens of ingenious robbery occur on the stage. At length the two friends take advantage of a gentleman's absence, to plunder his

house. Pulcinello applies a ladder to a window, goes in, and throws down all the furniture to his partner in the street, who runs away with the best part of it: meanwhile the proprietor arrives with his friends (those who have been robbed in the preceding part of the play) and is much surprised at seeing first a basket fly out of the window, then a tea-pot and china cups, and afterwards all sorts of earthen ware; for Pulcinello having been told he must take every thing, cares little to save his booty from breaking. The thieves are of course caught; but there is another thing, which may not seem quite so natural,—they are all pardoned.—It is clear that the Censorship is not very scrupulous, or that the government thinks it not amiss to give good examples to its very moral subjects! This character of Pulcinello is represented in a much more agreeable and more entertaining light, in some comedies which I saw performed at the theatre of Apollo. Shakspeare would have been delighted with him; and would doubtless have introduced him into his plays, if he had known him.

Pulcinello is a Neapolitan, and talks the dialect used by his countrymen, the *Lazzaroni;* which it is therefore necessary to study in order to understand him: but I really think the study well worth the while. His dress is a very ample shirt, hanging down on every side, but particularly before, over a pair of white trowsers. The meaning of this, I suppose, is to shew the capacity he *could* fill, if he had but a sufficient provision of maccaroni; of which he is as fond as an Irishman is of potatoes. He wears (like Harlequin) on the upper part of his face, a black half-mask of which I could never guess the origin. His character is a strange mixture of the deepest ignorance and natural wit; malice and simplicity; keen repartees and *naïvetés*: cunning and stupidity. He is always a thief and a pickpocket; but at the same time, is himself the easiest of dupes; a great braggadocio, but a complete coward. Whenever questions are put to him to which he cannot reply without danger, he affects downright idiocy, and pretends not to understand a word. He does not bear ill-will to others, but he has a particular fondness

for himself; and he has an enormous appetite, without the means of feeding it. In short, he is like Caliban in some things, like Sancho in others, like Falstaff in many, but yet different from all of them. When the part is ill performed, it seems intolerable stuff; but in the hands of a good actor, it is extremely entertaining. None but Italians, however, can be so passionately fond of it as to be pleased with Pulcinello's acting a part in serious dramas or the deepest tragedies.

The theatre of *Pallacorda* is just of the same form as the theatre Della Pace, but much smaller, having only two rows of boxes. Its passages are abominable, being exceedingly narrow and low; and the staircase is a mere assemblage of broken planks. It really is a horrid place, but the puppet-show which occupied it was highly admired by the connoisseurs. I certainly thought it far superior to that which I had seen at Milan, but tiresome for a whole evening's amusement.

There is another very small theatre on the ground-floor of the *Palazzo Fiano*,

where the admission costs only three baiocchi: it was not so very bad as the lowness of the price had led me to anticipate. The performances were abbreviations of well-known pieces, and were tolerably adapted to the size of the theatre; not so the actors,—who looked preposterously tall, and were obliged to exert considerable dexterity in order to cross the stage without pulling down the scenery.

The theatre *Aliberti*, which is by far the handsomest of all, was not made use of in my time; and I only saw it on the evenings of the carnival balls. I shall therefore mention it when I speak of those festivities; as I shall also mention that which is built in the tomb of the Emperor Augustus, when I speak of the Fochetti.

One thing is truly shocking in all the theatres of Rome,—their disgusting filthiness, and the horrible stench which pervades them,—of which no one who has not experienced them, can have any idea.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Amusements of the Carnival at Rome—The Pope's Soldiers.

THE Carnival begins in most parts of Italy at Christmas; but it does not take place at Rome until the Saturday se'nnight before Ash-Wednesday.

For some days previous to the commencement of the festival, considerable bustle and agitation begin to be perceptible in the city. A great number of new faces make their appearance on the Corso: the shops exhibit a gay and variegated display of masquerade equipments: the horses destined to run for the prizes are daily exercised: the Romans begin to cast off their sullen looks, and to shew a disposition to be social and cheerful: some laughter is occasionally heard; and (what at other times appeared impossible for a Roman) an individual may now and then be seen walking at a quick pace. Seats are prepared, and placed in the widest parts

of the Corso; the bills announcing the balls which are about to take place are stuck up; and a greater or less degree of impatience is visible on every countenance.

At length the great day arrives. At three o'clock P. M. the bell of the Capitol gives the signal; and the Pope's body-guard, consisting of two hundred foot soldiers, fifty dragoons, and fifty musicians, making in all three hundred men, immediately march from the *Porta del Popolo*, through the whole line of the Corso, to the place of *San Marco*, close to the Capitol; that is, nearly the whole length of the modern town. As soon as this procession is over, the Corso is filled with carriages, which remain there (with only a short interruption during the race) till six o'clock in the evening, moving on in two lines, in opposite directions, as slowly as in Hyde Park on a crowded Sunday. The whole intervening space between the carriages and the houses, and in the middle of the street, (which is very scanty indeed, the street being extremely narrow) is occupied by people on foot. Chairs are to

be hired at different prices, from one *grosso* or five *baiocchi*, to five *paoli*, according to the greater or less convenience of the place; those under the *Palazzo Ruspoli* being the best and the dearest, because they are more elevated than the street, which is in this place rather wider than elsewhere. Many of the crowd are masked, and exhibit some very comical figures and amusing groups; but on the whole, they are rather noisy than gay, and their dresses are more gaudy than elegant. A great many coachmen and some of the tallest footmen are dressed in women's clothes. The chief part of the general amusement consists in throwing at each other small figures of plumbs made of chalk or of plaster,—which imitations have succeeded to real sugar-plumbs, as modern has succeeded to ancient Rome. They do no hurt to any one, unless they are purposely and violently thrown at the face; a species of brutal sport, of which I am sorry to acknowledge I have seen some English travellers guilty. As these missiles whiten every thing they strike, black clothes are usually the prin-

cipal objects of attack. But in carrying on this warfare against the ladies of their acquaintance, it is the fashion for gentlemen to use real sugar-plumbs. Nor are the ladies wholly idle, many of them being engaged in throwing similar substances at the balconies and into the windows of their friends on the Corso. However trifling this amusement may appear in description, it is really not unentertaining when carried on (as it invariably is by the natives) with cheerfulness and good-humour.

In this friendly warfare, the pedestrians have an advantage over those who are in carriages; because the motion of the latter is intolerably slow, and exposes those who are in them to the unmitigated violence of the bombardment from the balconies above. But the Corso is so narrow, that it requires great prudence, and uncommon care in those who are on foot, to avoid falling under the horses' feet. I witnessed these amusements very conveniently from the balcony of our lodgings in the Corso; but I afterwards descended into the street, and mixed with the walkers, where I re-

ceived several severe blows from the poles of the carriages. At this time the Count de Blacas, the French Ambassador, drew upon himself the hearty curses of the people, by a proceeding for which he deserved to have had his carriage broken to pieces,—as it certainly would have been in any other place than Rome. Choosing to make a parade of his privilege, he drove rapidly down the middle of the street, between the two files of other carriages, to the great peril of the crowd. When Mr. Funchal, the Portuguese Ambassador Extraordinary saw this, he thought his master's honour required that *he* also should assert his right, and he therefore ordered his coachman to attempt to overtake and to pass Count de Blacas's carriage. Count de Blacas's man not knowing Mr. Funchal's equipage, as the latter was but lately arrived, would not allow his carriage to pass, until the Count, being made aware of the dispute, and seeing who it was, ordered his coachman to desist from the race. Mr. de Funchal, after his victory, immediately withdrew: but the stu-

pid pride of the Frenchman was not satisfied with a momentary exercise of this most senseless and absurd of all privileges, but he drove thus three times along the whole length of the Corso. It must be observed, that there were several kings and queens, and royal princes, in the two files of coaches, none of whom shewed the least disposition thus contemptuously to break in upon the pleasures of a people, who are allowed only twenty-four hours in each year for their amusements. I cannot believe that a man capable of indulging in such a paltry triumph, would act with dignity and energy in cases of real moment; and I can well conceive the hatred which he inspired in France, of which I saw some very curious specimens at Paris. But let us return to the Carnival,—which I trust he will not again presume to interrupt by such a stupid display of senseless pride.

Upon a signal given by two cannon, every coach is obliged to turn into the nearest street to the right. As soon as they have left the Corso, the foot-guards clear

the middle of the street, by forcing all the spectators on foot to stand close to the houses; after which two other guns are fired, and a detachment of dragoons, starting from the Porta del Popolo, pass along the Corso at full gallop, up to the place of San Marco. Immediately after them, five or six race horses, or more, are let loose from the same spot at the lower end of the Corso, without riders, but with spurs fastened in such a manner as to prick their sides all the way; and the first that reaches the place of San Marco gains the chief prize, the second a smaller prize, and something I believe falls to the lot of the third. This race, along so narrow a street, is the most ridiculous thing that can be imagined: it very seldom happens, that a horse's instinct or emulation leads him to out-run that which precedes him, and when one of them is fairly a-head, the others usually follow, without attempting to pass by him. There are, now and then, it is true, some exceptions: but they are scarce, and the race is almost always more ludicrous than interesting. As soon as it is over the

are allowed to return into the Corso, where they stay till darkness sends them home.

After six o'clock nobody is suffered to wear a mask, though people are still allowed to keep on their masquerade dresses. The real duration of the sports of the Carnival for the lower classes, is therefore only three hours per day, until Ash-Wednesday; and as it is suspended on both the Sundays and on the Friday included within this short period of eleven days, its real duration is only twenty-four hours. The upper classes have five masquerades at the *Aliberti* Theatre, which I have noticed before as the handsomest in Rome. Its shape is that of a square with rounded angles; the front boxes occupying as much room as the side ones. It was then painted white and grey, which produced a very pleasing effect, and was lighted up with five or six hundred wax candles. There are six rows of boxes, each row containing thirty-nine. The pit is not raised to the level of the stage for the masquerade, but communicates with the latter by a temporary wooden staircase. Two of the balls begin at mid-

night, and last till day-break; the three others begin at seven, and are over punctually at eleven. The moment that the clock has struck, a detachment of the guards, at the furthest end of the stage, forms in line, and advancing gradually towards the door, drives out the whole company before them. I never saw any thing like this in any other country. The soldiers being exceedingly tired of their duty, and impatient to put an end to it, perform this last part of their functions with as little ceremony or politeness as possible. The ball-room is cleared in a very short time, and the whole company is then crowded into narrow, low, and uncomfortable passages, in which, in case of fire, three quarters, atleast, of the number would inevitably be stifled or burnt to death: the rather, as owing to the most absurd arrangement that ever was contrived for a wooden, or indeed for any theatre, you are obliged to go up two pair of stairs to find the outlet, where you have to descend as many more ere you reach the street. The manager of the theatre, or of the balls, was so anxious to

save his candle-ends, that one night, on which I had mistaken the right passage with the Princess E——, whom I was leading to her carriage with several other ladies of the highest rank, when we regained the right way, we found the lights extinguished, and the passage crowded with the guards, who were rushing out as fast as the utter darkness of the place would allow them; although we had not been among the latest to leave the room, and had not lost ten minutes in seeking out the way. Nothing can be imagined so infamously ill-managed and ill-regulated. The police seems to interfere for the sole purpose of shortening and spoiling the entertainment, and of introducing confusion where they ought to have no other object than that of preventing it. The nobility (at least the females) only go to the ball on two nights, probably for this reason. Those two balls are amusing enough; the Italian ladies understand the art of teasing from under a mask, better than any but the French, and contrive to preserve their concealment much better than the latter.

The last day of the Carnival is the most entertaining of all: its *burial* really is a curious ceremony. Immediately after the race (which I ought to have observed is not confined to the first day), every one whether in carriages or on foot, lights a small candle or torch; other lights are also put up in the windows of all the houses on the Corso, which produce a very pretty effect. Then every one tries to put out his neighbour's light, which is quickly re-kindled at first, but they disappear, by degrees, until the most complete darkness prevails throughout. But as long as this play lasts, a sort of humming is heard, which is meant to imitate the prayers muttered by the monks and priests at a real burial. This is without comparison the most amusing part of the whole festivity: only it becomes at last dangerous for the people on foot, because the carriages no longer keep their places in the file, and as you neither see nor hear them, on account of the increasing darkness and of the noise around you, it is almost impossible to avoid accidents. One pole tore off the upper part

of the sleeve of my coat; another nearly knocked me down by a violent blow in the back; and I suppose I was not the most unfortunate of the walkers. It really seems very absurd not to allow the people at least a couple of days, during which carriages should be excluded from the Corso.

In the evening the principal Roman families subscribe for pic-nic suppers. For example, there was one this year at the *Armellino*, consisting of Princess Doria, Prince Sciarra, and twelve other noblemen and ladies of the highest distinction. They paid twenty-five paoli a-head (a little more than eleven shillings,) which included the cost of claret, liqueurs, coffee, *&c.* in short, every thing but champagne, which was to be paid for separately. This price may seem very low for such an occasion, but the supper is more splendid than it would be in London for twice or thrice the money, even without the wines. In consequence of this arrangement all the upper rooms of the Armellino were shut against the publick at an early hour.

The last ball, which on that evening closes at half-past ten, is the most crowded. After retiring from it, we supped at Prince Ercolani's, where the party consisted of twenty-one men with only two ladies,—the Hostess, and Signora Marignoli a very handsome woman from Spoleto, whose husband, one of the magistrates of that place and a well informed, liberal man, interested me extremely by the account he gave me of Umbria.

On the whole, the Roman Carnival is a very melancholy festivity. If it lasted from morning to night, during a certain time, though even shorter than it is, I have no doubt but it would, or, at least, *might* be as agreeable here as any where else; but to be apprized by cannon, horse-guards, and soldiers with fixed bayonets, that you *must* be merry for a few hours, at the expiration of which the same brutal means are employed to put a sudden stop to your amusement, is almost worse than the uninterrupted indulgence of *ennui*, without any interference on the part of government with the manner in which you may choose to yawn

it away. Nothing can be more odious than a police obtruding itself upon you at every step which you take in pursuit of lawful pleasure. There is, in general, at Rome an excessive, an unseasonable, and therefore a ridiculous affectation of military pomp on every trifling occasion. Swiss clowns mix in every solemnity; every theatre is guarded by at least thirty bayonets; and though I certainly love my countrymen sufficiently well to be extremely glad to see the poorest of them snug and comfortable abroad, yet I must own that my blood boiled with indignation when I saw them treat the natives, even females, in the most brutal manner, beating them off from the entrances of the chapels,—into which we, as foreigners, were immediately admitted not only without the least difficulty but even with politeness, though most of us were Protestants, brought there by mere curiosity.

The garrison of Rome consists of about four thousand men, and the total amount of the Pope's army of between nine and ten thousand. I have often heard people

talk of these soldiers, as a set of idle effeminate beings, armed with parasols and fans. They may have been so formerly, but now they are principally men who have seen service abroad, and who have an exceedingly hard duty to perform at home; harder indeed during the festivals and religious ceremonies than that of any other troops in the world. They mount guard every day, and stand at their posts in the theatres from seven till twelve o'clock, without being relieved. I have frequently seen them sleep, from excess of fatigue, while standing under arms. Nor have they any chance of fighting, except with the banditti; a warfare in which they reap no honour if successful, and in which they must expect barbarous treatment and a cruel death if they fail. During my stay at Rome, a detachment of three or four hundred set off on an expedition against the banditti in the neighbourhood of Terracina.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Instances of the Wretchedness of the Lower Classes at Rome—Remarks on the decline of the charitable Disposition of English Travellers.

ON Tuesday, 11th Feb., in the height of the festivities of the Carnival, I left my balcony, to mix amongst the walkers below; but finding the Corso too crowded to be agreeable, I turned into the *Vicolo della Vite*, to go to another lodging which we had taken in the *Via de' Condotti*. A small group of persons at a little distance led me to suppose that there might be some entertaining mask to be seen, and going up to enjoy the expected merriment, I saw—the corpse of a poor woman, who had died of hunger in the street, a few minutes before! She lay stretched on her back, with her head reclining on a clean apron, which some good creature of the neighbourhood had rolled up into the fashion of a bolster; a small lamp was placed at her

feet, and by her side a plate, into which some devout individuals had thrown a few copper pieces, for the purpose of paying the priests for performing the last ceremonies over the senseless corpse,—a bounty which, if earlier applied, might have protracted the poor creature's days. A man who had just turned from the scene, being asked what was the matter, answered "*an old woman, starved to death,*" as coolly as if he had said, "*an ass that has dropt his burden.*" But alas! such a scene as this, though rendered peculiarly shocking by its contrast with that which the neighbouring Corso then presented, was too common at Rome to excite any lively or lasting impression amongst its inhabitants.

Two days afterwards another poor woman dropped down, apparently lifeless, at the door of our lodging in the *Via dei Condotti*, and was the first object that I saw on going out to the Corso. I restored her to animation again, though not without trouble. The poor creature was pregnant. Such scenes were not well calculated to make me take a very joyful interest in the gaieties of

the season. I shall mention only two other cases of a similar kind, which occurred during my short stay in Rome.

I was one day returning through the Capitol, from a long ramble amongst the ruins beyond it, when I saw several women assembled round a poor girl, whom they were endeavouring to raise from the ground. She had fallen down from mere inanition on the ascent of that once celebrated hill; her eyes were closed, and her exhausted frame and trembling jaws but too clearly shewed the cause of her situation. I ran to a baker's from whence I brought a small loaf; some charitable soul had in the meantime gone for water, which revived her so far that she was enabled to swallow a very small piece of bread, then another, and by degrees a few larger pieces, till she was sufficiently recovered to walk to an inn, with the assistance of two of the by-standers. There I called for meat and wine, but as soon as she had eaten a morsel of bread she was satisfied, and entreated to be allowed not to touch the meat, but to carry it home to her father, who was old and

impotent. I shewed her a small parcel of provisions which I had already ordered to be packed up for her, and pressed her to eat what was before her; but she insisted upon adding it to the parcel, and immediately carrying it home, and this wish proceeded from too noble a feeling to be thwarted. The wretched family to which she belonged had been five whole days without a mouthful of bread, and for the last three days without even the cabbage-leaves and stalks, which they used to pick up in the streets or on the dunghills, and which it seems other more vigilant paupers had taken away. I cannot express what I felt on hearing this account. The extremity of hunger is not one of those evils, the momentary relief of which can be a source of enjoyment to the reliever. There is something in it so humiliating to human nature, and so quickly penetrating into our inmost heart,—so very shocking in the mere imagination of it, and so horrible in its details, that it harrows up the soul at the same time that it opens it to sympathy. Long after I had seen poor *Ursula* walk off

with recovered strength, taking with her victuals sufficient for two or three days, I was so far from feeling any thing like a satisfaction or delight, in having been able to relieve such sufferings, that my eyes were full of tears during the rest of the day, and I saw nothing but her distresses in my dreams.

The next morning I went to the address which the poor creature had given me, and I found much more misery than I had even been led to expect. She had only mentioned her father, whom a cruel accident prevented from working, and who could do nothing but walk about the streets, to pick up rags and scraps of paper, which he sold at the rate of a halfpenny a pound. He was not at home; the food she had brought him had enabled him to go out in quest of this sad means of existence. But her stepmother was industriously occupied in spinning some flax which a charitable lady had given her, whilst tears of anguish flowed down a face which bore marks of once flourishing beauty. Never did I see a countenance so expressive of the very

excess of mortal suffering. When I asked her why she thus yielded to despair, now that she saw she had some friends who tried to assist her? she directed my eyes to a corner of the room, where a small infant lay on some shavings of wood, instead of straw, in such a state that I could not attempt to describe it without shuddering. It was already too ill to cry; a cold sweat covered its face, and its eyes were fixed as if at the point of death. Two other very young, emaciated children, were trying to warm themselves in the sun, out of doors. Ursula was gone out for some sticks to make a fire, for they had none, and the weather was frosty,—(it was on the 28th Jan., and a cold day for the climate.) The poor woman informed me that Ursula always worked in the vineyards when she could find employment, but that she had had none for some time, and was ashamed to beg. Being strangers in Rome (but not in the Roman states, for they were from Rieti,) they could claim no share of the publick charities, which (though all the provinces around are made to contribute to them,)

are exclusively reserved for the natives of the town; and when I met her, she had left the house to weep and die without grieving her father with this horrible sight. The poor creature was but fourteen, and remarkably handsome; but here the excess of her wretchedness had shielded her innocence, though in other countries it would very probably have led to her certain ruin. There was no bed, no table, no chair in the room, nothing whatsoever but the few shavings on which the poor little child lay stark naked, in the coldest days of that winter! And there are men, who call themselves Christians, who make it a *principle* never to give a single penny to a beggar, on the plea that it would be encouraging beggary! Is it not better to feed a thousand idle vagabonds, than to suffer a single fellow-creature to be starved to death? Let us reflect that our own children may be reduced by adversity to the same abyss of misery; and let us try to imagine what we should feel, if we were to see them perishing for want of that assistance which in our days of abundance we had denied to others!

The last case of starvation which I met with was likewise on the Capitol. It was a young man, in the last horrible struggle with death. Five or six persons were around him, and expressed their grief and pity in a very natural manner, but without giving him the least assistance. A Priest passed by, threw him two baiocchi, and went on without troubling himself any farther about him. I requested two young men who were there, to take him up and carry him to an inn. "What can he do there without money?" asked one of them, with a sorrowful shrug of his shoulders; but as soon as I said that I would pay his expenses, they immediately took him in their arms with great alacrity and compassion, and we soon reached the door of an inn. It was on a Sunday (9th Feb.) and unfortunately not yet five, or according to the Roman calculation of time, 23 o'clock, before which hour it is strictly forbidden to admit any one into an eating-house; so that the landlady would not open her door, though there were two *gens d'armes* with us, who told her it was for a poor wretch who

was dying for want. While the discussion was carried on, with equal earnestness on my part and obstinacy on hers, the unfortunate youth was in an agony which made us all shudder at the thought of seeing him expire in our arms, a victim to a cowardly or a superstitious observance of the law. It is highly probable that a few minutes more would have put a period to his existence, had not the landlord just then arrived; who, seeing the truth of the case, and being assured by the *gens d'armes* that he had nothing to fear, at length opened the door, and gave us what we wanted.

I shall forbear exhibiting further instances of such horrible scenes, though I might quote others from my own ocular observation, to shew how inhuman it is to refuse the alms of a few halfpence to the miserable beings who beg in the streets of Rome. I own it lies very near my heart to cure travellers, and particularly English travellers, of their barbarous and ungrounded prejudices against Italian beggars. Let them be as lazy, as thoughtless, as unworthy, as they are represented to be by those who choose

to disguise their hard-heartedness under the specious appearance of a rigid attachment to morals:—are those reasons for suffering them to expire from hunger? Good God! what would become of these severe moralists, if *their* sins were judged with the same inflexibility by Him who has recommended charity as the chiefest of virtues?

A Quaker (how often this name recalls to mind excellent men, and truly charitable deeds!) an English Quaker tried to move his countrymen to compassion for Roman distress, and was at first very unsuccessful. They exclaimed that it was absurd, that it was a shame to give money to paupers abroad, while the lower classes in England were suffering so severely, as all the letters from thence uniformly reported. I was in hopes that their indignation would produce at least one fortunate result, that of inducing them to open a liberal subscription for *their own* fellow-citizens; but I much fear the greater part only sought for an excuse to give as little at Rome as they transmitted to their countrymen at home. Mr. Arthur's proposal was however again in-

troduced, and he succeeded in procuring a meeting to be held on the subject. A great number of arguments were urged against the measure, but in spite of the plea of misery and sedition at home, it was resolved to set a subscription on foot. As long as it was supposed that it would be accompanied with a printed list of the names of all the subscribers and the amount of their contributions, there was great enthusiasm in many, who spoke of fifteen or twenty pounds as the smallest sum that a gentleman could give in such circumstances. But when it was resolved to omit this most essential stimulus to their charity, these same gentlemen thought one dollar quite handsome, two more than sufficient, four exceedingly generous; and Mr. Arthur's noble plan did not produce the twentieth part of what might have been collected by means of the accustomed *list of subscribers*. Far be it from me, however to assert that *all* his countrymen were equally unfeeling in their conduct on this occasion. I know there were some, I hope there were many, who did honour to their

humanity. I really feel as deeply mortified when I find myself obliged to speak ill of the British nation, or of any part of it, as if I were forced to confess, some shameful trait in my own character; but I cannot forbear adding a few lines more, which may possibly appear very severe, but which are only strictly true. Several of those who contributed to this subscription, did so from interested motives, rather than from real charity. Some wished to avoid meeting with disgusting misery in their walks about Rome; and thought it a very good and cheap speculation to enable government to sweep all the beggars from the streets into those misnamed *Asylums*, where they were kept under strict confinement, debarred of the sweet liberty to breathe the open air, crowded together into rooms where their very numbers engendered vice and disease; where they had just enough to prevent them from literally dying of hunger, but far from enough to enable them to consider their imprisonment as a necessary evil, much less their *asylum* as a blessing. I saw

some of those temporary Lazarettos, and I declare to God, I thought starving in the streets much preferable to lingering there. Others again contributed merely because they thought their rank or character required it; but they little cared what was to be done with their money, provided they heard no more on the subject. In short, there was enough to inspire a true friend of Great Britain with very melancholy thoughts on the alarming decay of those generous, and charitable feelings, which, once characterized the travelling English, and made them beloved and admired all over the Continent.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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